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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
American Academy of Arts and Letters
AND OF THE
National Institute of Arts and Letters

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VOL. I

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1910

No. 1

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

First Public Meetings held in Washington, D. C., December
14 and 16, 1909

Opening Address of the President,
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

It might very well be expected that the President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, in opening its first public session, would say something of its origin and its object, its nature and its function, so far as these can be declared or conjectured.

Not wholly to disappoint such an expectation, if it exists, I will state as briefly as may be that this Academy derives from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which in turn was originally a section of the Social Science Association. Several years after the Institute had become an independent body, certain of its members felt that an Academy chosen from it could more succinctly represent to the country what had been accomplished in literature, in music, in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture. The group of artists and authors, so chosen to the number of

thirty, became thereafter elective, and enlarged itself to the number of fifty, always drawing its members from the Institute, but no longer sharing their selection with that body.

So far as the disinterested will of either the Institute or the Academy could effect the end in view, this Academy is representative. It is possible that, by an oversight, which we should all deplore, some artist or author or composer whose work has given him the right to be of us is not of us. It is also possible that time will decide that some of us who are now here were not worthy to be here, and by this decision we must abide. But until it is rendered, we will suffer with what meekness, what magnanimity, we may the impeachments of those contemporaries who may question our right to be here.

Concerning our affinity with like

bodies in different countries, I shall not try to make out a case. The French Academy is the first of the august companies with which the American Academy would wish not to claim kindred or challenge comparison. The Spanish Academy, the Berlin Academy, the Academy of St. Petersburg, as well as the academies of the other European nations and those of the Spanish-American republics, have each an authoritative structure and an authoritative office to which we do not pretend, and would not wish to pretend. The law of our being, however voluntary, is tempered by the arbitrary cast of our race, and we cannot hope to shape American arts and letters by our collective action. But if each one of us, as I trust, stands for something distinctive in his kind, it is reasonable to hope that our aggregation will make for standing in all our different kinds. In our American community, whose average intelligence is unsurpassed, not to say unequalled, the appreciation of permanent achievement in literature and art is less constant than in any other. The general eye follows the sweep of the comet across our skies, and when the comet sinks from sight in the pale ether where the modest planets and the patient stars are shining, the general eye seeks another comet. By and by there will be one, but in those intercometary moments which must ensue, I have the belief that our Academy may make itself felt as an influence in behalf of luminaries which have or seem to have planetary and stellar qualities.

The place of many of these has been or will be fixed by time, and it might be supposed that any academic influence would be superfluous in holding them there. But this is one of those popular fallacies in which our indolence too willingly reposes. The classics, the best things, the greatest things, the stellar and planetary things, do not keep themselves from being forgotten; it is the zeal of those who love beauty and truth which from age to age renews them in

secular effulgence. For those lights which swim into our ken from the bounds of mystery where the promise of beauty and truth abides, ready to fulfil itself when the hour strikes, still more is a favoring and fostering welcome needed.

It is my own hope, and I think it will be the opinion of those who listen to the papers about to be read here, in the first public sessions of the Academy, that this influence can now make itself felt as it could not before. If it should remain simply atmospheric, with no direct tendency, it seems to me that all those who love the arts and long to devote themselves to their service will find it vital. They must be aware of a kindred passion, a like worship, a common aspiration, where before there might have seemed at the best a friendly irony or a tolerant doubt in the measureless space about them.

In our vast, striving world of material enterprises and activities, the Academy, as I imagine it, seeks to embody a fraternal consciousness of those who dedicate themselves to the arts, and a promise of affectionate recognition, prompt, hopeful, and encouraging. It should count for something; it should count for much, in the service and the love of the arts, that there is an association of those who have done things in them, and are always thinking of them, and desiring their greater honor among us. The proof of such a fact will be apparent in the essays which I will not long delay you from hearing, and which will form the proceedings of the Academy on this occasion. I may say that each of the Academicians who speaks will speak with an authority in his sort which the Academy collectively is not willing to claim. Together they will affirm for the present the effectivity of the Academy, and if no more specific action of it testified in its behalf, I think their testimony in its behalf would be enough. But still I hope for something else hereafter, some direct, if not immediate,

effect of that potential usefulness which I like to imagine in it.

What I really think we might do, would be something actual, something approximately advisable and applicable. I shall not answer for the arts, but I venture to say for the letters that, if at each annual reunion of our society some member of it would speak of a new American book which he had read with a sense of its peculiar excellence in its sort, he would be doing our literature a very helpful service. I should not care at what large or little length he spoke his praise, so that he did it with a single devotion to the honor of letters and the recognition of a novel gift in the author. His praise would serve with us the purpose of that coronation which is the supreme act of the French Academy, and yet would not commit our whole number to his opinions, or infringe that individuality which, whether we will or no, will probably always remain our distinguishing characteristic, in virtue of our being by origin and circumstance Anglo-Saxon. As has been expressed to me by one of the first among us, we can never hope to take that concordant attitude toward examples of literature and art which in the Continental academies responds to the Latin impulse originating and animating them; and I have the feeling that we American Anglo-Saxons will probably act even less than British Anglo-Saxons as a whole. So deeply do I realize that our membership may at some time or on some point prove, like the sentences of Emerson, an association of "infinitely repellent particles," that I have a pre-sence of such difference among us even as I had vaguely forecast our possible functioning; I am aware of speaking rather for myself than for all my fellow-Academicians or for any of them. But this feeling liberates me, as I hope its expression will liberate them, to any bolder prevision of our duty to the esthetic life of the nation. It enables me to entertain with a livelier hospi-

ality the hope that what I have imagined one of our literary section doing for some signal performance each year in literature, some member of our several artistic sections will do for what he thinks the best work in painting or sculpture or architecture or music, always without committing the others to his opinion, but trying his best to make known, with what authority his own standing gives, the merits of the work he praises.

If the American Academy of Arts and Letters did no more than this, I am ready to say that it would serve a great and worthy end. It would do something to establish a criterion of esthetic criticism, and not leave this to every wind that blows too lullingly or too blighting through the avenues where young talent has so often drowsed or shivered. The very nature of such criticism, which should never be mere praise and never mere blame, would save our verdicts from the contempt which has phrased itself in a word drawn from the name of the judgment-seat itself. Our verdicts would not be a choice arising from indifference or complaisance, but springing from the duteous pleasure of the critic, and, offered freely, gladly, in payment of a debt of delight, would save us from the last and sharpest reproach of academies: it would not be academic.

Perhaps it is too fond a fancy, but it does not appear to me impossible that in some such way our judgments of the arts might be commensurate with others' achievements in them. We might in this way make our criticisms distinctively American, though I hazard the word with reluctance, with misgiving. If the Academician whom the duty and pleasure of appreciation moved should respond in the love of such beauty as the American conditioning of the universal arts had fostered, he would perhaps also be moved to accept an American conditioning for his analysis and synthesis, and praise the work in hand from as fresh an ar-

dor as stimulated the poet or novelist or historian, the painter or sculptor or architect or composer who created it.

✓ We dwell in a New World, but it is the unaging youth of the Old World in our hearts and brains, the inherent discipline of the soul, the immemorial civilization of the conscience, which will make us equal to our opportunity. So far as we shall spread some perception of this, and from our light, if we have it, enlighten the dark places of patriotism by inculcating a self-esteem based only upon worthy achievement in the arts and letters, so far we shall serve our generation well and deserve well of it. If we do nothing of this kind, then I am afraid we shall not outlast our generation. Our power of continuous immortality through our collectivity will not avail us; we shall be forgotten, at least as Academicians, even before we are dead, and we shall sit time-bound ghosts awaiting our disembodiment in the chairs from which no envious competitors will wish to push us.

At present we are here for what we have unitedly or severally done. If I consider the things accomplished in literature and art by the gentlemen present, I think that such provisional existence as we claim is fully, is amply, authorized. If some or any of my fellows should hold that we had done enough to let our work work for us, and be that influence which I have been imagining, without our further effort, I might have my moments of agreeing with them; but I do not know of such

a disposition in our number. I believe that each of us is sensible in himself, and in the rest, of that inward call to further endeavor which is the supreme joy of work done, and I am sure that out of this longing for perpetual use, this molecular stir of the universal activity in our wills, something more and more will come to justify us in calling ourselves the American Academy.

Without fulfilling any specific wish, or lending ourselves, however provisionally, to the promise of definite action, we can still practise an enlightened, I trust the most enlightened, opportunism. If we hold this attitude frankly, honestly, occasion will not be wanting to us, and I believe we shall not be wanting to occasion. To relate itself to the esthetic life of the nation, which in the last analysis is its ethical life, will be the instinctive impulse, and will become the conscious purpose of an association which through its experience has been constructive, and from its condition is critical. If we are here, in the first place, because we have each of us done something, we can remain only because in the next place we desire others to do something yet more significant and important.

I shall not delay you further by these wandering and, I hope, inconclusive guesses at our office from the series of papers which will now be read by members of the different sections of the Academy, and which by their scope and range will tend to give dimension to the design from which I have shrunk from trying to give precision.



THE EVOLUTION OF STYLE IN MODERN ARCHITECTURE

BY THOMAS HASTINGS

THE architectural style or language of any time in history is, and always has been, a universal language common to all peoples. In solving problems of modern life, the essential is not so much to be national or American as it is to be modern and of our own period.

The question of supreme interest is, What influence life in its different phases has upon architectural style? Style in architecture is that method of expression in the art which has varied in different periods, almost simultaneously throughout the civilized world, without reference to the different countries beyond slight differences of national character mostly influenced by climate and temperament. Surely modern architecture should not be the deplorable creation of the would-be style-inventor, or that of the illogical architect living in one age and choosing a style from another!

The important and indisputable fact is not generally realized that from pre-historic times until now each age has built in one, and only one, style. Since the mound-builders and cave-dwellers, no people, until modern times, ever attempted to adapt a style of a past epoch to the solution of a modern problem: in such attempts is the root of all modern evils. In each successive style there has always been a distinctive spirit of contemporaneous life from which its root drew nourishment. But in our time, contrary to all historic precedents, there is a confusing selection from the past of every variety of style. Why should we not be modern and have one characteristic style expressing the spirit of our own life? History and the law

of development alike demand that we build as we live.

One might consider the history and development of costumes to illustrate the principle involved. In our dress to-day we are modern, but sufficiently related to the past, which we realize when we look upon the photographs of our ancestors of only a generation ago. We should not think of dressing as they did, or of wearing a Gothic robe or a Roman toga; but as individual as we might wish to be, we should still be inclined, with good taste, to dress according to the dictates of the day.

The irrational idiosyncrasy of modern times is the assumption that each kind of problem demands a particular style of architecture. Through prejudice, this assumption has become so fixed that it is common to assume that, if building a church or a university, we must make it Gothic; if a theater, we must make it Renaissance. One man wants an Elizabethan house, another wants his house early-Italian. With this state of things, it would seem as though the serious study of character were no longer necessary. Expression in architecture, forsooth, is only a question of selecting the right style.

The two parties with which we must contend are, on the one hand, those who would break with the past, and, on the other, those who would select from the past according to their own fancy.

Style in its growth has always been governed by the universal law of development. If from the early times, when painting, sculpture, and architecture were closely combined, we trace their progress through their gradual devel-

opment and consequent differentiation, we can but be impressed by the way in which one style has been evolved from another. This evolution has always kept pace with the progress of the political, religious, and economic spirit of each successive age. It has manifested itself *unconsciously* in the architect's designs, under the imperatives of new practical problems and of new requirements and conditions imposed upon him. This continuity in the history of architecture is universal. As in nature the types and species of life have kept pace with the successive modifications of lands and seas and other physical conditions imposed upon them, so has architectural style in its growth and development until now kept pace with the successive modifications of civilization. For the principles of development should be as dominant in art as they are in nature. The laws of natural selection and of the survival of the fittest have shaped the history of architectural style just as truly as they have the different successive forms of life. Hence the necessity that we keep and cultivate the historic spirit, and that we respect our historic position and relations, and that we more and more realize in our designs the fresh demands of our time, more important even than the demands of our environment.

What determining change have we had in the spirit and methods of life since the revival of learning and the Reformation to justify us in abandoning the Renaissance or in reviving medieval art, Romanesque, Gothic, Byzantine, or any other style? Only the most radical changes in the history of civilization, such as, for example, the dawn of the Christian era and of the Reformation, and the revival of learning, have brought with them correspondingly radical changes in architectural style.

Were it necessary, we could trace two distinctly parallel lines, one the history of civilization, the other the history of style in art. In each case we should find a gradual development, a quick

succession of events, a revival, perhaps almost a revolution, and a consequent reaction, always together, like cause and effect, showing that architecture and life must correspond. In order to build a living architecture, we must build as we live.

Compare the Roman orders with the Greek and with previous work. When Rome was at its zenith in civilization, the life of the people demanded of the architect that he should not only build temples, theaters, and tombs, but baths, palaces, basilicas, triumphal arches, commemorative pillars, aqueducts, and bridges. As each of these new problems came to the architect, it was simply a new demand from the new life of the people, a new work to be done. When the Roman architect was given such varied work to do, there was no reason for his casting aside all precedent. While original in conception, he was called upon to meet these exigencies only with modifications of the old forms. These modifications very gradually gave us Roman architecture. The Roman orders distinctly show themselves to be a growth from the Greek orders, but the variations were such as were necessary in order that the orders might be used with more freedom in a wider range of problems. These orders were to be brought in contact with wall or arch, or to be superimposed upon one another, as in a Roman amphitheater. The Roman recognition of the arch as a rational and beautiful form of construction, and the necessity for the more intricate and elaborate floor-plan, were among the causes which developed the style of the Greeks into what is now recognized as Roman architecture.

We could multiply illustrations without limit. The battlements and machicolated cornices of the Romanesque, the thick walls and the small windows placed high above the floor, tell us of an age when every man's house was indeed his castle, his fortress, and his stronghold. The style was then an ex-

pression of that feverish and morbid aspiration peculiar to medieval life. The results are great, but they are the outcome of a disordered social status not like our own, and such a status could in no wise be satisfied with the simple classic forms of modern times, the architrave and the column.

Compare a workman of to-day building a Gothic church, slavishly following his detail drawings, with a workman of the fourteenth century doing such detail work as was directed by the architect, but with as much interest, freedom, and devotion in making a small capital as the architect had in the entire structure. Perhaps doing penance for his sins, he praises God with every chisel-stroke. His life interest is in that small capital; for him work is worship; and his life is one continuous psalm of praise. The details of the capital, while beautiful, may be grotesque, but there is honest life in them. To imitate such a capital to-day, without that life, would be affectation. Now a Gothic church is built by men whose one interest is to increase their wages and diminish their working-hours. The best Gothic work has been done, and cannot be repeated. When attempted, it will always lack that kind of medieval spirit of devotion which is the life of medieval architecture.

We might enumerate such illustrations indefinitely. If one age looks at things differently from another age, it must express things differently. With the revival of learning, with the new conceptions of philosophy and religion, with the great discoveries and inventions, with the altered political systems, with the fall of the Eastern Empire, with the birth of modern science and literature, and with other manifold changes all over Europe, came the dawn of the modern world; and with this modern world there was evolved what we should now recognize as the modern architecture, the Renaissance, which pervaded all the arts and which has since engrossed the thought and labor of the first masters in art. This Re-

naissance is a distinctive style in itself, which, with natural variations of character, has been evolving for almost four hundred years.

So great were the changes in thought and life during the Renaissance period that the forms of architecture which had prevailed for a thousand years were inadequate to the needs of the new civilization, to its demands for greater refinement of thought, for larger truthfulness to nature, for less mystery in forms of expression, and for greater convenience in practical living. Out of these necessities of the times the Renaissance style was evolved,—taking about three generations to make the transition,—and around no other style have been accumulated such vast stores of knowledge and experience, under the lead of the great masters of Europe. Therefore, whatever we now build, whether church or dwelling, the law of historic development requires that it be Renaissance, and if we encourage the true principles of composition, it will *involuntarily* be a modern Renaissance.

Imagine the anachronism of trying to satisfy our comparatively realistic tastes with Gothic architectural sculpture or with painting made by modern artists! Never until the present generation have architects presumed to choose from the past any style in the hope to do as well as was done in the time to which that style belonged. In other times, they would not even restore or add to a historic building in the style in which it was first conceived. It is interesting to notice how the architect was even able to complete a tower or add an arcade or extend a building, following the general lines of the original composition, without following its style, so that almost every historic building within its own walls tells the story of its long life. How much more interesting alike to the historian and the artist are these results!

In every case where the medieval style has been attempted in modern times, the result has shown a want of

life and spirit simply because it was an anachronism. The result has always been dull, lifeless, and uninteresting. It is without sympathy with the present or a germ of hope for the future—only the skeleton of what once was. We should study and develop the Renaissance, and adapt it to our modern conditions and wants, so that future generations can see that it has truly interpreted our life. We can interest those who come after us only as we thus accept our true historic position and develop what has come to us. Without this we shall be only copyists, or be making poor adaptations of what was never really ours.

The time must come, and, I believe, in the near future, when architects of necessity will be educated in one style, and that will be the style of their own time. They will be so familiar with what will have become a settled conviction, and so loyal to it, that the entire question of style, which at present seems to be determined by fashion, fancy, or ignorance, will be kept subservient to the great principles of composition, which are now more or less smothered in the general confusion.

Whoever demands of an architect a style not in keeping with the spirit of his time is responsible for retarding the normal progress of the art. We must have a language, if we would talk. If there be no common language for a people, there can be no communication of ideas either architectural or literary. I believe that we shall one day rejoice in the dawn of a modern Renaissance, and, as always has been the case, we shall be guided by the fundamental principles of the classic. It will be a modern Renaissance, because it will be characterized by the conditions of modern life. It will be the work of the Renaissance architect solving new problems, adapting his art to an honest and natural treatment of new materials and conditions. Will he not also be unconsciously influenced by the twentieth-century spirit of economy and by the appli-

cation of his art to all modern industries and speculations?

Only when we come to recognize our true historic position and the principles of continuity in history, when we allow the spirit of our life to be the spirit of our style, recognizing first of all that form and all design are the natural and legitimate outcome of the nature or purpose of the object to be made, only then can we hope to find a real style everywhere asserting itself. Then we shall see that consistency of style which has existed in all times until the present generation; then shall we find it in every performance of man's ingenuity, in the work of the artist or the artisan, from the smallest and most insignificant jewel or book-cover to the noblest monument of human invention or creation, from the most ordinary kitchen utensil to the richest and most costly furniture or decoration that adorns our dwelling.

We must all work and wait patiently for the day to come when we shall work in unison with our time. Our Renaissance must not be merely archæological, the literal following of certain periods of the style. To build a French Louis XII or Francis I or Louis XIV house, or to make an Italian *cinquecento* design, is indisputably not modern architecture. No architect until our times slavishly followed the characteristics of any particular period, but he used all that he could get from what preceded him, solving such new problems as were the imperatives of his position.

What did a man like Pierre Lescot, the architect of the Henry II Court of the Louvre, endeavor to do? It would have been impossible for him actually to define the style of his own period. That is for us, his successors, to do. For him the question was how to meet the new demands of contemporaneous life. He studied all that he could find in classic and Renaissance precedents applicable to his problem. He composed, never copying, and always with that artistic sense and the sense of the fitness of

things, which were capable of realizing what would be harmonious in his work. In the same way all architects, at all times, contributed to a contemporaneous architecture, invariably with modifications to meet new conditions. This must be done with a scholarly appreciation of that harmonious result which comes only from a thorough education. So, with freedom of the imagination and unity of design, an architecture is secured expressive of its time.

How is it with us in this country? Not only do many architects slavishly follow the character of some selected period, but they also deliberately take entire motives of composition from other times and other places to patch and apply them to our new conditions and new life. Every man's conscience must speak for itself as to whether such plagiarism is right; but while the moral aspect of this question has very little to do with art, yet intellectually such imitative work, though seemingly successful, positively stifles originality, imagination, and every effort to advance in the right direction.

The way is now prepared for us to endeavor to indicate what are some of the principal causes of the modern confusion in style. With us Americans, an excessive anxiety to be original is one of the causes of no end of evil. The imagination should be kept under control by given principles. We must have ability to discern what is good among our own creations and courage to reject what is bad. Originality is a spontaneous effort to do work in the simplest and most natural way. The conditions are never twice alike; each case is new. We must begin our study with the floor-plan, and then interpret that floor-plan in the elevation, using forms, details, and sometimes motives, with natural variations and improvements on what has gone before. The true artist leaves his temperament and individuality to take care of themselves.

Some say that if this is all that we are doing, there is nothing new in art;

but if we compose in the right way, there can be nothing that is not new. Surely you would not condemn nature for not being original because there is a certain similarity between the claw of a bird and the foot of a dog, or between the wing of a bird and the fin of a fish. The ensemble of each creature is the natural result of successive stages of life, with variations of the different parts according to the principles of evolution. There are countless structural correspondencies in the skeletons of organic life, but these show the wonderful unity of the universe; and yet, notwithstanding this unity, nature is flooded with an infinite variety of forms and species of life.

We must logically interpret the practical conditions before us, no matter what they are. No work to be done is ever so arbitrary in its practical demands but that the art is elastic and broad enough to give these demands thorough satisfaction in more than a score of different ways. If only the artist will accept such practical imperatives as are reasonable, if only he will welcome them, one and all, as friendly opportunities for loyal and honest expression in his architecture, he will find that these very conditions will do more than all else besides for his real progress and for the development of contemporaneous art in composition.

The architects in the early history of our country were distinctly modern, and closely related in their work to their contemporaries in Europe. They seem not only to have inherited traditions, but to have religiously adhered to them. I believe that it is because of this that the genuine and naïve character of their work, which was of its period, still has a charm for us which cannot be imitated. McComb, Bulfinch, Thornton, Letrobe, L'Enfant, Andrew Hamilton, Strickland, and Walters were sufficiently American and distinctly modern, working in the right direction. Upjohn and Renwick, men of talent, were misled, alas! by the confusion of their times,

the beginning of this modern chaos, the so-called Victorian-Gothic period.

Gifted as Richardson was, and great as his personality was, his work is always easily distinguished, because of its excellent quality, from the so-called Romanesque of his followers. But I fear the good he did was largely undone because of the bad influence of his work upon his profession. Stumpy columns, squat arches, and rounded corners, without Richardson, form a disease from which we are only just recovering. McComb and Bulfinch would probably have frowned upon Hunt for attempting to graft the transitional Loire architecture of the fifteenth century upon American soil, and I believe all will agree that the principal good he accomplished was due to the great distinction of his art, and the moral character of the man himself, rather than to the general influence and direction of his work.

McKim's name at this time we mention almost with bated breath. Whether he was right or wrong, whether we agree with him or not, in wanting to revive in the nineteenth century the art of Bramante, St. Galo, and Peruzzi, he had perhaps more of the true sense of beauty than any of his predecessors. His was the art of the man who loved the doing of it without thought of credit, and this makes itself felt in every example of his work, which was always refined, personal, and with a distinctly more classic tendency in his most recent work.

We have seen that the life of an epoch makes its impress upon its architecture. It is equally true that the architecture of a people helps to form and model its character. If there is beauty in the plans of our cities, and in the buildings which form our public squares and highways, its good influence will make itself felt upon every passer-by. Beauty in our buildings is an open book of involuntary education and refinement, and it uplifts and ennobles human character: it is a song and a sermon without words. It inculcates in a people a true sense of

dignity, a sense of reverence and a respect for tradition, and it makes an atmosphere in its environment which breeds the proper kind of contentment—that kind of contentment which stimulates ambition.

But, above all, it cultivates the sense of beauty itself, which is as important a factor in a well-formed character as is the sense of humor, and almost as necessary as the sense of honor. It is, I believe, a law of the universe that the forms of life which are fittest to survive—nay, the very universe itself—are beautiful in form and color. Natural selection is beautifully expressed, ugliness and deformity are synonymous; and so, in the economy of life, what would survive must be beautifully expressed.

If a story is to live, it must be told with art, and a message of truth will carry further and be of more lasting service if beautifully expressed. There is literary style in every good book, however personal or simply written. Beauty of design and line in construction builds well, and with greater economy and endurance than construction which is mere engineering. The qualitative side of construction should first be considered, then the quantitative side. The practical and the artistic are inseparable. There is beauty in nature because all nature is a practical problem well solved. The truly educated architect will never sacrifice the practical side of his problem. The great economic as well as architectural calamities have been performed by so-called practical men with an experience mostly bad and with no education.

Construction should first be designed, then calculated. Know where you want to go before seeking a way to go there. The separation of the architect and the modern engineer has been brought about principally because of the innovation of railroads and steel construction.

The engineer and architect should work hand in hand at the very inception of the structural design. The

architect should not be called in, as is generally the case, to decorate badly designed construction with useless ornament. We should meet these new conditions of life in construction with art in the very skeleton of the construction itself; and even so, with this unfortunate separation of engineering and architecture, something should be done to bring them closer together, and they should join forces at the very beginning of every important undertaking. Otherwise we shall suffer for it even as we have already, and it is only by being forewarned that we can forestall the consequences.

When we think of what the past ages have done for us, should we not be more considerate of those that are yet to come? A great tide of historic information has constantly flowed through the channel of monuments erected by successive civilizations, and we can almost live in the past through its monuments.

The recently discovered buried cities of Assyria give us a vivid idea of a civilization lost to history. The Pyramid of Cheops and the temples of Karnak and Luxor tell us more of that ingenuity which we cannot fathom, and the grandeur of the life and history of the Egyptian people, than the scattered and withered documents or fragments of inscriptions that have chanced to survive the crumbling influences of time. The Parthenon and the Erechtheum bespeak the intellectual refinement of the Greeks as much as their epic poems or their philosophy. The triumphal arches, the aqueducts, the Pantheon, and the

basilicas of Rome tell us more of the great constructive genius of the early republic and the empire of the Cæsars than the fragmentary and contradictory annals of wars and political intrigues can tell.

The unsurpassed and inspiring beauty of the Gothic cathedrals which bewilders us, and the cloisters which enchant us, impress on our minds a living picture of the feverish and morbid aspiration of medieval times—a civilization that must have had mingled with its mysticism an intellectual and spiritual grandeur which the so-called Dark Ages of the historian have failed adequately to record; and here, in and around Washington and in our own country in general, even amid the all-absorbing work of constructing a new government, our people found time to speak to us to-day, in the silent language of their simple architecture, of the temperament and character of our forefathers.

Consider the time in which we are now living. Will our monuments adequately record the splendid achievements of our contemporaneous life—the spirit of modern justice and liberty, the progress of modern science, the genius of modern invention and discovery, the elevated character of our institutions? Will disorder and confusion in our architecture express the intelligence of this twentieth century? Would that those in authority might learn a lesson from the past, and awaken in their wisdom to build our national monuments more worthy of the dignity of this great nation, and more expressive of this wonderful contemporaneous life!



IN PRAISE OF POETRY

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

"I MARVEL NOT"

I MARVEL not that thy blest votaries,
O spirit of Song, from time's beginning,
thee
Imaged a woman, loveliest of all,
A goddess dearest of gods, service of
whom
Was rapture; nor can I—least worthy,
though,
Of all thy far-off passionate worship-
ers—
Image thee less than woman-God. For
thee

To worship, to commune with, thee to
know,
Even for a moment of consummate joy,
Means to be noble, aye, to be divine.
Perpetual beauty and immortal youth—
These, these thou art; and something
even of these
Enters in flame the soul of those who
seek
With humble heart the splendor of thy
shrine.

REFUGE

I

I KNOW, I know,
The momentary and the dateless woe
That haunts the heart of man from birth
to death—
From pain-wrapt birth, to the slow, sad
ending breath.
I know it all, and yet shall not earth's
sorrow
Encompass and unman the day or mor-
row:
For I, the bard, shall with my singing
still
The trouble of the world, the world with
music fill;
And through that heavenly art
From every soul the anguish shall
depart,
And even the singer shall restore his
heavy heart.

II

Even if the world be wrong,
This shall be right—the music of the
song.

This shall create within the vast, uncer-
tain,
Electric whirl of things that people
space
A little isle of grace,
A home behind the dark, mysterious
curtain,
A haunt of beauty and of rest
Wherein to gentle souls are manifest
All loveliest thoughts and best.

III

Then thrill, thrill, thrill,
Thrill, my song, till thou dost shatter ill,
If but for an instant! Oh, annihilate
The cosmic cruelty that men call fate!
Let all be well, as thou art well;
Sing thou and soar like tones of a well-
tuned bell!
With thy perfection all the evil drown
That taints wild nature and the ensan-
guined town!
Thrill, my song, thrill!
Till all the world forgets the endless ill!

"HE CAME SO BEAUTIFULLY CLAD"

HE came so beautifully clad,
They did not see the strength he had.
His eye so gentle, they not knew
That violet beam could pierce them
through.

His voice so sweet, how could they think
Its music reached creation's brink?
'Neath that young brow how could they
deem
All the world's wisdom, all its dream?

THE ACTUAL STATE OF ART AMONG US

BY EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD

SOME of us here, looking backward, can remember well the output of American artists fifty years ago, the art galleries and museums of what Mr. Henry James called medieval New York. In those days, long, open sleighs plied as winter buses on Broadway. The snow was banked in a wall down the middle of the thoroughfare, for there were no "white-wings" to carry it away, and upgoing and downgoing people caught sight of one another only as they passed the side streets. The pictorial art which was most to be seen between the Battery and Grace Church—an art dear to my childish heart—was that which presented, upon oval panels, giraffes, ostriches, elephants, and all the rest, on the front of Barnum's Museum, big and imposing for its time, upon the site of the present Saint Paul Building. For real art one went away up-town, nearly to Union Square, to Williams & Stevens, or to the pictures in the Düsseldorf gallery, or, while the great exhibition lasted, one fared on to the terminus of bus-lines, the jumping-off place of Forty-second Street, to the Crystal Palace, where one might visit that cynosure and sensation, the bronze "Amazon and Tiger." In those days we strained our eyes across seas toward the promised land, the streets of Düsseldorf and Antwerp, the ateliers of the Latin Quarter, the studios of the Via Margutta. As late as the spring of 1867, William Morris Hunt said to one very young student: "Go straight to Paris. Anything which you learn here you will have to unlearn."

We have changed all that. We have parted with the Italian image-vender's tray, borne upon his head down area-

steps of brownstone houses, and the negotiations for a plaster woolly lamb or a "Little Samuel Woke" have risen to Barbediennes bronzes. We are up to date, and the Undines and kobolds of Düsseldorfers of half a century ago have become the Manets and Monets of to-day; indeed, with some people, Manet is already *demodé*. Our change of heart was first effected along the lines of the least resistance: the sleek porcelain sheep of Verboeckhoven were received into our fold before we could tolerate the shaggy real ones of later artists; in our collections the little wax maidens of Meyer von Bremen grew only very gradually into the flesh-and-blood ones of French canvases. We imported much sculpture which now seems to all of us less fit for the auctioneer's hammer than for the road-mender's. We grew perhaps by fits and starts, but we *did* grow, and at last swiftly and mightily. William Morris Hunt was wise as well as great in his own generation, when one had "to unlearn American art teaching," but no one would glory more than he in the fact that to-day our young people may learn in America as well as in any schools in the world the spelling and grammar of their art, and may stand as firmly and squarely here upon their technic as ever they could in the streets of Paris. Our landscape school may take its place beside any, and as for portrait-painting, there is an American in London to-day whom Frans Hals, could he come back to us, would call brother, standing shoulder to shoulder with him. And yet, though achievement is ours, though momentum has been attained and well directed, though our public is prodigal of purse and praise, *your*

fingers, gentlemen, the fingers of the practitioners of that wider art which includes literature and music, are almost as much needed upon the pulse of that same public as they were in the days of the medieval New York aforesaid.

We buy enormously, we praise much, but we also neglect much; we love perhaps not too well, but surely at times not too wisely. We have worn out many fashions in admiration, and in wearing them out we have learned from each; but we have not yet learned steadiness of purpose, or quite acquired the fair-mindedness which should be sheet-anchor to the omnivorous collector we seem destined to become among nations. It is likely that we tire only temporarily of the really good, but we tire often. For a few seasons we will have in music only gods and giants, dragons and swan maidens. Then all at once "La Traviata" or "Lucia" pushes "Brunhilde" out of the saddle, and "Madama Butterfly" sings "Elsa" off the boards. We have gone into and out of phases that may almost be labeled Barbison School phase; Munich phase of bitumen; Monet phase of blue shadows; worsted-sampler phase of little vibrant streaks of color; Carrière phase, where the house is always on fire, and the family group poses peacefully in a room filling with smoke. In each of these phases is beauty, in some marvelous beauty; but do we not go through them too completely, and then abandon them too utterly?

Names have become potent to conjure with, and are growing greater and greater. Hoppners, Romneys, Reynoldses, and, wonderful to tell, Vandykes, Halses, even Rembrandts, are almost pouring into the country; fifty years ago so many aëroplanes from the Continent would hardly have seemed more unlikely visitors than these pictures, darlings of collectors in old castles and manors, and coveted by the museums of all Europe. For in our enthusiasm and our art growth we have waxed so fat and kicked so mightily that we have kicked

out the timbers of the dam of protection, so that the frightened amateurs of England and the Continent, who fifty years ago could look down upon us from the height of justified patronage, are proclaiming their apprehension through their press in shrill, prophetic cries. Our opportunity, thanks to our great collectors, is indeed splendid, invaluable; and yet the very greatness of it should breed caution.

It is when the magician conjures with his most fascinating material that we most easily forget to watch his sleeves; when he says Rembrandt, how Eeckhout and Bol and Flinck drop out of our remembrance! And when the scrap surely *is* by the great man, how large it looms to us in comparison with the size which it would have assumed for his contemporaries, above all, for him!

You say that is right: any scraps by certain men are priceless. Granted, but such men are *very* rare; the personalities which were so divine as to hallow all that came from them are almost more than rare. One may even discount Homer's nodding to the extent of admitting *that*. Great men do much work which they reject. Then comes, let us say, Corot's model. "I found this sketch behind the coal-box, M. Corot, covered with dirt. May I have it?" "Yes, my child," (for Corot was a notable example as giver,) and so later the public, like the model, begs for it and obtains it, but not, like the model, at the price of a "Thank you."

It would probably not be possible today for a Homer Martin to watch his canvases selling for twenty-five dollars at an auction, those canvases which now bring thousands; a Millet could not long remain undiscovered, because discovery has grown to mean fortune, and we have cultivated the eyes of lynxes and the noses of hunting-dogs. But we mistake and exaggerate, nevertheless, and often in the direction most opposed to what one would expect. We not only worship the atelier rubbish of the dead artist; we cultivate the idiosyncrasies

and mannerisms of the live artist. "But don't you think," said a woman artist to me, "that Puvis de Chavannes would be much less interesting if he drew better?" I understood her, and knew that she did not mean what she said; but her opinion, so enounced, could hardly have been useful to pupils. It is just such people as worship the limitations before the potentialities, who wear blinders, and are held up only by the shafts,—the shafts of the admiration of the moment,—who pave the way for straying in the wrong direction, and make the lay public forget those who follow the right road. For such people the accident is the essential, the normal is negligible, and nothing but caviar is worth eating; if they could see a play on a house roof, or in a cellar, they would value it far more highly than in a theater; they tilt head down at any one who makes a rule and keeps it, and they call all that is not amorphous academic. It is their outcry which imposes upon the great, indifferent general public, and which occasionally, when a question of genuine expediency arises, does real harm. To this little group, straining for the exotic, it seemed not unreasonable that a dozen cities should surpass New York utterly in provision for exhibitions, and that the current work of the greatest of American producers, New York, should remain unhouised.

To these people, again, any academy, *quia* academy, is objectionable. They admire eccentricity not as a manifestation of possibilities, but just as eccentricity, and to them is coming some day regret for their inculcation of technic as end, not means, and, far worse, for their limitation of technic to manipulation of pigment. To cry out against labored canvases, to put on paint in a dashing manner, and cry, "Live Frans Hals and Vitality!" is fine, certainly; but it must not be forgotten that the strength of Hals and his vitality, his viability as artist, lie not in the width of his brush-strokes, but in the fact that his broad strokes are of the right size and shape

and value, and put in exactly the right place.

Yet in spite of exaggerations and what, though it seems almost perversity, we must admit to be sincere, if mistaken, the great trend of our art is toward sanity, and a sanity which is become yearly less and less a derivation, more and more an American product. For the last fifteen years especially we have been moving forward with astonishing swiftness over the field of art, and as we moved we have to a considerable extent surveyed and leveled and cleared the ground; but there are still unexpected holes in which we trip, quagmires in which we flounder, unsuspected chasms, like the sunken road at Waterloo, into which our cavalry-charge of enthusiasm tumbles pell-mell, checking all advance till the latter again becomes possible over the bridge of thwarted endeavor made by the bodies of the fallen. All this we expect; decimation and more than decimation of our combatants we must discount; but you can help us. You, the Academy, can be like that marvelous general staff of the German army: you may not fight the battle of the allied arts yourselves, but you may make it possible for us, the active army, to fight successfully.

I am told by those who travel in America that the awakening of interest in what we call the arts is almost incredible throughout the length and breadth of the Union. There are exhibitions, permanent and recurrent and ambulant. There are societies for the encouragement of municipal art, of decorative art, and of applied art. Senator Newlands has told us that in tiny towns of Nevada and Montana musical societies work single-heartedly and effectively toward a higher level of culture; all over the country, boys leave the plow for the palette. To the door of my own studio in the Carnegie Building comes a steady stream of young fellows who want to be my assistants for a small salary—in many cases for no remuneration at all save the instruction to

be derived from work. Blue-aproned girls, caked with paint and clay and fired with enthusiasm, flock from the schools of the little cities to the schools of the big ones, and pass onward overseas until they tell me that in Paris the term "art student" has come to mean American girl. This condition is phenomenal; it is going to be alarming, if not rightly handled, and so to handle it is our business, and in a wider and higher sense, *your* business, gentlemen of the Academy. The mill that in the Northern story, at the bottom of the ocean, grinds out the salt that savors all the seas, is hardly more active than are our schools in the production of boys and girls in possession of a fair technic. We have high ideals, and with admirable and, I fully believe, justifiable courage, our infant industry asks *not* to be protected, and lets down the bars to foreign art of all kinds. In the welter which is sure for some time at least to follow this wave of enthusiasm, this stream of production from West to East, what need there is of a tribunal such as yours, gentlemen, what need of an arbiter, by no means always *elegantiarum!* And you are an arbiter which the great universal client called the public will respect; you are the gods of the machine, the men from higher up, from our Parnassus. In you that many-headed client has, relatively, confidence. True, you do not in every case rise to the altitude of being, first of all, business men, but you are scholars, writers; you are thinkers, not unpractical dreamers, and there have not yet been imputed to you, as the necessary conditions of greatness, even of genuineness, that you never keep your appointments or pay you bills.

Therefore, in the ever-recurring discussion between the great public and the great body of artists, if you will throw your authority into the scales for *us*, it shall be as the sword of Brennus to weigh, as the sword of Alexander to cut the Gordian tangle of our difficulties.

And so strong are the analogies be-

tween our arts that *we* are trained to understand and help one another. As every French soldier had in his knapsack the possible baton of a marshal, so every one of us has among his professional tools the potential pass-key to the adytum, the inner sanctuary, of the other arts. Among us every man's mystery, as they said in the Middle Ages, may become so clear to his fellows that we all may join hands.

Our Academy and Institute, made up of men who rub against the issues of the day, yet live a kind of cloistered mental life of their own, given to the pursuit of knowledge and the attempt to create the beautiful, has more than once reminded me of an excursion which I made to the great monastery of Monte Oliveto Maggiore, sixteen miles above Siena, in the hills. It is now nearly empty, but once it was a microcosm in its activities. There the brothers, the thinkers and writers and recorders of the time, shut up in church and cloister and scriptorium, opened their outbuildings to the world, and there, especially upon certain fixed days of festival or council, of papal or imperial progress, the world was harbored in the vast courtyard. The latter was a caravansary, where provinces were pigeonholed. The names are still upon the pigeonholes, big, bare, echoing, vaulted rooms, with yards for the beasts. Here you read over the entrance, Lombardy, here Tuscany, there and yonder Genoa, Venice, Romagna. Here the laymen paused for a day from their business and listened to the teaching of those who thought and planned.

And note—and here is my point toward which we have journeyed among the Tuscan hills—note that this was neutral ground, the territory not only of the church, but of the arts.

Perhaps while the monastery courtyard held these people safe and quiet, outside there was fighting; very likely while Lombards and Venetians were cooking their meals or foddering their beasts with only a party-wall between

them, Lombardy and Venetia were cutting each other's throats. But with the quarrelsome laymen there entered one group of people who were not quarrelsome, and whose names were entered upon the lists of the major crafts. They were the artists,—the architects, sculptors, painters,—sure of a warm welcome from their tonsured hosts, who were artists also—poets, musicians, historians, calligraphers, illuminators.

And the power of these artists went afield; if within the monastery was the truce of God, the artist, as far as his personal security went, carried the truce of God with him. Through the fourteenth century, Italy was a battle-field, but Giotto and his painters, Giovanni Pisano and his sculptors, Arnolfo and his architects, went up and down the battle-field unharmed, and entered through the breached walls of cities to paint allegorical pictures of the blessings of peace in the town halls.

And these artists were a little band of men knit together, as we should be now, by the closest bonds of interdependence and mutual comprehension. They understood one another's specialties, and in the days when Dante tried to draw an angel, or, later, when Raphael scrawled rhymes for sonnets on the backs of his studies, the artist was ambidextrous, holding the chisel in one hand, the brush in the other, and taking up now and again lute or pen or compass.

The world calls artists jealous (I use the word "artists" in its largest sense), but a better freemasonry has existed among us for eighteen hundred years than anywhere else outside the church, and our freemasonry dates from before Christianity. To-day is like yesterday: war, commercial war, is bitter all about us. We are neutral, and if the ideal enlightened layman needs a breathing-

spell, he interests himself in helping a museum or backing the improvement of a city's topographical ordering. He joins hands with us for our good and his good and everybody's good, and yet we speak a language of our own, and there are times when we belong together, and only together. We need the contact of the world, too, that is certain; and if, like the monks aforesaid, each of us withdraws into his individual cell during the period of meditation, later we must, like them again, work altogether in the monastery garden's sunshine for our mental health. I do not mean that we should confuse our works, but that they should proceed *pari passu* under the mutual, stimulating general influence. A picture does not look better because it is called a "nocturne," nor does a musical movement seem more lovely, to me at least, because it is called a "study" in some color or other. There are people who tell me that names mean colors to them; that Lucy is pink, and Mary blue, and Jane brown, and so on. I am not subtle enough for that. But we do have our signs that pass current among us only. We have much to say to one another that we are not ready to say to other men until our work is complete and fit for presentation. When Babel was building and the confusion of tongues came upon man, two languages remained common to all—the language of the emotions and our language, that of the arts. This latter tongue, spoken intimately among ourselves, is understood broadly by all. By reason of this possession, we, the writers, musicians, architects, sculptors, painters, if but struck aright, sound in the great symphony of the world's activities as one harmonious chord. By reason of it the artist is a citizen of the world, at home *urbi et orbi*.



RUSKIN AND NORTON

A Link Between the Old and New Worlds

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

HAS there ever been a personal tie between the Old and the New Worlds which was stronger and tenderer than that between the English Ruskin and our American Norton? It began with a half-accidental meeting of strangers; it was interrupted by ten years of separation during a war; it was followed by a long correspondence, ending with the sad chronicle, by the younger author, of the gradual waning of the older man's mind. All this was recorded, step by step, with singularly delicate and accurate narration, by Professor Norton in the issues of "The Atlantic Monthly" ranging from May to September, 1904, under the simple name of "Letters of Ruskin." Now that Norton himself has followed Ruskin out of this world, the correspondence, in the re-reading, becomes more and more profoundly interesting. We see there the close personal intercourse between two of the most highly cultivated men of two nations; and it is well to make a careful survey, at this distance of time, as to the relative attitude of each.

For myself, I never saw Ruskin, although I was familiar with the first issue of his "Modern Painters" more than sixty years ago. But Norton, though a few years younger than I, was born on the same street with me in Cambridge, Massachusetts; our fathers were alike officers of Harvard College, and as early as I can remember I had gone to dancing-school and various other gatherings in the Norton residence. Any intercourse between Charles Norton and Ruskin was most interesting to

me, and I must begin by describing it a little.

Charles Norton, on voyaging to England in October, 1855, received from a fellow-passenger, not known to him previously, a letter of introduction to Ruskin, who was at that time thirty-six years old, Norton being twenty-eight. Ruskin had got as far in publication as the "Stones of Venice" and the fourth volume of "Modern Painters," while his younger acquaintance had got only far enough to aid his father in his "Translation of the Gospels." Yet from this time on to the end of their lives the two became close friends, with the pathetic separation brought on by political differences. Each was meanwhile developing rare powers in his own way, combined with very decided opinions, Norton absolutely persisting in stanch Americanism, beneath Ruskin's sharpest disapproval, and hardly visiting England until he went unwillingly to take charge of his friend's literary remains.

During this period, we see Ruskin engaged in delightful, but formidable undertakings, as when, in 1857, he had to arrange the nineteen thousand sketches by Turner in the National Gallery and to make a facsimile of one of these to be sent to Norton; or when, in 1859, disagreeing with everybody, he bemoaned his loss of friends. It was a time when, it would seem, he had lost alike his Protestant and Catholic acquaintances, being also regarded by his Tory friends as worse than Robespierre, while his Roman Catholic neighbors thought he ought to be burned. His domestic

kindred counted him as a Bluebeard, and his artistic allies as "a mere packet of quibs and crackers," whatever that may be. In his despair, he wrote to Norton: "I rather count on Lowell as a friend, although I've never seen him. He and the Brownings and you. Four! well, it's a good deal." Certainly it was.

Thirty years later, in 1889, after writing his "Præterita," Ruskin was no longer able to take up the broken thread of his story, and the last nine or ten years of his life were spent in retirement, though he still enjoyed nature and art, loved to hear his favorite books read aloud, and listened with pleasure to simple music. At length Norton received, after forty years of friendship, a few words of farewell in pencil, written November 1, 1896, and signed, "from your loving J. R."

I well remember the time, although I cannot give the precise date, when I resumed my acquaintance in maturity with my childish playmate, Charles Norton. After twenty years or more of separation, I found him sitting beside me at a public dinner, probably in Boston. He had but lately returned from Europe,—in 1856, or thereabouts, I think,—to become a permanent resident, not having yet attained prominence as a public leader. During these years of absence he had been mainly in foreign countries, and I had not yet crossed the ocean, so that we soon found ourselves comparing notes.

I remember vividly how his conversation gratified me from the very first, he taking emphatically the ground that this nation was the most interesting in the world in which to live, were it only for the sake of seeing the mass of people comfortable—"probably more so," he said, "as a whole, than any nation in the world had ever been." The drawback was, he went on to say, that the American continent was not destined to achieve any real distinction at any time in literature or in art.

When I asked why not, he tranquilly

said that it would be a geographical impossibility. No nation on the American continent, which stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, could ever be intellectually great, but only physically comfortable. For science and art, he said, we must look to countries penetrated by gulfs, bays, and rivers, and interrupted by mountains, so that all could communicate easily with one another, as in Europe. Here, on the other hand, was a vast continent not provided by nature with such internal communications except to a very limited extent, and separated by a whole ocean from all European countries; while in those countries the opportunity for mutual intercourse was abundant. Here, on the contrary, there was only a wide interior region, as yet uninhabited except by savages, and much of it probably a desert, and destined to remain such forever. This appeared to be his sole point of view at that day. How shall we explain the fact?

We shall begin to understand it by remembering the statement made by Charles Godfrey Leland in the year 1848, which was somewhat before the time of my talk with Norton. Leland boasted that it had taken him forty-three days to cross the Atlantic on an ordinary voyage. That tells a large part of the story. Now it takes less than a week to cross the ocean, and only the same time to cross the continent. It was long after this that Emerson made his partly consoling suggestion, "Europe stretches to the Alleghanies." There was, however, a period when Emerson himself, in his first lecturing tour in what was then called the Far West, found printed on the tickets of admission at one place, "Tickets to Emerson and the ball, one dollar," so that men, women, and children, coming from a long distance, could all have something to amuse them. It was at a period when I myself saw a handbill printed in Indiana on which Mr. J. Jackson offered to read "Hamlet" for twenty-five cents, ladies free, with the understanding that after the reading

he would develop a plan for the formation of a company for the manufacture of silk handkerchiefs, and would relate some incidents of his early life in connection with "this particular article." Norton's limitation was that he was speaking more than ten years in advance of the first overland railway train, which crossed in 1869; and Gail Hamilton was more foreseeing than he when she said that "if there were never to be railroads, it would have been a real impertinence for Columbus to have discovered this continent."

All this truth was for Norton to discover, and he lived to show that he had done just that, and accepted so nobly the work devolving upon him that he stayed in his native land for the rest of his life, with only one brief absence. He even went so magnificently and almost incredibly far as to write to a

Western friend, when in his eightieth year, that if his life were to be lived again, he thought that he should like to live it in Chicago. He gave as a reason that, in all the welter of vulgarity and commercialism, there was visible there a power for good that would in time come to its own. Words of more utter self devotion than this, I suspect, none of his early playmates could rival. I know one of them who never got so far; but such were Norton's words. The New World had learned much from him, and in its turn had taught him much.

With all his varied and delightful culture, the more we study this man's career, the more we find it based on the simplest and clearest foundations, resting, as in Wordsworth's formula, on "a few strong instincts and a few plain rules."



THE MOLLY MAGUIRES IN THE ANTHRACITE REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

HOLDING a brief for the Historic Muse, it might seem fitting that I should treat in a general way of the study and writing of history; but in a number of addresses before learned societies and to university students I have gathered everything in my power from this well-reaped field. To recombine and restate what I have already said would in no way be worthy of this occasion, and I think that I can better serve my Muse.

Some one asked Jowett, "Is logic a science or an art?" "Neither," he said; "it is a dodge." And some scoffers, impressed with the saying attributed to Napoleon that "History is lies agreed upon," have answered likewise the same question when applied to history. Napoleon, indeed, struck at two of the masters when he said that Tacitus writes romances, and Gibbon is no better than a man of sounding words. Therefore it has seemed to me that the relation of an episode that has been investigated according to the modern method will better show our aim at the truth than a laudation over results that have been accomplished. And I have chosen an episode into which no question of party politics intrudes—the operations of the Molly Maguires in the anthracite coal-region of Pennsylvania between 1865 and 1876.

The name and organization of this hidebound secret order—the Molly Maguires—came from Ireland; no one but an Irish Roman Catholic was eligible for membership. During the Civil War there had been an enormous demand for anthracite coal at high prices, and this had caused a large influx of foreigners,—Irish, English, Welsh,

Scotch, and Germans,—so that the colliery towns were under their control; and the Irish, from their number and aggressiveness, were the most important single factor. Many of the Mollies were miners, and the mode of working the mines lent itself to their peculiar policy. Miners were paid by the cubic yard, by the mine-car, or by the ton, and, in the driving of entries, by the lineal yard. In the assignment of places, which was made by the mining boss, there were "soft" jobs and hard. If a Molly applied for a soft job, and was refused, his anger was great, and not infrequently, in due time, the offending boss was murdered. If he obtained employment, there was constant chance for disagreement in measuring up the work and in estimating the quality of the coal mined; for it was the custom to dock the miners for bad coal, with too much slate and dirt, and a serious disagreement was apt to be followed by vengeance. Little wonder was it that, as the source of the outrages was well understood, mining bosses refused to employ Irishmen; but this did not insure their safety, as they might then be murdered for their refusal. In his quality of superior officer, a good superintendent of any colliery would support an efficient mining boss, and would thus fall under the ban himself.

The murders were not committed in the heat of sudden passion for some fancied wrong; they were the result of a deliberate system. The wronged person laid his case before a proper body, demanding the death, say, of a mining boss, and urging his reasons. If they

were satisfying, as they usually were, the murder was decreed; but the deed was not ordered to be done by the aggrieved person or by any one in his and the victim's neighborhood. Two or more Mollies from a different part of the county, or even from the adjoining county, were selected to do the killing, because, being unknown, they could the more easily escape detection. Refusal to carry out the dictate of the conclave was dangerous and seldom happened, although an arrangement of substitution, if properly supported, was permitted to be made. The meeting generally took place in an upper room of a hotel or saloon, and after the serious business came the social reunion, with deep libations of whisky.

During the decade beginning in 1865, a great many men were killed to satisfy the revengeful spirit of the Molly Maguires. Some of the victims were men so useful, conspicuous, and beloved in their communities that their assassination caused a profound and enduring impression.

While the murders were numerous, still more numerous were the threats of murder and warnings to leave the country, written on a sheet of paper with a rude picture of a coffin or a pistol, and sometimes with both. One notice read, "Mr. John Taylor—We will give you one week to go but if you are alive on next Saturday you will die." Another, to three bosses charged with "cheating thy men," had a picture of three pistols and a coffin, and on the coffin was written, "This is your home." In other mining districts and in manufacturing localities, during strikes and times of turbulence, similar warnings have been common, and have been laughed at by mining bosses, superintendents, and proprietors; but in the anthracite region between 1865 and 1876 the bravest of men could not forget how many of his fellows had been shot, or suppress a feeling of uneasiness when he found such a missive on his door-step, or posted upon the door of his office at the

mine. Many a superintendent and mining boss left his house in the morning with his hand on his revolver, wondering if he would ever see wife and children again.

For the commission of murder, the young men of the order were selected; above them were older heads holding high office and in a variety of ways displaying executive ability. They were quick to see what a weapon to their hand was universal suffrage, and with the aptitude for politics which the Irish have shown in our country, they developed their order into a political power to be reckoned with. Numbering in Schuylkill County only 500 or 600 out of 5000 Irishmen in a total population of 116,000, the Molly Maguires controlled the common schools and the local government of the townships in the mining regions of the county. They elected at different times three county commissioners, and one of their number who had acquired twenty thousand dollars worth of property they came near electing associate judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer. In one borough a Molly was chief of police; in Mahanoy Township, another, Jack Kehoe, was high constable. In the elections were fraudulent voting, stuffing of ballot-boxes, and false returns; in the administration of the offices, fraud and robbery.

Despite the large number of murders by Molly Maguires from 1865 to 1875, there were few arrests, few trials, and never a conviction for murder in the first degree. The defense usually relied on was an alibi, made fairly easy to establish, as the men who did the killing were unknown in the locality of it, and as there were Mollies in abundance equal to any amount of false and hard swearing at the dictation of their order.

During the summer and autumn of 1874, the Molly Maguires were at the height of their power; yet, while there was nothing in sight menacing their dominion, operations against them had been begun by Franklin B. Gowen.

Shortly after coming of age, Gowen, in company with others, had worked a mine in Schuylkill County; but owing to the aftermath of the panic of 1857, his venture had not been successful. He turned to the study of law, was admitted to the Schuylkill County bar, was elected district attorney, and later, securing a large and lucrative practice, became attorney for the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and in 1869, at the age of thirty-three, its president. He organized the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, which secured an immense amount of coal-land and became the largest producer of anthracite coal. He knew Schuylkill County through and through, and made up his mind that a regular and profitable conduct of mining operations would become impossible if the terror of the Molly Maguires continued to grow. As the guardian of the great Reading property, he felt it his duty to break up the criminal organization, and in addition to his local knowledge and experience, he possessed peculiar qualities for the work. With restless ability and indomitable energy, he combined in a remarkable degree both physical and moral courage. He was convinced that the Molly Maguires could be exposed only by the employment of detectives. With this view, he applied to Allan Pinkerton of Chicago, "an intelligent and broad-minded Scotchman." Pinkerton chose James McParlan, a native of Ireland and a Roman Catholic, who, coming to Chicago in 1867, had been a teamster, the driver of a meat wagon, a deck-hand on a lake steamer, a wood-chopper in the wilds of Michigan, a private coachman in Chicago, a policeman and detective, then an employee in a wholesale liquor establishment, developing from this into the proprietor of a liquor store and a saloon. The store burned down in the great fire of 1871, and, as the saloon was no longer remunerative, he sold it out and, in April, 1872, went into the employ of Allan Pinkerton. In October, 1873, at

the age of twenty-nine, he reported to the Pinkerton agent in Philadelphia for orders, with the understanding that he was to receive twelve dollars a week as his salary and, in addition, his expenses.

After preliminary observation of his field, McParlan took up his residence in the anthracite region in the following December, first at Pottsville, then at Shenandoah. Under a disguise, and the assumed name of James McKenna, McParlan was a "broth of a boy" who could sing a song, dance a jig, pass a rough joke, and stand treat, apparently taking his full share of whisky, which was the usual beverage. Still other qualities were needed, so he said he had killed his man in Buffalo and was a fugitive from justice. Supposedly a workman, he got a job, but found this too confining and laborious, and soon appreciated that it was unnecessary for his object. But he had to account for the money which he spent freely, and quickly learning that honest labor was no recommendation to the Molly Maguires, he concocted the story that he was in receipt of a pension from the United States Government, fraudulently obtained, and that he was also a counterfeiter engaged in "shoving the queer." This latter proved a clever device, as it explained both his ready command of money and his frequent journeys from place to place, which were necessary in his work of detection, warning, and prevention of crime. The tale, as McParlan told it on the witness-stand, is better than any detective story, for it is based on a diary of actual happenings in the shape of regular written reports to a superior officer in Philadelphia. He gained the confidence of his brother Irishmen and Catholics and, on April 14, 1874, was initiated into the order and became a full-fledged Molly Maguire. Loud, brawling, boastful of crimes, and in education superior to most of his fellows, he was soon chosen secretary of his division, the duties and privileges of which office made him a local leader, gave him an insight into

the secret workings of the order, and imparted to him a knowledge of their past crimes and projected murders. While he was working with zeal and discretion, learning each week something more of their practices and plans of operation, other events were tending toward the end.

In 1875 there was a recrudescence of Molly Maguire outrages. As the result of a certain feud, a Molly, in accordance with the rule of the organization, brought his case before a convention held in a second-story room of a hotel in Mahanoy City. He maintained that he had been shot at, and that it was the intention of two brothers named Major and of one "Bully Bill," otherwise William M. Thomas, a Welshman, to kill him. He therefore asked his society to put these three men out of the way. The meeting to consider this request was opened with prayer, and presided over by Jack Kehoe, the county delegate of Schuylkill, the highest officer in the county organization. There were also present the county delegate of Northumberland, three body-masters,—the body-master was the chief officer of the division,—three other officers, and James McParlan (McKenna), our detective, who was also secretary of the Shenandoah division. The matter was discussed, and after some consideration a motion was made that Thomas and the Major brothers be killed. It was carried. The mode of the killing caused some discussion, but there seemed to be no lack of men ready and willing to do the job. In the end, certain Mollies were agreed upon and selected for the murders, McParlan being one of those assigned for the despatch of Thomas. There being no further business before the meeting, it adjourned in due form. Having doubtless taken many drinks of whisky, the Mollies dined at the tavern, when,

¹ Although Thomas was not killed, his doom and the assault on him formed a characteristic incident. The limit of this paper, however, does not permit me to enlarge upon its importance. In the Court of Quarter Sessions, Schuylkill County, Jack Kehoe

so the account reads, other matters were sociably discussed.

On the morning of June 28, four Mollies from Shenandoah, of ages from nineteen to twenty-three, started out to kill Thomas, expecting to shoot him as he walked toward the drift-mouth of Shoemaker's colliery, a mile from Mahanoy City. Thomas was in the stable talking to the stable-boss. The hour of half-past six arrived, and the Mollies, becoming impatient that he did not come out, started toward the stable. When they reached the door, one fired at Thomas, hitting him in the breast. Thomas jumped toward the man and grasped the revolver, when a second bullet took effect. Then another Molly shot him twice in the neck, one wound being within a quarter of an inch of the jugular vein; the other two fired, but apparently did not hit the victim. Thomas, covered with blood, fell and crawled under the horses that had not been hit. One horse was killed, and another wounded. Thinking that Thomas was dead, the assassins fled to Shenandoah and, "wet with sweat," found McParlan, and reported what they had done.¹

Jimmy Kerrigan, the body-master of the Tamaqua division, Schuylkill County, and his chum, Thomas Duffy, hard drinkers, reckless and quarrelsome in their cups, had been arrested and imprisoned more than once by the police. They had therefore conceived a violent hatred against Policeman Yost, who, with an associate, constituted the night watch of Tamaqua, and on one occasion had overcome the resistance of Duffy by beating him on the head with his club. Yost was a man of good character, kindly nature, and much liked in the community, but the Tamaqua division decided that he must die.

At the same time the Mollies of Storm Hill, Carbon County, had deter-

and a number of other Molly Maguires were convicted for aggravated assault and battery with intent to kill William M. Thomas, and, in a trial immediately thereafter, for conspiracy to murder the Majors.

mined upon the murder of John P. Jones, a mining boss in the employ of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, because it was supposed that he had blacklisted William Mulhall and Hugh McGehan. An exchange of "Mollie courtesies" was at once suggested and decided upon. Carbon County Mollies were to be sent over for the murder of Yost, and in return Schuylkill Mollies would undertake to put Jones out of the way. Yost was to be assassinated first, and the time fixed upon was the early morning of July 6, at the hour when he should extinguish the last gas-light in the town. Mulhall, who was a married man with a large family, was relieved from the work, and James Boyle, being conveniently at hand, was substituted in his place.

McGehan and Boyle, the Carbon County representatives, came to Tamaqua, and were guided by Kerrigan and Duffy. About midnight, Duffy took the two to the cemetery and returned to the Union House, an inn kept by a prominent Molly, so that he might prove an alibi when, as was highly probable, suspicion fell upon him. Somewhat later, Kerrigan took a bottle of whisky to the cemetery; but the drink was for himself and Boyle, as McGehan, who was a tall young man of about twenty-two, of powerful frame, with brawny arms, never touched a drop of liquor. Kerrigan led the two to the street-lamp, and placed them under the shade-trees near by. After a while Yost and his associate watchman appeared, and went into Yost's house to get something to eat. Coming out at a little after two o'clock, Yost went at once to the lamp-post, placed his ladder against it, began to climb the ladder, heard footsteps behind him, and turned to see who was coming from under the trees. As he turned, McGehan reached up and shot him in the right side. Yost fell off the ladder, exclaiming: "Oh, my God! I am shot! My wife!" His wife, leaning out of the window, saw him climbing the ladder, saw the flash of the pis-

tol, heard that and a second report, the scream of her husband, the sound of retreating footsteps, and, rushing downstairs and out, found him mortally wounded. "Give me a kiss," he said; "I am shot, and have to die." Later to his brother-in-law he said: "This is the last of me; I must die. I have been so long in the army and escaped, and now I must be shot innocently." He died that day, but not before stating that he had seen his murderers plainly. They were both Irishmen, but neither was Kerrigan or Duffy, who were the only enemies he had in the world.

Kerrigan piloted McGehan and Boyle away to a point whence they could easily return to their own county. McGehan boasted to Kerrigan of the deed. "I dislike," he said, "to draw Irish blood; but I want no better sport than to shoot such men as Yost. When he was shot he 'hollered' like a panther." The murderers reached their homes without apprehension. Not until seven months afterward were they arrested.

McGehan became a hero. All the Mollies admired his "clean job," for which it was generally recognized a suitable reward should be given. Campbell, a leading Molly of Carbon County, bestirred himself in his behalf, and started him in a saloon near Storm Hill.

I pass over two murders by Mollies in August to the murder of Thomas Sanger. An Englishman, thirty-three years old, of good character and amiable disposition, a mining boss at Raven-run colliery, he had somehow incurred the ill-will of some of the Molly Maguires, and he was doomed to die. On the morning of September 1, a little before seven o'clock, as he walked toward the mine to set the men to work, he was attacked by five Mollies, shot, and killed, as was also William Uren, a young man who was with him and interfered in his defense. Although a hundred men and boys witnessed the assault, they were so terrified by the promiscuous firing that they made no

attempt to arrest the Mollies, who escaped to the mountains.

The sensation in Schuylkill and Carbon counties was profound. The victims had been Welsh, Pennsylvania-German, or English, and the feeling of their blood-brothers toward the Irish Catholics was growing into a keen desire for vengeance.

But the day of reckoning was at hand, although the Mollies, arrogant in their success, drunk with deeds of violence, and thirsting for blood, little recked that the period of their dominion was drawing to an end.

It will be remembered that in return for the murder of Yost, the Schuylkill County Mollies had promised to kill John P. Jones, a Welshman, a mining boss at Storm Hill, Carbon County. Through McParlan, he had been warned, and for a number of weeks had slept at the house of his superintendent under guard of Coal and Iron Police. The changes of design and shifting of plans were so frequent that the detective was unable to trace them all, and he was hoping that this project had been abandoned when the community received another shock in the following manner.

Jimmy Kerrigan, who knew the by-paths in this difficult mountainous country, led Edward Kelly, whose selection had been by lot, and Michael J. Doyle, who had volunteered to take the place of a married man with a family, into Carbon County, and they stopped all night with Campbell, in whose saloon they were well entertained. Jones, passing the first night for a long while in his own house, left it, after taking breakfast and chatting with his family, at a little after seven on the morning of September 3 to go to the mining superintendent's office near the railroad station. As the train from Tamaqua was nearly due, a hundred men—miners and railroad employees—were about the place. As Jones approached them, two strange men suddenly stepped forward and fired a number of balls into his

body, killing him almost instantly. At once they fled to the mountains. Wild excitement prevailed at the station, but the mining superintendent kept his head and organized a party for pursuit. Jimmy Kerrigan led his two men by unfrequented roads and by-paths, and, eluding all pursuers, got them safely by Tamaqua, five miles from the scene of the murder. Had he kept on, instead of stopping to show his hospitality, he could have taken them to Tuscarora, where there was a nest of Molly Maguires. Some of these could easily have conducted the assassins to Pottsville, where, merged in the crowd, detection would have been impossible. But when they had left Tamaqua behind and were near his own house, Kerrigan left them in the bush, and went home to get them whisky and something to eat.

Meanwhile Beard, a young law student who had seen the dead body of Jones immediately after the murder and was one of the first to bring the news of it to Tamaqua, happened to hear that Jimmy Kerrigan with two strange men had been seen west of the town. Going to a hill whence with a spy-glass a pretty good view of the surrounding country could be obtained, he saw Kerrigan wave a handkerchief, whereupon two other men appeared, and the three went to a spring on the side of the mountain. Hurrying back to town, Beard, together with an elder brother, mustered a force of twenty, went out to the bush, captured Kerrigan and his associates, and, bringing them to town, had them confined in the Tamaqua lock-up. They were surrendered to the deputy sheriff of Carbon County on his properly supported demand.

The trial of the murderers of Jones, which had been fixed for October 19, was postponed on sufficient ground; and, as it was well understood that strong evidence for an alibi was being manufactured, and as the Molly Maguires were at the height of their political power, fears were entertained by

many that the assassins would escape the punishment which was justly their due. But these people had no conception of the impending doom of the terrible order, owing to the irrefragable evidence gathered by McParlan, the energy and discretion of Gowen and Parrish,¹ and the high character of the bench and bar of Carbon and Schuylkill counties.

On January 18, 1876, the trial of the three assassins of Jones began at Mauch Chunk before Judge Dreher. Assisting the district attorney in the prosecution were Charles Albright and F. W. Hughes, one a Democrat, the other a Republican, who had clasped hands in the determination to root out the Molly Maguires by process of law. Five attorneys appeared for the defense, of whom two at least were able lawyers, and a third was the Republican member of Congress for Schuylkill County. The prisoners demanded separate trials, and the commonwealth elected to begin with Michael J. Doyle. The testimony presented on its part was complete. The defense was a carefully manufactured alibi; but as it was evident that the commonwealth stood ready to prosecute for perjury as well as for murder, the counsel for Doyle, either too timid or too honorable to put upon the stand men who they knew would swear falsely, did not call their witnesses, and let the case go to the jury on the evidence of the commonwealth. Three arguments were made by the prosecution; two "stirring appeals to the jury" on behalf of the prisoner. On February 1, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, the first conviction in the anthracite region of a Molly Maguire for a capital crime. Later the judge refused a motion for a new trial, and sentenced Doyle to be hanged.

Kerrigan decided to turn state's evidence, and, before the conviction of Doyle, told Albright and Hughes, who were accompanied by a stenographer,

the story of the murders of Jones and Yost, and disclosed the inside workings of the society of Molly Maguires. On February 4, Campbell was arrested as accessory before the fact to the murder of Jones, and on the same day the two principals and three accessories to the murder of Yost were committed to the Pottsville jail. On February 10, two men were arrested for the murder of Sanger and Uren at Ravenrun.

The Molly Maguires were much alarmed. They knew that the arrests of Campbell and of the murderers of Yost were due to the disclosures of Kerrigan, and they were bitterly indignant at his treachery; but they did not believe that the arrest of Sanger's assassin could be laid to his charge, as Kerrigan was in a different division, and had no intimate connection with the murder. It was rumored that a detective was among them, and suspicion fell upon McParlan. Having heard the report more than once, Jack Kehoe, one of the most adroit men in the society, became convinced of its truth, and sent the word around that McParlan (McKenna) was a detective, and that members must beware of him. Hearing this, McParlan went to Kehoe and demanded, "Why do you spread these reports about me?"

"I heard it from a conductor on the Reading Railroad," was the answer. "He called me into the baggage-car, and said that I might be certain that you were a detective. I told him it was not the first time I had heard the charge made against you."

McParlan denounced the charge as a slander, and demanded a convention of the order to investigate the matter. "I will let the society try me," he said, "and if I find out the man who is lying about me, I will make him suffer. It is a terrible thing to charge a man like me with being a detective."

They agreed that a county convention should be called, and as Kehoe was too nervous to write the notices, he asked McParlan to write them in his name,

¹ President of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company.

who therefore summoned in proper form all the body-masters of the county to convene at Shenandoah, about March 1, for his own trial.

Meanwhile the report concerning McParlan gained force, helped on by the assertion of the leading attorney for the defense of Doyle that, in some unaccountable way, the attorneys for the commonwealth had obtained minute details of their line of defense. On the day before the one fixed for the convention, McParlan, while at Pottsville, was charged with being a detective by another Molly, who further asserted that the convention at Shenandoah was a game of his to get all the body-masters and officers together and have them arrested by Captain Linden¹ and his Coal and Iron Police. To allay this suspicion, McParlan went at once to see Linden, and asked him not to have the police there at all. "I believe," he said, "I can fight them right through, and make them believe I am no detective." Linden reluctantly consented, but told McParlan that he was running a very great risk.

Linden was right. Earlier in the day, McParlan had seen Kehoe, and the two arranged to travel together to Shenandoah that evening that they might be there for the convention early on the morrow. But Kehoe stole away thither on an earlier train, got together McAndrew, the body-master of the Shenandoah division, and a number of the Mollies, telling them that beyond doubt McParlan was a detective and must be killed. "For God's sake, have him killed to-night," he added, "or he will hang half the people in Schuylkill County." The men consented, McAndrew with reluctance, as he was fond of McParlan. Kehoe went home, but a dozen men assembled a little below the station, armed with axes, tomahawks, and sledges, and waited for the coming of McParlan, intending to inveigle him

down the track and kill him, avoiding the use of firearms in order not to attract the attention of policemen about the station.

Meanwhile McParlan was traveling toward Shenandoah on the evening train, his suspicions aroused from Kehoe's failure to join him as agreed. They grew stronger when he was not met as usual at the station by five or six comrades to discuss the news and have a drink. He went into the saloon of a member, whom he found so nervous and excited that he could hardly open the bottle of porter called for. Walking on, he met another member, ordinarily friendly, who hardly spoke to him; then another, Sweeney, who was less cold, but of whom he was so suspicious that, as they went on together, he invented some excuse to make Sweeney walk ahead lest he should receive a blow from behind. He kept his hand on his revolver, ready to meet an attack. Arriving at McAndrew's, he noticed two Mollies on guard and that his friend was nervous and uneasy. Sweeney went out, came back again, and threw a little piece of snow at McAndrew as a signal for action, to which the latter replied: "My feet are sore. I guess I will take off my boots," which was as much as to say, "I have abandoned the project." With truth McAndrew told McParlan next day, "I saved your life last night."

McParlan, on the alert, knew something was up, and after a question about the meeting, said good night and started for his boarding-house, but not by his usual route, taking, instead, a byway through a swamp. He slept little, for he was constantly on his guard against an attempt at assassination.

Next morning there was no sign of a convention, and McParlan made up his mind to go to Girardville and demand of Kehoe the reason. Hiring a horse and cutter, he took McAndrew with

¹ Linden, the assistant superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency in Chicago, was sent to the anthracite region, and became captain of the Coal

and Iron Police, his calling of detective being known only to the few whose guiding hands were in the enterprise.

him; and two other Mollies, in a similar conveyance, started after them.

"What does this mean?" asked McParlan.

"Look here," was the reply, "you had better look out; for that man who is riding in that sleigh behind you calculates to take your life. Have you got your pistols?"

"Yes," said McParlan.

"So have I," returned McAndrew, "and I will lose my life for you. I do not know whether you are a detective or not, but I do not know anything against you. I always knew you were doing right, and I will stand by you. Why don't they try you fair?" Then McAndrew told of the plot of the previous day, adding, "You will find out that you are in a queer company this minute."

"I do not give a cent," replied McParlan; "I am going down to Kehoe's."

To Kehoe's they went. Kehoe was surprised to see McParlan still alive and in company with the men who had agreed to kill him. Yet they fell to discussing the burning question when Kehoe intimated to him that he had learned his true character from Father O'Connor. On McParlan's determining to go to see the priest at Mahanoy Plane, a number of Mollies went along. The one to whom the killing of the detective was assigned got too drunk to make the attempt; but on their return to Shenandoah, McAndrew would not permit McParlan to go to his boarding-house for fear of assassination, but insisted that he should sleep in his (McAndrew's) quarters.

Having failed to find Father O'Connor when he left Kehoe's, McParlan made a second unsuccessful attempt on the next day; but not caring to pass another night at Shenandoah, he went on to Pottsville.

"There," he said to Captain Linden, "I have come to the conclusion that they have had a peep at my hand and that the cards are all played."

Shadowed by Linden, on the follow-

ing day he went to Mahanoy Plane, and had a long talk with Father O'Connor, learning that not only O'Connor, but two other Catholic priests as well, believed that he was a Pinkerton detective in the employ of the Reading Company. Satisfied that his mission was generally known, he returned to Pottsville that evening, and next morning (March 5 or 6) left for Philadelphia, ending his experience of nearly two years as a Molly Maguire.

A word here should be said concerning the position of the Roman Catholic clergy. Father O'Connor's aversion to McParlan was not due to any love for the Molly Maguires. On the contrary, he had denounced them from the pulpit, and read, only a short time previous, the pastoral letter of Archbishop Wood excommunicating all lawless societies and especially the Molly Maguires. But Father O'Connor looked upon McParlan as a stool-pigeon, egging his associates on to crime in order to enhance his own glory and profit as a detective.

Wood was the archbishop of Philadelphia, and had almost from the first been cognizant of and sympathetic with the means which Gowen employed to bring the Molly Maguires to justice.

In the trial of the murderers of Yost McParlan was the chief witness for the commonwealth. The Molly Maguires knew Jim McKenna, a man with bushy red hair and rough dress, a brawler and a roysterer, "the biggest Molly of us all." They saw before them in the witness-box James McParlan, a man slightly built, but muscular, of fair complexion, closely cut dark-chestnut hair above a broad, full forehead, and gray eyes. Dressed plainly in black, wearing spectacles, with an intelligent and grave countenance and gentlemanly bearing, he resembled a college professor rather than a rowdy, frequenting bar-rooms and saloons.

McParlan told his wonderful story slowly, without an attempt at theatrical display, and he was listened to with breathless interest by judges, attorneys,

prisoners, and officers of the law. He remained upon the witness-stand for four days, and instead of being shaken by the searching cross-examination to which he was subjected, he was able to add evidence which told against the prisoners and which had been objected to on his examination-in-chief. Accurate and truthful, he excelled as witness, as he had as detective, and when he finished his testimony, the case of the commonwealth was won.

McParlan testified in a number of subsequent cases. More of the Mollies turned state's evidence, and proof was piled upon proof. Conviction after conviction for murder followed, and death-sentences were pronounced. Many of the cases were taken up to the Supreme Court on writs of error, with the result that the sentences of the lower courts were affirmed.

On June 21, 1877, at Mauch Chunk, four Molly Maguires were hanged, three for the murder of Jones, one for the murder of Powell in 1871. At Pottsville six were hanged, five for the murder of Yost, and one for the murder of Sanger. In the meantime arrests had been made of Mollies who had committed murders previous to 1875. For the killing in Columbia County of a mine superintendent in 1868, three were convicted, and on March 25, 1878, were hanged at Bloomsburg. For killing a breaker-boss in 1862, the mighty Jack Kehoe was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and on December 18, 1878, was hanged at Pottsville.

In all, nineteen Mollie Maguires were hanged; a greater number for lesser crimes than murder received various sentences of imprisonment. The majesty of the law was vindicated. The Molly Maguires were crushed. Never did the society reappear in the anthracite region. The weapon of coolly devised and violent assassination was never afterward employed on the part of labor. The region did not again suf-

fer from the lawlessness which had prevailed there from 1865 to 1875. That this result was accomplished not by vigilance committees and lynchings, but by the regular, patient, and considerate process of law, was due to Gowen, McParlan, Parrish, the bench of Carbon, Schuylkill, Columbia, and Northumberland counties, and the lawyers who acted for the commonwealth.

The racial characteristics shown in this story are worth a passing note. All the Molly Maguires were Irish. McParlan, who exposed them and served his employer with stanch fidelity, was Irish, and Gowen, to whom the greatest credit is due for the destruction of the society, was the son of an Irishman.

A peculiar feature stands out, differentiating the Molly Maguires from any criminal organization, so far as I know, of any other peoples of the Indo-European family. We read of strong drink and carousing, of robbery and murder, but nowhere, during the orgies of whisky, of dissolute women. We read of wives and families, of marriage and the giving in marriage, of childbirth, but nowhere of the appearance of the harlot. The Irishman, steeped in crime, remained true to the sexual purity of his race.

The characteristic failings of the Celts, as the ancient Romans knew them, were intensified in their Irish descendants by the seven centuries of misgovernment of Ireland by England. Subject to tyranny at home, the Irishman, when he came to America, too often translated liberty into license, and so ingrained was his habit of looking upon government as an enemy that, when he became the ruler of cities and stole the public funds, he was, from his point of view, only despoiling the old adversary. With his traditional hostility to government, it was easy for him to become a Molly Maguire, while the English, Scotch, and Welsh immigrant shrank from such a society with horror.

THE CAPITOL

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

WHERE shall our nation's temple stand?
Center of counsel and command;
A Mecca of unfailling faith;
A Zion of unwavering hope;
A fortress that with grim assault
And deadly stratagem may cope;
A Rome that weaves no slavish bond,
But wins allegiance firm and fond.

I see the noble structure rise,
The dome descending from the skies
To lofty station, that the eye
And will of man may aim so high,
While walls of hospitable space
The people's judgment-seat embrace.
Here shall avail the argument
Of just endeavor and intent;
Here shall the widow's prayer be
brought,
The orphan's sacred claim be sought;
The heavenly sisterhood of art
Keeping unstained a nation's heart;
An altar for each honest creed,
A court where each just cause may
plead.

A sentence of eternal lore
Uttered in whispers heretofore,
But now with silver trump proclaimed
To men and regions newly named,
That right with right may fitly join,
The weal of each for all combine;
No need to snatch, no need to slay,

For a republic's holiday.
The chief who gave our shrine his name
Barred it thenceforth from evil fame.
Upon his laureled tomb doth lie
The pledge of immortality,
For all his way was writ of Fate
In holy footsteps consecrate.

Where the sad spoils of warfare rest
Nirvana sits, a solemn guest,
Safeguard of rule that may not cease,
Sponsor of righteousness and peace.

How shall we overmatch the past
With merits, shaming each the last?
Fast holding each illustrious theft
Old Time has patterned in his weft,
Losing no touch of hero song,
Yielding no step of vanquished wrong,
No conquering grace that marks the line
Where human beauties grow divine.

Let him who stands for service here
With deeply reverent soul draw near,
Intent from every season's youth
To pluck the new commissioned truth;
To lift the weight that most offends,
The need that other needs transcends;
In distant prisons, sad and drear,
The captive's lonely heart to cheer,
And in earth's wildest wastes arouse
The music of the Father's house—
Home for the homeless, priceless rest,
Heaven's seal of promise, dearest, best.



CONCERNING CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

BY HORATIO PARKER

A FAMOUS orchestral conductor once told me that he was glad he would be dead in fifty years, so that he would not have to hear the music of that time. It is needless to say that he was conservative, but it should be stated that he was, and is, one of the best-known and most efficient conductors we have ever had in this country. Although his remark is typical of the critical attitude of many who have to do with new music, yet it does not in the least represent the attitude of the public, which is interested and pleased as never before with the music of our own time. There have always been people to declare that the particular art in which they were interested, at the particular time in which they lived, was going to the dogs, and there seem to be peculiar excuses for this belief in music-lovers just now. But there ought to be some way of reconciling the pessimism of the critics and the optimism of the public, which expresses itself eloquently in the buying of many tickets. By critics I do not mean merely the journalists. I mean rather essayists and those accustomed to give well-deliberated judgment on matters of permanent importance. The journalists have been so often, so rudely shocked that they not only fear to tread, but fail to rush in, and at a first hearing of new things are fain to give forth an uncertain sound, which, in the light of subsequent developments, may be taken for approval or censure.

The pursuit and enjoyment of music call for the exercise, on the part of its devotees, of three principal functions widely different. These are the functions of the composer, of the performer, and of the listener.

The composer is the source and motive power of all art-music, the producer who draws his inspiration from the recesses of his inner artistic consciousness, whose desire and aim are to realize as well as possible the ideals with which his brain is filled. He seeks to give expression to musical ideas which shall call forth sympathetic feeling in those to whom the utterance is addressed. Although in some cases it is apparently meant for an ideal audience which has no existence, nevertheless, if the utterance be true and skilfully made, it will in no case fail of audience or of effect, even though the time be delayed.

The second function necessary to the practice of music is that of the performer or reproducer. This activity is closely allied to the first, which is in truth dependent upon it. It is of high importance, and in ideal instances may be artistic activity of a kind hardly lower than that of the composer, though wholly different in character. This also is at root a manifestation of a desire for utterance, of the craving to awaken sympathetic feeling in others; but it is different in that it seeks and gives expression to ideas which are already in existence. The composer seeks those which do not yet exist. The performer gives utterance to the thought of another; the composer, to his own. But the work of the performer is for most people the only actual embodiment of the results of the first function, and he frequently clarifies and enhances the composer's work in a measure beyond expectation. It calls for self-control as well as for self-abandonment, for sympathy in the highest degree, and a two-fold sympathy,—with the composer and

with the audience,—and for personal, magnetic power to such an extent that it is wholly quite natural that people should frequently, even usually, lose all sight and sense of the composer or producer, who is remote from them, and admire the work of the reproducing artist, who is always near.

The third function is of equal importance with the other two, but differs from them more than they do from each other. It is the function of the audience or the listeners. This function is largely misunderstood and usually undervalued. It is the exact opposite of the other two essentials of music-making in that it calls for receptive activity, if one may so express it, for intelligent, passive sympathy. This sympathy of the audience is the mark at which both composer and performer are aiming. It has no public or open reward, though it well deserves one. Audiences certainly should receive credit for intelligent listening, though it is hard to know just how or when to give it. The quality of sympathy is elusive and difficult to appreciate. To most audiences it seems unimportant whether it be given or withheld; the only matter of consequence is the applause. Genuine appreciation is often hard to identify or recognize. It is quite impossible to know whether a smooth, impassive, self-restrained Anglo-Saxon face hides the warmest appreciation or the densest ignorance or indifference. Such emotions often resemble one another. Nor can one ever tell whether the heightened color and brightened eyes are caused by the long hair and hands of the performer or by beautiful music. A particularly good luncheon or dinner preceding the concert may have the same outward effect. So the successful listener is a mystery, but a pleasing and very necessary one. His work is as important as that of the composer or performer, and his rewards are none the less real because they are not counted out to him in cash, because he pays and does not receive a tangible medium of exchange.

They lie in the listening itself and in the consciousness of improvement which is the result of his effort.

In speaking of modern music, we can omit personalities concerning classical composers. Their works fall entirely to the exercises of the second and third functions mentioned; but since the bulk of contemporary music is by classical composers, it may be well to speak briefly of the attitude of performers and audiences toward music of this kind. In an ideal world the performer and the listener would have the same kind and degree of pleasure in music except in so far as it is more blessed to give than to receive. "We are all musicians when we listen well." It may be laid down as a general principle that performers of classical music have more enjoyment than listeners. Palestrina is a pre-classical composer with distinct limitations, and it is quite reasonable that he should appeal under ordinary conditions to a small audience, and to that imperfectly. He is a religious composer, and most audiences prefer to keep their religious feelings for Sunday use. He is a composer of church music to be sung in church, so that his work must miss its effect in a modern concert-room. We have very few churches in our country fit for the performance of Palestrina's music. I know a jail or two where it would sound wonderfully effective, but there are obvious reasons for not going so far in the pursuit of art. It follows, therefore, that Palestrina in a concert-room is enjoyed by the average listener only by means of a lively exercise of the imagination, with frequent, perhaps unconscious, mental reference to what he has read or heard about it.

If there is enthusiasm, it is surely for the performance, because the music itself is so clear, so pure, so absolutely impersonal, that it is hardly reasonable to expect it to appeal to the listener of to-day. He is too remote from it, and should not think less of himself because he does not feel an immediate response. In proper circumstances, in a real

church, he would surely respond at once. For this music is the summit of a great wave of musical development. Nothing exists of earlier or later date which may be compared with it. It is ideal church music, ideal religious music, the greatest and purest ever made; and it can never be surpassed, for we have gone by the point in the history of the art at which such effort as Palestrina's can bring forth such fruit.

The public attitude toward Bach is much more natural and unconstrained. He is nearer to us and is an instrumental composer. Although in somewhat archaic terms, his music is personal expression in a much higher degree than that of the absolutely impersonal Palestrina. The vigor, the life, and the animation which inform the whole texture of his work are so obvious that we cannot miss them. Again, in his greatest work the feeling of design is so clear, the upbuilding and the resulting massiveness are so faultless, that the devout and habitual lover of music has the reposeful and at the same time exciting conviction that he is hearing the inevitable. Enjoyment is easy even to the unlearned. In those works which are less massive than the greatest, the pleasure we have from Bach is more subtle, more refined, and perhaps less acute, but we always feel that we listen to a master. Bach gives, perhaps, the highest satisfaction in his chamber-music. Much of his work is so very intimate that we find the balance of expression and form most easily when we are near enough to hear every note. The church cantatas in church, the great organ works in a comparatively small place, or the orchestral music in a hall of moderate size, are among the keenest enjoyments for performers and audience. Applause, if it is given, must be for the performers or for their work. The compositions are above approval. To praise them is like speaking well of the Bible.

In the work of his contemporary

Handel, whose texture is less purely polyphonic and instrumental, the enjoyment of performer and listener comes nearer to a point of coincidence. The audience can love it more nearly as a performer does. We feel that the vitality in Handel is of a more human kind; that it is nearer our level, less supernal: but it is convincing and satisfying even when most popular, and is not disappointing upon intimate acquaintance, even though it lack the nearly superhuman fluidity and the marvellous texture of Bach.

The music of Beethoven is so well known, so frequently heard, and so clearly understood that we may take it for granted, and go on to music which is modern in every sense, made in our own time, and addressed to our own personal feelings. Our present-day music is twofold in character, a direct result of the labors of Beethoven and his successors in pure music, and of Wagner and the romanticists in music which is not absolute. The symphony or sonata form is now archaic in the same sense that the fugue is archaic. Beautiful music may be, will be, made in both forms, but that is no longer the general problem.

It is probably true that since the four symphonies of Brahms, no symphonic works carry the conviction of the symphonic poems of Richard Strauss. Although these are cast in a modification of the symphonic form of Beethoven, they always have a psychological basis or an original impulse outside of music. They are intended to characterize in musical speech or language things which can only by vigorous effort be brought into any connection with music itself. The question naturally arises, Has the power of making absolute music entirely disappeared? I am loath to think so, but surely the practice has dwindled in importance.

We need not be concerned to examine these extra-musical bases. Granting them to be necessary, one is much the same as another. But that is just what many are reluctant to grant. Many are

brazen enough to enjoy program-music frequently in spite of, not on account of, the program; and some people prefer the advertisements, which are usually in larger print. Both save thinking. But the underlying program is not what most critics object to. The commonest criticisms which we hear of strictly modern music charge it with a lack of economy, amounting to constant extravagance; a lack of reserve, amounting almost to shamelessness; and a degree of complexity entirely incomprehensible to the average listener, and, if we are to believe careful critics, out of all proportion to the results attained. Of course economy is a great and essential virtue in art, but it is not incompatible with large expenditures. It depends on the size of the fund which is drawn upon. Nor is explicit and forceful utterance incompatible with reserve. As for complexity, it may sometimes be beyond the power of any listener to appreciate. Perhaps only the composer and the conductor can see or hear all the subtleties in an orchestral score. But is such complexity a waste? Not necessarily, for good work is never wasted. Although beauties in a viola part or in the second bassoon may not be obvious to the casual listener, however hard he may listen, they are not necessarily futile. They may, perhaps, be noticed only by the composer, the conductor, and the individual performer, but they are there and they constitute a claim on the respect and affection of future musicians. If all the beauties were hidden, they would be useless, but as gratuitous additional graces they call for approbation. But one may not admire complexity for its own sake. It is far easier to achieve than forceful simplicity.

At a recent performance of a modern symphonic work which was very long and called for nearly all possible familiar musical resources, I recall wondering whether or not it is a bad sign that a composer gets respectful hearing for pretentious trivialities and vulgari-

ties uttered at the top of the many times reinforced brazen lungs of an immense orchestra. There were, indeed, a few minutes of exquisite beauty, but after more than an hour of what seemed an arid waste of dust and dullness. Meanwhile, there were long crescendos, with new and cruel percussion instruments working industriously ever louder and faster, but leading up time after time to an absolute musical vacuum. One's hopes were raised to the highest point of expectation; but they were raised only to be frustrated.

It is such unsatisfying work as this which elicits pessimistic forebodings as to the future of music as an independent art. Serious critics and essayists have made vigorous attempts to oust the music of the future from existence as an independent art and to relegate it to the position of a sort of language which is to be used, when it is quite grown up, to express more or less pictorially human happenings or emotions. And there have not been wanting composers to support this hopeless view. The application of pure reason to such emotional phenomena as our pleasure in music results occasionally in something very like nonsense. The arts have different media of expression, but excepting the art of literature, the medium is no spoken or written language. Indeed, artists are apt to regard with some degree of suspicion one who expresses himself well in any other than his own peculiar medium. Amateur is a dread term often applied to such men, and they are very likely to be amateur artists or amateur writers, perhaps both. It is consoling to think that all the words written and spoken about art have never yet influenced creative artists to any discernible extent. Their inspiration or their stimulus must come from within, and, after the preliminary technical progress over the well-trod paths of their artistic forefathers, which progress no great artist has ever yet evaded or avoided, their further advancement is always by empirical and not by logical

processes; not logical except in an artistic sense, for logic in art, although very real, is not reducible to words until after it has already become an accomplished fact through empirical or instinctive practice. The evolution of logic in art cannot be foreseen or foretold.

The opera is just now the largest figure on our musical horizon, and opera, always responsive to the latest fashion, has undergone very important typical changes of late years. "Salomé," by Richard Strauss, for instance, is more an extended symphonic poem than opera in the older sense. It is as if scenery, words, and action had been added to the musical resources of such a work as Strauss's "Zarathustra." It is only about twice as long as "Zarathustra." Strauss's "Salomé" and Debussy's "Pelléas and Mélisande" are typical modern musical achievements. In spite of the suavity and popularity of Italian operas of our time and of the operatic traditions of the Italians as a nation, they do not appear to have the importance of the German and French works just mentioned. The two men mentioned seem just now the most active forces in our musical life, and it may throw light upon the music of our own time to compare the two operas with each other, not with other classic or modern works of the same nature; for from such they differ too widely for a comparison to be useful. Old-fashioned people seek in opera a union of speech and song, and each of these two composers has renounced the latter definitely. No human voice gives forth any musically interesting phrase in "Pelléas and Mélisande." In "Salomé" the voices, when used melodically, which is seldom, are treated like instruments, and it is no exaggeration to say that song is relegated entirely to the orchestra. The voices declaim, the orchestra sings. Each opera is a natural continuation of its composer's previous work. Each is an independent growth. Neither composer has influenced the other to a dis-

cernible extent. Yet it seems impossible to find any other notable musical work of our own day which does not show the influence of one or the other of these two men.

"Salomé" is in one act and lasts an hour and a half; "Pelléas and Mélisande" is in five acts and lasts about three hours. The difference in time is largely due to the underlying play which determines the form and length of each opera. It may be granted that each of these two works reflects conscientiously the spirit of the text. The shadowy, wistful people of Maeterlinck's drama are faithfully portrayed in the uncertain, keyless music of Debussy, as are the outrageous people of Wilde's play in the extravagant, vociferous music of Strauss. "Pelléas and Mélisande" as a play is perhaps the extreme of mystic symbolism. When reduced to its simplest terms in every-day speech, it may mean anything, everything, or nothing. The motive of the play "Salomé" is frankly an attempt to shock Herod, as tough a sinner as ever was drawn. The object is attained, and it is small wonder that the audience is moved. There seems to be throughout Debussy's work, to speak pathologically, a preponderance of white blood-corpuses. In our day and generation we want red blood and plenty of it, and we find it in "Salomé," a whole cistern spattered with it. At its first performance in New York so much got on the stage that ladies had to be led out and revived.

There is a great difference in the matter of pure noise. Throughout the whole of "Pelléas and Mélisande" one feels that the orchestra has its mouth stuffed with cotton wool lest it should really make a noise. Most people want a healthy bellow from time to time to show that the orchestra is alive. And in "Salomé" we have an orchestra with its lid entirely removed. The hazy, indeterminate, wistful vagueness which is so much admired in Maeterlinck's poem some people resent in the music. That is too much like an Æolian harp, too

purely decorative, too truly subordinate. The orchestra never gets up and takes hold of the situation as it often so frankly does in Strauss's "Salomé." "Pelléas" is a new sensation, perhaps a new art; but it is a little like looking at the stage through colored glass. Undoubtedly the play is the thing.

The musical vocabulary of the two men differs immensely. Many admirers of the modern French school think Strauss's music vulgar because it really has tunes, and because one can almost always tell what key it is in. In the French music the continual evasion of everything we consider obvious becomes monotonous and after an hour or two furiously unimportant. One longs in vain for a tonal point of departure, for some drawing; but there is only color. In passing it may be said that the play in its form and vocabulary is the exact opposite of the music. Points of departure are not lacking in its construction, and the language is marvelously simple, lucid, and direct.

The matter of tonality remains. The six-tone scale which Debussy loves and uses so much divides the octave into six equal parts. The augmented triad, which he uses with the same frequency, divides the octave into three equal parts. Both devices constitute a definite negation of tonality or the key sense; for we used the recurrence of semitones in any scale which is to be recognizable as having a beginning and an end. It may be that our grandchildren will not want tonality in our sense, and again it may well be that they will prize it more highly than we do. It is hard to imagine what can take its place; certainly there is no substitute for it in music, for the essence of musical form consists chiefly in a departure from and a return to a clearly expressed tonality. A substitute for tonality outside of music would seem a hopeless abandonment of nearly all that makes the music of Beethoven, Bach, and Wagner great to us. Compare Strauss and Debussy in this respect. Each composer has a rich, indi-

vidual, personal, melodic, and harmonic vocabulary; each offers new and satisfying rhythmic discoveries; each shows us a wealth of new and beautiful color. The differences in melody lie in the greater directness of Strauss's work. His tunes are sometimes garish in their very baldness and simplicity. This is never true of Debussy, to whom a plain tune like the principal dance tune in "Salomé" would seem utterly common and hateful. Polyphony is regarded as the highest, the ultimate development of melody. There seems to be vastly more polyphonic and rhythmic vitality in Strauss's work than in Debussy's. "Salomé" is as alive as an ant-hill. "Pelléas" is more like an oyster-bed, with no actual lack of life, but not much activity.

Harmony has become an attribute of melody, and our harmonic sense, a recent growth, furnishes the only means we have of definitely localizing formal portions of musical structure. Total absence of form is inconceivable in music, and form implies inevitably some degree of formality. This element is always clearly present in Strauss and always purposely absent in Debussy, who steadfastly avoids the indicative mood and confines himself apparently to the subjunctive. At great climaxes Strauss ordinarily seeks a simple triad, Debussy some more than usually obscure and refined dissonance. The harmonic element in Strauss is, perhaps, less refined, but it is less subtle. In Debussy this element is less direct and perhaps less beautiful, but quite distinctly less obvious or common, even if less varied.

Fully aware of inviting the warmest kind of dissent, I venture to suggest that Strauss may be a positive and Debussy a negative force in music, the one greatest in what he does, the other in what he avoids. After all, we cannot get on without the common things of daily life, and, admitting his occasional lapses into the commonplace or something lower, Strauss is the most con-

summate master of musical expression the world has ever seen; not the greatest composer, but the one most fully able to realize in sound his mental musical conceptions. In the last analysis it is, of course, what a man has to say, not entirely how he says it, which furnishes the basis for a sound judgment of him. We should not be too much impressed by Strauss's skill in writing for great orchestral masses. In itself that signifies little more than ability to use the wealth of orchestral material now available in Germany. Strauss's appetite for orchestra is a little like the Eastport man's appetite for fish. It is easily satisfied and not too extravagant. Much more convincing is the accuracy with which he finds rhythm, melody, harmony, and color to express just the shade of meaning he wishes to convey. To repeat, no musician was ever so well equipped to give to the world his musical creations, and yet since he was a very young man Strauss has produced no pure music, nothing without an extra-musical foundation; and although many of his friends and admirers hope still that he will, he admits frankly that he does not intend to.

Are we, therefore, to believe that music must be pinned down henceforth to its illustrative function? One prefers to think that our living composers are unconsciously intoxicated by the luxuriance and wealth of new and beautiful musical resources which have only recently been placed at their command. They confuse the means with the end. They have not yet learned to use their wealth. They are *nouveaux riches*. The more perfect performers, the more intelligent listeners, the new riches on every side tempt them to concrete rather than to abstract utterance. I believe that in the future the highest flights of composers will be, as they have been in the past, into those ideal, impersonal, ethereal regions where only imagination impels, informs, and creates. As for illustrative music, it must always have one foot firmly fixed on earth.

How, then, can it rise to the heavens? Although not yet with us, the new vision will come in the fullness of time; and when it does, the whole world will know and follow it.

I HAVE been asked to suggest some way by which the Academy can be useful to the art of music. It has occurred to me that if we were well-established and wealthy, something like the French Prix de Rome might be offered and awarded, not necessarily every year, but perhaps once in five, ten, or even twenty years, to one of an age and of promise to profit by it. Wisely planned provisions for its use should accompany such a prize. We know that good work is its own reward, but there is no reason why it should be its only reward. Whether such a prize might properly go forth from such a body as ours, supposing we had it to give, I do not know. Better from us, however, than not at all. The Academy can surely help to give weight and dignity to the enthusiasm which to the man in the street, when he thinks of it casually, seems rather useless, perhaps silly, but which we know to be holy and illuminating. And the Academy can help to quicken public insight into the problems of all those who seek beauty and truth in art and letters. It may well help to keep alight the fires of the old days, a task to which our universities, for instance, seem insufficiently sensitive just at present.

In this democratic country we are theoretically adverse or inimical to mere decorations. We seem fain to have our rewards counted out in cash or in cash-bringing celebrity; but virtually we are, in truth, idealists. The approval of the Academy, however expressed, when its constitution, its aims, and ideals are generally known among us, may be, and should be in time, one of the most stimulating of the rewards held out for creative artists. We cannot create creators,

but we can recognize them before the world. We can approve them and their work, and we can encourage them to higher flights. This seems the most important function conceivable for such a

group as ours, and its judicious and generous exercise will justify our organization. I believe such exercise cannot fail to benefit and elevate our country through the class we seek to represent.



SKETCH OF THE ACADEMY AND LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS was founded in 1904 as an interior organization of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which in turn was founded in 1898 by the American Social Science Association. In each case the elder organization left the younger to choose the relations that should exist between them. Article XII of the Constitution of the Institute provides as follows:

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of membership of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; *provided* that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and *provided* that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

The manner of the organization of the Academy was prescribed by the following resolution of the Institute adopted April 23, 1904:

Whereas, the amendment to the Constitution known as Article XII, providing for the organization of the Academy of Arts and Letters, has been ratified by a vote of the Institute,

Resolved: that the following method be chosen for the organization of the Academy—to wit, that seven members be selected by ballot as the first members of the Academy, and that these seven be requested and empowered to choose eight other members, and that the fifteen thus chosen be requested and empowered to choose five other members, and that the twenty members thus chosen shall be requested and empowered to choose ten other members,—the entire thirty to constitute the Academy in conformity with Article XII, and that the first seven members be an executive committee for the purpose of insuring the completion of the number of thirty members.

Under Article XII the Academy has effected a separate organization, but, at the same time it has kept in close relationship with the Institute. On the seventh of March, 1908, the membership was increased from thirty to fifty members, and on the seventh of November, 1908, the following Constitution was adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE ACADEMY

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

The American Academy of Arts and Letters is an association primarily organized by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Its aim is to represent and further the interests of the Fine Arts and Literature.

II. MEMBERSHIP AND ELECTIONS

It shall consist of not more than fifty members, and all vacancies shall be filled from the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. No one shall be elected a member of the Academy who shall not have received the votes of a majority of the members. The votes shall be opened and counted at a meeting of the Academy. In case the first ballot shall not result in an election a second ballot shall be taken to determine the choice between the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes on the first bal-

lot. Elections shall be held only on due notice under rules to be established by the Academy.

III. AIMS

That the Academy may be bound together in community of taste and interest, its members shall meet regularly for discussion, and for the expression of artistic, literary and scholarly opinion on such topics as are brought to its attention. For the purpose of promoting the highest standards, the Academy may also award such prizes as may be founded by itself or entrusted to it for administration.

IV. OFFICERS

The officers shall consist of a President and a Chancellor, both elected annually from among the members to serve for one year only; a Permanent Secretary, not necessarily a member, who shall be elected by the Academy to serve for an indeterminate period, subject to removal by a majority vote; and a Treasurer. The Treasurer shall be appointed as follows: Three members of the Academy shall be elected at each annual meeting to serve as a Committee on Finance for the ensuing year. They shall appoint one of their number Treasurer of the Academy to serve for one year. He shall receive and protect its funds and make disbursements for its expenses as directed by the Committee. He shall also make such investments, upon the order of the President, as may be approved by both the Committee on Finance and the Executive Committee.

V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence of the Chancellor, to preside at all meetings throughout his term of office, and to safeguard in general all the interests of the Academy. It shall be the duty of the Chancellor to select and prepare the business for each meeting of his term. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the records; to conduct the correspondence of the Academy under the direction of the President or Chancellor; to issue its authorized statements; and to draw up as required such writings as pertain to the ordinary business of the Academy and its committees. These three officers shall constitute the Executive Committee.

VI. AMENDMENTS

Any proposed amendment to this Constitution must be sent in writing to the Secretary signed by at least ten members; and it shall then be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. It shall not be considered until

three months after it has been thus submitted. No proposed amendment shall be adopted unless it receives the votes in writing of two-thirds of the members.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Following is the list of members in the order of their election:

- William Dean Howells
- *Augustus Saint-Gaudens
- *Edmund Clarence Stedman
- *John La Farge
- *Samuel Langhorne Clemens
- *John Hay
- *Edward MacDowell
- *Henry James
- *Charles Follen McKim
- *Henry Adams
- *Charles Eliot Norton
- *John Quincy Adams Ward
- *Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury
- *Theodore Roosevelt
- *Thomas Bailey Aldrich
- *Joseph Jefferson
- John Singer Sargent
- *Richard Watson Gilder
- *Horace Howard Furness
- *John Bigelow
- *Winslow Homer
- *Carl Schurz
- *Alfred Thayer Mahan
- *Joel Chandler Harris
- Daniel Chester French
- *John Burroughs
- James Ford Rhodes
- *Edwin Austin Abbey
- *Horatio William Parker
- William Milligan Sloane
- *Edward Everett Hale
- Robert Underwood Johnson
- George Washington Cable
- *Daniel Coit Gilman
- *Thomas Wentworth Higginson
- *Donald Grant Mitchell
- *Andrew Dickson White
- Henry van Dyke
- William Crary Brownell
- Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve
- *Julia Ward Howe
- *Woodrow Wilson
- Arthur Twining Hadley
- Henry Cabot Lodge
- *Francis Hopkinson Smith
- *Francis Marion Crawford
- *Henry Charles Lea
- Edwin Howland Blashfield
- *William Merritt Chase
- Thomas Hastings

* Deceased.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ACADEMY

† Hamilton Wright Mabie
 * Bronson Howard
 Brander Matthews
 Thomas Nelson Page
 † Elihu Vedder
 George Edward Woodberry
 * William Vaughn Moody
 † Kenyon Cox

* Deceased.

George Whitefield Chadwick
 * Abbott Handerson Thayer
 † John Muir
 † Charles Francis Adams
 † Henry Mills Alden
 George DeForest Brush
 William Rutherford Mead
 * John White Alexander
 Bliss Perry

THE OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1910 ARE:

President, MR. HOWELLS.

Chancellor, MR. SLOANE.

Permanent Secretary, MR. JOHNSON.

Committee on Finance: MESSRS. RHODES, HASTINGS, and SLOANE (Treasurer).

The meetings of the Academy recorded in this "Volume of the Proceedings" are the first which have been open to the public; but there have been many conferences for discussion, for elections, and for deliberation as to the

scope of work to be undertaken in the interest of letters and the arts.

On the 15th of December, 1909, the Academy had the honor of a reception by President Taft at the White House in private audience.



Handwritten signature or scribble, possibly reading "F. D. ..."

FA 30.15

(Box on sh)

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS
AND OF THE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

Number II: 1909-1910



NEW YORK

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FA 30.15



*Rev. H. Lowell
Cambridge.*

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THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

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DESIGNED BY ADOLPH A. WEINMAN

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
American Academy of Arts and Letters
AND OF THE
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1911

NO. 2

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

Meeting at the Fine Arts Society, New York, November 20, 1909

THE INFLUENCE OF SAINT-GAUDENS

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

It is always difficult to put into words the exact nature of the service which a great artist renders to his contemporaries. There is a good saying of Lowell's about a lecture of Emerson's that he had heard. He could not tell, he said, precisely what the philosopher had talked about. He simply felt, as he came from the lecture, that something beautiful had passed that way. So Saint-Gaudens, I think, has left us feeling that something beautiful has passed our way. Reflecting more in detail on what this means to us, the first thing I think of is the special character of his work as an artist, the particular gift of genius with which he enriched American sculpture.

This was the gift of charm. Looking back over his career and remembering the works with which he began it, one is struck by what I can only describe as a kind of gracious and beguiling note in them. Those early portraits of his are not only very intimate and realistic; they are enveloped in an atmosphere of beauty, of originality, of charm. And the important thing is

that this charm rests upon the purest sculptural basis, that it belongs to the very grain of his technic. The secret of his success was just a secret of modeling. Since modeling has gone to the making of every piece of sculpture that ever existed, I may seem for a moment to be talking about one of the rudiments; but there is, of course, modeling and modeling. With Saint-Gaudens it was the kind in which every touch spells knowledge and genius and a definite purpose. Consider especially this matter of purpose. We have seen a good deal in recent years of the modeling that spends itself in virtuosity. The example of one brilliant French master has set any number of his juniors at playing a sort of game with form. They place a figure in some strained position, and then attempt to "show off" by modeling it with prodigious subtlety. They call the result "Love and the Infinite," or by some such high-sounding title, and then expect us to tell them that they are indeed worthy of Rodin. I do not deny that their work is often

very clever, but neither do I hesitate to affirm that much of it is weak, for the simple reason that the modeling in it is meaningless and tricky and quite without personal character. The influence of Saint-Gaudens was always against this sort of thing. In looking at his surfaces, you realize how lovingly and how thoughtfully he caressed them, how he modulated them not for the sake of a "pretty" effect, but to express the beauty of nature through the beauty of art. He could not have been tricky if he had tried. Beneath that delicacy of touch which gives an exquisitely sensuous charm to his surfaces there was a deep rectitude, a great artist's passion for truth. His modeling is not only beautiful, but sound. It is this quite as much as his *flair* for low relief which links him to Mino da Fiesole and other masters of the Italian Renaissance.

I do not mean to-night to engage upon an exhaustive analysis of his work; but there is another specific phase of it to which I must briefly refer. I mean his composition. Survey the whole body of his sculpture,—his portrait medallions, his busts, his monuments,—and see if you find anywhere a trace of uncertainty or restlessness or sensationalism. Perhaps, in a single instance—that of the angel in the upper part of the "Shaw"—he would have reconsidered his design after it was put into the bronze. But the dominating character of his composition is found in perfect simplicity and balance. When he is working in the round he finds just the natural and artistic arrangement for his figure. When he is working in relief he finds just the right placing for his portrait, and gives it in its background just the right proportions. Consider, too, the restraint and the felicity of his decoration; how his lettering is in itself beautiful and is always so disposed that it is really part and parcel of the whole design. He put his signature on a relief with the same care that Whistler used in putting the fa-

mous butterfly on one of his paintings. I remember once talking with him in his studio in Paris while the "Stevenson" for Edinburgh was going forward. You know what a great quantity of lettering forms part of that design. Saint-Gaudens was "all worked up" over it. He told me of his anxiety about it, and I may say now, without violating any confidence, that the lettering on the "Stevenson" was ultimately done over and over again an almost incredible number of times. It is an instance of the pains he was always taking. He was himself the severest of his critics, and he was almost never satisfied with what he had done. He worked for years over the "Shaw." One day I got a note from him saying that it was finished. I went up to his studio, and I found him positively unhappy. He felt the joy of release from a long task, but he was half inclined to do it all over again.

It is at this point that I want to relate the qualities of his work to his qualities as a man and to speak of the tangible thing that his influence has been among the sculptors of to-day. I know pupils of his,—pupils whom he considered creditable to his teaching,—and one of the things I have noticed about them is the fact that they are not trying to be little Saint-Gaudenses. They are not trying to reproduce his manner. They are not trying to handle draperies as he handled them or to copy his decorative motives. What crops out in their personalities, and what you can see in their work, is simply that he got them into the way of being honest about their modeling and composition, into the habit of trying for the right and serious qualities of sculpture. It was a fine thing that he was generous in encouragement, that he went out of his way to praise and help; but I think it was even finer that he created around himself a stimulating atmosphere, and somehow made one feel that what he must take as a matter of course was

the hardest kind of hard work and the highest possible standard of excellence. I do not know how better to express the ideal that he stood for than to say that from the Saint-Gaudens point of view the doing of a scamped or insincere piece of work was a fairly shameful performance, a kind of moral wrong. Work yourself to death, he seemed to say, but give the world your very best. He had the true artist's confidence in himself, and no consideration for outside influences could move him from what he believed to be right. But he had a keen sense of what he owed to the world. I wonder if any one in this room can claim to have seen much, if anything, outside of his studio or in exhibitions arranged since his death, of his sketches and fragments? It is the fashion nowadays to make much of the *morceau*, and there are some sculptors who think it worth while to let the public see unfinished work or the odds and ends with which they have amused themselves. Personally, I confess to being interested in these things, as I am in an artist's sketch-book or his studio drawings. Nevertheless, I like the pride and the principle which will lead a man to show the public nothing save that which represents the fullest and finest expression of his genius. Saint-Gaudens had that pride and that principle. He stood, if ever a man did, for the dignity of art.

His pupils felt this, and so, as I have said, did everybody else who came in contact with him, and, what is more, his influence was acknowledged consciously or unconsciously in a thousand different directions. If the young sculptor, working under Saint-Gaudens or not, strove the harder at his task, in the hope that he might be worthy of the leader of his profession in this country, architects and committees everywhere also insensibly came to admit the obligation that he had done so much to lay upon them. Everybody knows how the character of our public monuments has been improving and how the sculpture on our public buildings is greater in quantity and better in quality every year. This is because we have been developing a competent school of sculpture, filled with able men of Saint-Gaudens's generation and with younger artists trained by him and by them. I think that all these sculptors and their fellows in painting and architecture will unite in agreement upon the great impetus that he gave to the standard they uphold. By precept and example, as an artist and as a man of character, he exerted an influence making for progress. This medal that brings us here to-night is not simply in honor of a man who is gone; it is in honor of an artistic force that is still working.



THE GOLD MEDAL
(Designed and Executed by Adolph A. Weinman)

PRESENTATION OF THE MEDAL TO MRS. SAINT-GAUDENS
BY HENRY VAN DYKE

President of the Institute

Ruskin says that the only real wealth is life, and a greater Master tells us that the end of divine revelation is "that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." But the true life is not something that ends with death; it is that which conquers and survives death, being beyond the power of mortality to dissolve.

Here, then, is the highest ministry of art: to enrich the world by giving an enduring life to thoughts, emotions, ideals, characters, which are in themselves strong and clear and beautiful enough to be

Immortalized by Art's immortal praise.

In the bestowal of this wealth through the medium of sculpture, Augustus Saint-Gaudens was a master and a prince. In youth he fought his way through poverty to enter into his kingdom. In maturity he wrestled with the stubborn matter in bronze and marble to subdue it to his royal thought, his generous purpose. And so he gave to his country, in visible forms of noble humanity, larger and richer gifts than

if he had been a thousand times a millionaire.

What strong simplicity in his exquisite medallions! What incorporate spirituality in his symbolic figures! What personal significance in his silent-speaking heads! What poised and imperishable vitality in his monuments of national heroes!

It is the strength and glory of a great country to cherish the memory of her noble dead. America, in the rush of her work, in the pride of her power, must not forget, else will she sink into the shame and weakness of an oblivious and ungrateful land.

Honor to the arts which help her to remember. Among the great Americans stands the great sculptor whose ardent, patient, skilful hand has given to their faces, forms, and souls "a life beyond life" for the enrichment of his country.

The National Institute of Arts and Letters, holding this faith in regard to literature and the other fine arts, has caused its first medal to be made in honor of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. To you, Madam, as its natural custodian,

RESPONSE BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

this medal is given. We appreciate your presence here in this time of sorrow.* But the grief that rests upon us all for the loss of an artist but lately gone should not stay this tribute to one who has gone before. Let us remember the words which Gilder wrote of the statues of Saint-Gaudens:

Once, lo! these shapes were not, now do they live,
And shall forever in the hearts of men;
And from their life new life shall spring again,
To souls unborn new light and joy to give.
"Victory, victory, he hath won the fight!"

Dr. van Dyke, President and Members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters:

You have presented to the memory of Augustus Saint-Gaudens this medal by his admired pupil Adolph Weinman. With this symbol of your appreciation you have bestowed upon my father the final honor in a series unprecedented in the case of any American who has labored at his art. Were he here to acknowledge his personal feeling, you would surely find it of the character expressed in this, his letter, written to Mr. E. A. Abbey, on the occasion of Mr. Abbey's congratulating him on his election to the English Royal Academy:

It is a big honor that the Royal Academy has done me, and one that I appreciate a very great deal. All the more for the surprise of it. . . . At the same time, I feel almost ashamed when I think that I step into Dubois's shoes and that I follow in the

procession with such a lot of other swells. I don't know how these things make you feel, but they overpower me with a sense of humility, and I feel like a fraud.

More than for the sake of individual satisfaction at the significance of this gift, however, my father would have welcomed your offering because of his understanding of the merit your action would confer upon the growing art of the United States. For, with all the sincerity of which he was capable, Augustus Saint-Gaudens believed that the arts of painting and sculpture have become vital to the mental development of our nation. And their chief requirement to-day, he felt, was that respect should be tendered them to foster the self-confidence needed to provide them with final strength.

You are a body of men with special gifts, whose distinction is established by the strong, though unformulated, desire of the men and women passing on the sidewalk that the place of art become defined in their lives. My father has been accepted as the leader in modern American sculpture. Yet my father existed only because his fellow-countrymen, having built their homes, wished to make them beautiful. Your gift adds rich honor to the memory of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Above that, this recognition by the American people adds great prestige to American art.

*This ceremony took place on the day of the funeral of Richard Watson Gilder.

In the absence of the author, extracts from the ode which follows were read by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

SAINT-GAUDENS

Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 1, 1848—Died in Cornish, New Hampshire,
August 3, 1907.

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

I

Uplands of Cornish! Ye that yesterday
Were only beauteous, now are consecrate.
Exalted are your humble slopes, to mate
Proud Settignano and Fiesole,
For here new-born is Italy's new birth of Art.
In your beloved precincts of repose
Now is the laurel lovelier than the rose.
Henceforth there shall be seen
An unaccustomed glory in the sheen
Of yonder lingering river, overleant with green,
Whose fountains hither happily shall start,
Like eager Umbrian rills, that kiss and part,
For that their course will run
One to the Tiber, to the Arno one.
O hills of Cornish! chalice of our spilled wine,
Ye shall become a shrine,
For now our Donatello is no more!
He who could pour
His spirit into clay, has lost the clay he wore,
And Death, again, at last,
Has robbed the Future to enrich the Past.
He who so often stood
At joyous worship in your Sacred Wood,
He shall be missed
As autumn meadows miss the lark,
Where Summer and Song were wont to keep melodious tryst.
His fellows of the triple guild shall hark
For his least whisper in the starry dark.
Here, in his memory, Youth shall dedicate
Laborious years to that unfolding which is Fate.
By Beauty's faintest gleams
She shall be followed over glades and streams.
And all that is shall be forgot
For what is not;
And every common path shall lead to dreams.

II

Poet of Cornish, comrade of his days:
When late we met,
With his remembrance how thine eyes were wet!
Thy faltering voice his praise
More eloquently did rehearse

Than on his festal day thy liquid verse.
 Since once to love is never to forget,
 Let us defer our plaint of private sorrow
 Till some less unethereal to-morrow.
 To-day is not the poet's shame
 But the dull world's; not yet
 Shall it be kindled at the living flame
 Whose treasured embers
 Ever the world remembers.
 Not so the sculptor—his immediate bays
 No hostile climate withers or delays,
 Let us forego the debt of friendly duty;
 A nation newly is bereft of beauty.
 Sing with me now his undeferrèd fame,—
 For Time impatient is to set
 This jewel in his country's coronet.
 When all men with new accent speak his name,
 And all are blended in a vast regret,
 There is no place for grief of thee or me:
 One reckons not the rivers in the sea.
 Sing not to-day the hearth despoiled of fire:
 Ours be the trumpet, not the lyre.
 Death makes the great
 The treasure and the sorrow of the State.
 Nor is it less bereaved
 By what is unachieved.
 Oh, what a miracle is Fame!
 We carve some lately unfamiliar name
 Upon an outer wall, as challenge to the sun;
 And half its claim
 Is deathless work undone.
 Although the story of our art is brief,
 Thrice in the record, at a fadeless leaf,
 Falls an unfinished chapter; thrice the flower
 Closed ere the noonday glory drank its dew;
 Thrice have we lost of promise and of power—
 The torch extinguished at its brightest hour—
 His comrades all, for whom he twined the rue.
 But though they stand authentic and apart
 This is in our new land the first great grief of Art.

III

Yet, sound for him the trumpet, not the lyre—
 Him of the ardent, not the smouldering, fire:
 Whose boyhood knew full streets of martial song
 When the slow purpose of the throng
 Flamed to a new religion, and a soul.
 He knew the lure of flags; caught first the far drums' roll;
 Thrilled with the flash that runs
 Along the slanted guns;
 Kept time to the determined feet
 That ominously beat

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Upon the city's floor
 The firm, mad rhythm of war.
 With envious enterprise
 He saw the serried eyes
 That, level to the hour's demand,
 Looked straight toward Duty's promised land.
 Then to be boy was to be prisoned fast
 With the great world of battle sweeping past,
 While every hill and hollow
 Heard the heart-melting music, calling "Follow!"
 The day o'er-brimmed with longing and the night
 With beckoning dreams of many a dauntless fight,
 As though doomed heroes summoned us to see
 Thermopylæes and Marathons.
 —Ah, had he known who was to be
 Their laureate in bronze!

But who can read To-morrow in To-day?
 Fame makes no bargain with us, will not say
 Do thus, and thou shalt gain, or thus and lose;
 Nay, will not let us for another choose
 The trodden and the lighted way.
 She burns the accepted pattern, breaks the mould,
 Prefers the novel to the old,
 Revels in secrets and surprise;
 And while the wise
 Seek knowledge at the sages' gate
 The schoolboy by a truant path keeps rendezvous with Fate.

IV

This is the honey in the lion's jaws:
 That from the reverberant roar
 And wrack of savage war
 Art saves a sweet repose, by mystic laws
 Not by long labor learned
 But by keen love discerned;
 For this it bears the palm:
 To show the storms of life in terms of calm.
 Not what he knew, but what he felt,
 Gave secret power to this Celt.
 Master of harmony, his sense could find
 A bond of likeness among things diverse,
 And could their forms in beauty so immerse
 That to the enchanted mind
 Ideal and real seem a single kind.

Behold our gaunt Crusader, grimly brave,
 The swooping eagle in his face,
 The very genius of command,
 And her not less, with her imperious hand,—
 The herald Victory holding equal pace.

Not trulier in the blast
 Moves prow with mast;
 Line mates with flowing line, as wave with following wave—
 Rider and homely horse
 Intent upon their course
 As though she went not with them. Near or far
 One is their import: she the dream, the star—
 And he the prose, the iron thrust—of War.

V

So, on the traveled verge
 Of storied Boston's green acropolis
 That sculptured music, that immortal dirge
 That better than towering shaft
 Has fitly epitaphed
 The hated ranks men did not dare to hiss!
 When Duty makes her clarion call to Ease
 Let her repair and point to this:
 Why seek another clime?
 Why seek another place?
 We have no Parthenon, but a nobler frieze,—
 Since sacrifice than worship nobler is.
 It sings—the anthem of a rescued race;
 It moves—the epic of a patriot time,
 And each heroic figure makes a martial rhyme.
 How like ten thousand treads that little band,
 Fit for the van of armies! What command
 Sits in that saddle! What renouncing will!
 What portent grave of firm-confronted ill!
 And as a cloud doth hover over sea,
 Born from its waters and returning there,
 Fame, sprung from thoughts of mortals, swims the air
 And gives them back her memories, deathlessly.

VI

I wept by Lincoln's pall when children's tears,
 That saddest of the nation's years,
 Were reckoned in the census of her grief;
 And, flooding every eye,
 Of low estate or high,
 The crystal sign of sorrow made men peers.
 The raindrop on the April leaf
 Was not more unashamed. Hand spoke to hand
 A universal language; and whene'er
 The hopeful met 't was but to mingle their despair.
 Our yesterday's war-widowed land
 To-day was orphaned. Its victorious voice
 Lost memory of the power to rejoice.
 For he whom all had learned to love was prone.
 The weak had slain the mighty; by a whim
 The ordered edifice was overthrown
 And lay in futile ruin, mute and dim.

O Death, thou sculptor without art,
 What didst thou to the Lincoln of our heart?
 Where was the manly eye
 That conquered enmity?
 Where was the gentle smile
 So innocent of guile—
 The message of good-will
 To all men, whether good or ill?
 Where shall we trace
 Those treasured lines, half humor and half pain,
 That made him doubly brother to the race?
 For these, O Death, we search thy mask in vain!

Yet shall the Future be not all bereft:
 Not without witness shall its eyes be left.
 The soul, again, is visible through Art,
 Servant of God and Man. The immortal part
 Lives in the miracle of a kindred mind,
 That found itself in seeking for its kind.
 The humble by the humble is discerned;
 And he whose melancholy broke in sunny wit
 Could be no stranger unto him who turned
 From sad to gay, as though in jest he learned
 Some mystery of sorrow. It was writ:
*The hand that shapes us Lincoln must be strong
 As his that righted our bequeathed wrong;
 The heart that shows us Lincoln must be brave,
 An equal comrade unto king or slave;
 The mind that gives us Lincoln must be clear
 As that of seer
 To fathom deeps of faith abiding under tides of fear.*
 What wonder Fame, impatient, will not wait
 To call her sculptor great
 Who keeps for us in bronze the soul that saved the State!

VII

Most fair his dreams and visions when he dwelt
 His spirit's comrade. Meager was his speech
 Of things celestial, save in line and mould;
 But sudden cloud-rift may reveal a star
 As surely as the unimpeded sky.
 The deer has its deep forest of retreat:
 Shall the shy spirit have none? Be, then,
 The covert unprofaned wherein withdrew
 The soul that 'neath his pensive ardor lay?
 Find the last frontier—Man is still unknown ground.

Things true and beautiful made a heaven for him.
 Childhood, the sunrise of the spirit world,
 Yielded its limpid secrets to his eye.
 He was in Friendship what he was in Art—
 Wax to receive and metal to endure.

Looking upon his warriors facing death,
 Heroes seem human, such as all might be—
 Yet not without the consecrating will!
 Age is serener by his honoring;
 And when he sought the temple's inmost fane
 The angels of his Adoration lent
 Old hopes new glory, and his reverent hand
 Wrought like Beato at the face of Christ.

But what is this that, neither Hope nor Doom,
 Waits with eternal patience at a tomb?
 A brooding spirit without name or date,
 Or race, or nation, or belief;
 Beyond the reach of joy or grief,
 Above the plane of wrong or right;
 A riddle only to the sorrowless; the mate
 Of all the elements in calm—still winter night,
 Sea after tempest, time-scarred mountain height;
 Passive as Buddha, single as the Sphinx,—
 Yet neither that sweet god that seems to smile
 On mortal good and guile,
 Nor wide-eyed monster that into Egypt sinks
 And Beast and Nature links;
 But something human, with an inward sense
 Profound, but nevermore intense;
 And though it doth not stoop to teach,
 It will with each
 Attuned to beauty hold a muted speech;
 In its Madonna-lidded meditation
 Not more a mystery than a revelation;
 Listen! It doth to Man the Universe relate.
 O Sentinel before the Future's Gate!
 If thou be Fate, art thou not still *our* Fate?

For those who fain would live, but must breathe on
 Prisoners of this prosaic age—
 Ah, who for them shall read that page
 Since wingèd Shelley and wise Emerson are gone?

VIII

How shall we honor him and in his place
 His comrades of the Old and Happy Race
 Whose Art is refuge Sorrow comes not nigh,
 Though Art be twin to Sorrow? They reply
 From all the centuries they outsoar,
 From every shore
 Of that three-continented sea
 To which the streams of our antiquity
 Fell swift and joyously:
 "*How, but to live with Beauty!*"
 Across our Western world without surcease
 How many a column sounds the name of Greece!

The sun loth-lingering on the crest of Rome,
 Finds here how many an imitative dome!
 O classic quarries of our modern thought,
 What blasphemies in stone from you are wrought!
 For though to Law, Religion, or the State,
 These stones to Beauty first are dedicate,
 Yet to what purpose, if we but revere
 The temple, not the goddess?—if when'er
 The magic of her deep obsession seem
 To master any soul, we call it dream?

Come, let us live with Beauty!

Her name is ever on our lips; but who
 Holds Beauty as the fairest bride to woo?
 The gods oft wedded mortals: now alone
 May man the Chief Immortal make his own,
 To Time each day adds increment of age
 But Beauty ne'er grows old. There is no gauge
 To count the glories of the counted hours.
 Flowers die, but not the ecstasy of flowers.

Come, let us live with Beauty!

What infinite treasure hers! and what small need
 Of our cramped natures, whose misguided greed,
 Hound-like, pursues false trails of Luxury
 Or sodden Comfort! Who shall call us free—
 Content if but some casual wafture come
 From fields Elysian, where the valleys bloom
 With life delectable? Such happy air
 Should be the light we live in; unaware
 It should be breathed, till man retrieves the joy
 Philosophy has wrested from the boy.

Come, let us live with Beauty!

Who shall put limit to her sovereignty?

Who shall her loveliness define?

Think you the Graces only three?—

The Muses only nine?

Beyond our star-sown deep of space
 Where, as for solace, huddles world with world
 (A human instinct in the primal wrack),
 Mayhap there is a dark and desert place

Of deeper awe

With but one outer star, there hurled

By cataclysm and there held in leash by law:

If lonely be that star, 't is not for Beauty's lack.

She was ere there was any need of Truth,

She was ere there was any stir of Love;

And when Man came, and made her world uncouth

With sin, and cities, and the gash of hills

And forests, and a thousand brutish ills,

Regardless of his ruth

She hid her wounds and gave him, from above,

The magic all his happiness is fashioned of.

IX

Knights of the five arts that our sculptor prized:
 How shall ye honor him and, in his place,
 Those others of the Old and Happy Race
 Who lived for beauty, and the golden lure despised?

Painter of music, Architect of song,
 Sculptor in color, Poet in clay and bronze,
 And thou whose unsubstantial fancy builds
 Abiding symphonies from stone and space!
 Mount ye to large horizons: ever be
 As avid of other beauty as your own.
 As nations greater are than all their states,
 More than the sum of all the arts is Art.
 High are their clear commands, but Art herself
 Makes holier summons. Ever open stand
 The doors of her free temple. At her shrine
 In service of the world, whose hurt she heals,
 Ye, too, physicians of the mind and heart—
 Shall ye not take the Hippocratic oath?
 Have ye not heard the voices of the night
 Call you from kindred, comfort, sloth and praise,
 To lead into the light the willing feet
 That grope for order, harmony and joy?—
 To reach full hands of bounty unto those
 Who starve for beauty in our glut of gold?

How shall we honor him whom we revere—
 Lover of all the arts and of his land?
 How, but to cherish Beauty's every flower?—
 How, but to live with Beauty, and so be
 Apostles of Rejoicing to mankind?

 MUSIC

Beethoven's Quartet in E Minor, Opus 59, No. 2

THE KNEISEL QUARTET

THE INSTITUTE MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Institute is annually awarded to any citizen of the United States, whether a member of the Institute or not, for distinguished services to arts or letters in the creation of original work.

The conditions of the award are these:

(1) "That the medal shall be awarded for the entire work of the recipient, without limit of time during which it shall have been done; that it shall be awarded to a living person or to one who shall not have been dead more than one year at the time of the award; and that it shall not be awarded more than once to any one person.

(2) "That it shall be awarded in the following order: First year, for Sculpture; second year, for History or Biography; third year, for Music; fourth year, for Poetry; fifth year, for Architecture; sixth year, for

Drama; seventh year, for Painting; eighth year, for Fiction; ninth year, for Essays or Belles-Lettres,—returning to each subject every tenth year in the order named.

(3) "That it shall be the duty of the Secretary each year to poll the members of the section of the Institute dealing with the subject in which the medal is that year to be awarded, and to report the result of the poll to the Institute at its Annual Meeting, at which meeting the medal shall be awarded by vote of the Institute."

The medal was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, of the Institute, in 1909.

The first award—for sculpture—was to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The medal was presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens at the meeting held in memory of her husband on Nov. 20, 1909.

The second medal—for history—was awarded to James Ford Rhodes.



CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

(Founded 1898 by the American Social Science Association)

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

This society, organized by men nominated and elected by the American Social Science Association at its annual meeting in 1898, with a view to the advancement of art, music and literature, shall be known as the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

II. MEMBERSHIP

1. Qualification for membership shall be notable achievement in art, music or literature.

2. The number of members shall be limited to two hundred and fifty.

III. ELECTIONS

The name of a candidate shall be proposed to the Secretary by three members of the section in which the nominee's principal work has been performed. The name shall then be submitted to the members of that section, and if approved by a majority of the answers received within fifteen days may be submitted by a two-thirds vote of the council to an annual meeting of the Institute for formal election by a majority vote of those present. The voting shall be by ballot.

IV. OFFICERS

1. The officers of the Institute shall consist of a President, six Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, and they shall constitute the council of the Institute.

2. The council shall always include at least one member of each department.

V. ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, but the council may fill a vacancy at any time by a two-thirds vote.

VI. MEETINGS

1. The annual meeting of the Institute shall be held on the first Tuesday in September, unless otherwise ordered by the council.*

2. Special meetings may be called by the President on recommendation of any three members of the council, or by petition of at least one-fourth of the membership of the Institute.

VII. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Institute and of the council.

2. In the absence of the President, the senior Vice-President in attendance shall preside.

*For convenience the annual meeting is usually called for January or February.

3. The Secretary shall keep a minute of all meetings of the Institute and of the council, and shall be the custodian of all records.

4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all funds of the Institute and shall make disbursements only upon order of the council.

VIII. ANNUAL DUES

The annual dues for membership shall be five dollars.

IX. INSIGNIA

The insignia of the Institute shall be a bow of purple ribbon bearing two bars of old gold.

X. EXPULSIONS

Any member may be expelled for unbecoming conduct by a two-thirds vote of the council, a reasonable opportunity for defense having been given.

XI. AMENDMENTS

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the Institute upon the recommendation of the council or upon the request, in writing, of any five members. The Secretary shall be required to send to each member a copy of the proposed amendment at least thirty days before the meeting at which such amendment is to be considered.

XII. THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of membership of the Institute. The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; PROVIDED that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and PROVIDED that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

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Adams, Charles Francis
Adams, Henry
Ade, George
Alden, Henry M.
Aldrich, Richard
Allen, James Lane
Baldwin, Simeon E.
Bates, Arlo
Bigelow, John
Bridges, Robert
Brownell, W. C.
Burroughs, John
Burton, Richard
Butler, Nicholas Murray
Cable, George W.
Carman, Bliss
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Channing, Edward
Cheney, John Vance
Churchill, Winston
Connolly, James B.
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Cross, Wilbur L.
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de Kay, Charles
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Furness, Horace Howard, Jr.
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Gordon, George A.
Grant, Robert
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Johnson, Robert Underwood
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 Dodge, Theodore A.
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 Fawcett, Edgar
 Fiske, Willard
 Ford, Paul Leicester
 Frederic, Harold
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[November, 1911]

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OF THE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

AND OF THE

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
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*Dr. Lawrence Lowell
Cambridge.*

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PUBLIC MEETING UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE ACADEMY IN MEMORY OF SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN)

Held at Carnegie Hall, New York, November 30, 1910

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NO. 3

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

Public Meeting held in Carnegie Hall, New York,
November 30, 1910

IN MEMORY OF MARK TWAIN

MR. HOWELLS, PRESIDENT OF THE
ACADEMY:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Aca-
demicians and Guests of the Academy:

At other times and in other places I have said so much of the friend whom all the world has lost in the death of Samuel Langhorne Clemens that I need say very little of him here to-night. It is my official privilege to ask you rather to hear what shall be said by the distinguished men whom the Academy of Arts and Letters has invited to join us in our commemoration of him. It is they who will determine what the mood and make of this commemoration shall be. If the question could be left to him, with the hope of answer, I could imagine his answering:

"Why, of course, you mustn't make a solemnity of it; you mustn't have it

that sort of obsequy. I should want you to be serious about me—that is, sincere; but not too serious, for fear you should not be sincere enough. We don't object here to any man's affections; we like to be honored, but not honored too much. If any of you can remember some creditable thing about me, I shouldn't mind his telling it, provided always he didn't blink the palliating circumstances, the mitigating motives, the selfish considerations, that accompany every noble action. I shouldn't like to be made out a miracle of humor, either, and left a stumbling-block for any one who was intending to be moderately amusing and instructive, hereafter. At the same time, I don't suppose a commemoration is exactly the occasion for dwelling on a man's shortcomings in his life or his literature, or for realizing that he has entered upon an immortality of oblivion."

So, I believe, or in some such terms, I imagine, he might deliver his preference, if indeed it were his preference. He would put it in the lowest terms, for the soul of the man was modest. Yet no man loved more to bask in the sunshine of full recognition. He loved the limelight of life's stage, and for long years he sought it. The time came when physically he could not bear it. But now again, when all physical inadequacy is past for him, I cannot help thinking how he would have glowed, how he would have gloried, in such a magnificent presence as this, where every man and woman of it is his loving and praising friend.

I must speak of him as if he was still alive, with a living interest in this occasion. He is indeed alive, as part of the universal life we shared with him and share with one another here. But he is living for us in yet another sense. In that microcosm which each man is there will remain till he dies such an image of his epoch as he has been capable of receiving. The great men he has known by living in sight and hearing of them abide his contemporaries as long as he lives after them. For him they do not become of the past; through his unsevered association they continue of the present. The man whom we commemorate survives in us our contemporary, because in our several measure or manner we personally knew him. Others hereafter may prove him the greatest humorist, the kindest and wisest moralist. We alone who were of his acquaintance can best offer by our remembrance a composite likeness of him which will keep him actual in the long time to come.

In certain details our respective impressions of him must vary one from another, but in the large things, the vital traits that characterize, they must be alike. What he would do next no man could forecast from what he had done last; but he could be

unerringly predicted from what he was and he could be expected wherever a magnanimous word, or a generous deed, or a sanative laugh was due. He was not only a lover of the good, but a lover of doing good. If you were of his mere acquaintance you could not help seeing this; if you were of his intimacy, you felt in your heart a warmth, a joy. Then you understood how he could be one of the subtlest intelligences, because he was one of the openest natures. Sanguine, sorrowful; despairing, exulting; loving, hating; blessing, cursing; mocking, mourning; laughing, lamenting; he was a congeries of contradictions, as each of us is; but contradictions confessed, explicit, positive; and I wish we might show him frankly as he always showed himself.

We may confess that he had faults, while we deny that he tried to make them pass for merits. He disowned his errors by owning them; in the very defects of his qualities he triumphed, and he could make us glad with him at his escape from them. We can be glad with him now at his escape from them to that being, hoped for in our faltering or unfaltering faith, where the cosmic defects of the cosmic qualities, the seeming aberrations of the highest Wisdom and the primal Love which so daunt and bewilder our reason here, shall haply or surely be justified to all doubting souls, and a world where death is shall be retrieved by a world where death is no more.

The first speaker whom we shall hear to-night is one whose name indefinitely simplifies my chief function as chairman. In this city, in this country, on this continent—not to mention the British Isles and their colonies in all the shores and seas—one does not introduce him; one merely stands aside for Mr. Choate.

MR. CHOATE:

It is very kind in Mr. Howells to introduce me, but after he has read

it (pointing to his notes) all through from beginning to end, I don't see how I can possibly make any use of it (laughter). Certainly we are not here to-night to mourn for Mark Twain nor to lament his death. In all his later years he always said that he envied the dead, and to him they were better and happier as they were: "Better are the dead that are already dead than the living that are not yet alive." So when we heard Gilder was dead, he said, "Ah! no such good luck comes to me!" No; this great assemblage, itself a splendid tribute to his memory, has gathered here to-night to glory and exult in his noble life and character, in his prolonged and beneficent career, in all the triumphs he achieved, and in all that he did to make his fellow men and women happier and better, and no man in the last thirty years, I think, has done more or as much. His success in delighting the world was as unique as his personality, and grew directly out of it.

For nearly half a century I had been in the habit of appearing with him on the same platform, speaking for public and charitable causes which seemed to him to be good. He never failed to respond, and was the shining light of every such occasion, and when we last met on such an occasion he said that we had been familiar acquaintances in that way for forty-seven years; and so I could not fail to respond to-night in this hall, where we have often so labored together, for good, I hope. No matter what the cause was, whether for charity or good government, for reform or education, or for Hampton or Tuskegee, those great schools which appeal so strongly to the conscience of the nation, he was always the same—as direct as he was quaint, and as earnest as he was droll, always bringing in no end of fun and satire to the aid of the cause, and generally chaffing its other advocates with unfailing good humor. I remember his last words to

me on such an evening, when I had been indulging in reminiscence: "Yes, Choate is full of history, and some of it is true, too." (Laughter.)

I believe that I am expected to say something of his success abroad, and particularly in England, where he came at last to be a popular idol, quite as much so as at home. Well, it was sixty years to a day, almost, from the time he was apprenticed to a printer in Hannibal for his clothes and board—"more board than clothes," as he said—until the crowning triumph of his life at Oxford. At the beginning of that long period English people had no idea that any good could come out of Missouri (laughter), or that a born humorist was then getting his education by setting type on the banks of the Mississippi who would live to challenge comparison, and perhaps the leadership, in wit and humor with their own Chaucer and Fielding and Swift and Dickens.

It must be admitted that they are sometimes a little slow at first over there at recognizing American humor. They have to get used to it and understand it, and then they are quite ready to claim it as the common property of the English-speaking race. When Charles Darwin, greatest of naturalists, first read *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, I do not know how seriously he took it as a new fact in natural history; but what a charming sequel it would have made to his *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, which was just going to the press. The frog was certainly domesticated, and did undergo the most wonderful variations. However that may be, that great philosopher soon became an ardent admirer of Mark Twain, and so continued to the end of his life, which accounts for his telling Professor Norton that for sleeplessness he had two cures, under the headlight by his bedside, the Bible and *The Innocents Abroad*, and on the whole

he didn't know which he used the most.

Certainly no other short story that was ever told or written made such an impression on the English-speaking world, or won for its author such lasting fame as that. It is one of the shortest on record; for after he has introduced Smiley and his fifteen-minute mare, and the bull-pup and his rat-terriers and chicken-cocks and tomcats, and before he comes to the frog, there are but two short pages left to tell the story in. Not even Lincoln's immortal two-minute speech at Gettysburg has found so many readers, or is known so thoroughly by heart wherever our common tongue is spoken. And in England it soon became familiar not only to men of the highest culture, like Darwin, but to the man and the boy in the street. I wish I knew whether it were a real fact or only one of the author's yarns. But I have read that once at a dinner in London the gentleman who sat next him said: "Do you know, sir, how old that story of yours about the Jumping Frog is?" and he replied: "Why, yes; I can tell you exactly. I picked it up in the mining camp just forty years ago. It is just forty-five years old." "No, it isn't," said he; "no, it isn't; it's two thousand years old, at least." And after that this fellow showed him a Greek text-book, and he exclaimed: "There it is; there it is—my Jumping Frog in Bœotia two thousand years ago." But the mystery of the Bœotian was soon solved, for it turned out that Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Arthur Balfour's brother-in-law, had admired it so much that he had translated it into the Greek text-book to take its place among the other ancient fables; and before the author's first visit to England it had been translated into French and German. How the French or German mind could ever master such a wonderful narrative passes all comprehension, and it was

impossible: for Mark Twain himself undertook to translate it back literally into English, and was wholly unable to identify his original frog, and loudly protested against its slaughter by foreign hands.

Well, before he ever made his personal appearance among them all Englishmen who read at all had devoured that wonderful book of travel, *The Innocents Abroad*, and his name was as well known among them as that of any of their own great authors, so that they were well prepared to welcome and honor him when he came for his first visit, in 1872. On that occasion he gave some lectures and made a number of those inimitable speeches, one at the Savage Club, another at the Mitre Tavern in honor of Stanley and Livingstone, and another at the Annual Festival of the Scottish Corporation in London, in response to a toast to "Woman," which was one of his most impossible extravaganzas. He studied well the English people and their customs, and made hosts of friends; and although, both before and after, he indulged in no small amount of good-natured satire at their expense, he learned to appreciate most thoroughly their great qualities, their unflinching love of liberty, and the great things that England had accomplished for the world. He was there again in 1879, and again his great and growing reputation followed him and attracted universal attention.

I remember meeting him on a hot summer day in that year in St. George's Chapel, evidently exhausted by sight-seeing; and while we were admiring the beauty of the sacred structure, by which, however, he didn't seem to be much impressed, he—and I supposed some solemn reference to the buried kings was coming—whispered in my ear, "How awful it is to be in a place where it isn't possible to smoke." But I remembered his devotion to tobacco, how much it helped him in his work,

and was not surprised that he was impatient to get back to it.

These repeated visits to London, and the wide acquaintance he acquired after the publication of his earliest works, created an appetite for his books which was always on the increase there. It grew by what it fed on, and I think the statistics will show a wonderful market for his wares among English readers. As volume after volume, rich in humor and in human sympathy, issued from his prolific pen, they were eagerly devoured, and the names of the unique and fascinating characters which he created, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, and Colonel Sellers, became equally familiar, and were household words on both sides of the water. Of course, it was chiefly for their wit and humor, so racy, so fresh from the soil, so extravagant and uncompromising, so American, so unlike everything that England had ever produced or enjoyed, that these wonderful books chiefly appealed to them. It was the fascination of success. Nothing succeeds like success on either side of the water. They saw a poor and friendless boy, born and bred in humble circumstances and with no advantages whatever, thrown on his own resources at twelve, leaving the most meager schooling behind him, and starting in life as an apprentice to a poor printer, then for four years a pilot, and one of the best pilots, most sure and most safe, on the River. The River—the supreme and ultimate ambition of his boyish dreams.

It is quite impossible to exaggerate the charm and influence which that great river—the Father of Waters—exercised upon his whole life and character. To him it was a great living creature, full of action and passion and whim and caprice; now overwhelming him by its power, and again absorbing his soul by its irresistible charm. Until he was twenty-five years

old it was the boundary of his ambition and the center of his life, as it is now, and is bound always to be, the center of the life of America.

These four years that he spent in studying and mastering it were his University career—more fruitful and inspiring than Harvard or Yale could ever have been. He had absolutely to know every inch of the river for twelve hundred miles, by night and by day, up-stream and down-stream, its surface and its shore, its depths and its shallows, its banks and its bars, its moods and its ever-changing temper and movement. It was not enough for him to think—he must know it all exactly; and no student at any university ever studied anything so hard and to so much purpose. It developed all his powers and faculties as no books could ever have done—patience, observation, memory, judgment, courage, undying tenacity of purpose—and these entered into and governed all his subsequent work, and it opened his eyes to the world beyond. As he said some twenty years afterward:

“I am to this day profiting by that experience, for in that brief, sharp schooling I got personally and familiarly acquainted with about all the different types of human nature that are to be found in fiction, biography, or history. My profit is various, in kind and degree; but the feature of it which I value most is the zest which that early experience has given to my later reading. When I find a well-known character in fiction or biography I generally take a warm interest in him, for the reason that I have known him before—I met him on the River.”

Next, upon the outbreak of the war, when he quit piloting, he was a Second Lieutenant in the Confederate Army—for two weeks—the most anomalous episode of his whole career; for no man was a more ardent patriot, a truer lover of his country, more de-

voted to the memories of Lincoln and Grant, and to what they achieved for their country and the world than he.

Now again a hopeless miner, fetching water while his comrade washed for gold, but protesting that each pailful was his last. "Bring one more pailful," Jim pleaded. "I won't do it, Jim. Not a drop. Not if I knew there was a million dollars in that pan!" But then and there he picked up the greatest single nugget ever found in pocket mining, in the *Jumping Frog*, that started him on the highroad to victory, and from that day, and from those squalid beginnings, how swift and sure his flight was to the great and undreamt-of prize of world-wide fame—translated into many languages, read by countless millions, keeping the whole world laughing and in good spirits for thirty years. Whoever could do that is justly counted among the world's greatest benefactors. Such success, so dear to himself, was justly appreciated by all who spoke his tongue. And it answered forever to Englishmen Sydney Smith's cynical question: "In all the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book?"

To the average Englishman—the middle classes as they are called over there—a misnomer nowadays, perhaps—his works had one irresistible charm. I mean the plain English in which they were written. Not since *Robinson Crusoe* came out, about one hundred and fifty years before, had Englishmen read anything in such plain, clear, and simple language as we have in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, and most of his other books. Not a trace of Greek or Latin; for he had none of either, except what was imbedded and rooted in the common speech of the people. In every sentence he meant what he said, and meant it so clearly and strongly that every one who read could understand every word—in striking

contrast to some authors whose sentences you have to read over three or four times to discover what they thought they meant, and can only guess at it then.

One other trait of our hero—for he is one of the greatest of our heroes—dear to the British heart, was his indomitable courage: never to submit or yield to illness, or bereavement, or debt, or any other calamity or adversity, but to take up his burden and fight his way through to the end. They had seen their own great novelist, under almost identical circumstances, at about the same age, in the full tide of his success, suddenly ruined—buried under a mountain of debt, incurred by no fault of his own—starting out in life anew, refusing all compromise, and determined to devote all that remained of life to paying the whole debt, dollar for dollar. It was this heroic self-sacrifice that embalmed the memory of Scott forever in the hearts of his countrymen. So when they saw our own great humorist following exactly in his footsteps, inspired with the same lofty spirit, leaving home and much that he held dear behind him and starting out on that wonderful reading tour—to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—and arriving in England again with the money to pay the whole debt, they recognized him as the true and worthy successor to their own Sir Walter Scott, an honor which they had never expected to pay to any man.

No wonder, then, that after his seventieth birthday had been duly celebrated by his own countrymen, as life was drawing to its destined end, the scholars and statesmen and authors of England should desire to pay him the highest tribute within their gift; and to this end Lord Curzon, the newly elected Chancellor of Oxford, himself one of England's most accomplished scholars and statesmen, invited him to come over and receive the Honor-

ary Degree of Doctor of Letters. Nothing ever touched his heart like that. He said he would gladly have walked to Mars and back to get that degree. During the thousand years that Oxford had been the nursery and seat of the learning and culture of England, the Mississippi had been pouring its mud to the sea, to lay the foundations of that crude civilization in which he had been born and bred. Starting from that humble beginning, with no adventitious aids whatever, with no education but that which he had given himself, fighting his way against fearful obstacles and odds, he had come to be recognized and proclaimed by the highest academic authority as America's greatest living author and the world's greatest humorist, and on the 26th of June, 1907, he stood in the Sheldonian Theater, surrounded by the flower of England's scholarship, to receive, in common with the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Chief-Justice of England, Rudyard Kipling, and others, all men of great mark, the highest honor that England had in her gift. He received the greatest ovation of the day, and never has there been more vociferous applause in that famous hall than when his name was called. Lord Curzon's words to him in Latin were well chosen. Let me translate them: "Oh, man, most jocund, most pleasant, most humorous, who shaketh the sides of the whole world by the hilarity of thine own nature, by my authority, and that of the whole University, I pronounce you Doctor of Letters, *Honoris Causa*."

Not the University only, but all England, seemed to give itself up for ten days to reveling with him and over him. The King and Queen entertained a distinguished company with him at Windsor and paid him great honor. No American, I think, was ever before so applauded as he. The climax was reached at the Pilgrims' Club, when

Mr. Birrell, himself one of the wittiest of Englishmen, presided, and exchanged felicities with the happy American, and gave him a chance of which he gladly availed himself.

Mr. Birrell had inadvertently said that he hardly knew how he, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, got there to preside. When the guest's turn came, he recalled this remark, with his grimace and drollish humor: "He says he hardly knows how he got here, but I have looked into his wine-glasses; I can certify that he has drunk nothing here, and can assure him that we will see him safely home." But Mr. Birrell spoke for all England in proposing his health when he said: "Mark Twain is a man whom English and Americans do well to honor. He is the true consolidator of nations. His delightful humor is of the kind which dissipates and destroys national prejudices. His truth and his honor, his love of truth, and his love of honor, overflow all boundaries. He has made the world better by his presence."

Twain's last words in reply were most touching and tender. He spoke of the marks of affection that flowed in upon him from men and women of all sorts and conditions in England, and said in taking his seat: "All these make me feel that here in England, as in America, when I stand under the English flag, I am not a stranger, I am not an alien, but at home." In three short years after this truly international jubilee he was laid in his grave at Elmira, but for many generations yet he will live in the hearts of all in both countries who honor genius and a noble soul, and love good English, good nature, and good fun.

MR. HOWELLS:

In those happy years when it was the supreme joy of life to visit the Clemens household in Hartford, the friend and neighbor nearest and dearest to its hospi-

table heart was the man who knew Mark Twain best, and therefore loved him most. For his own sake, not less than for Mark Twain's sake, I am sure you will welcome his comrade, his almoner, his pastor, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell.

MR. TWICHELL:

My acquaintance with the beloved man who is the theme of our memories to-night dates from the winter of 1867-68, when he was in Hartford attending on the publication there by a parishioner of mine of *The Innocents Abroad*, the book that first made him widely known as an author.

We were nearly the same age—about thirty—were, by grace of favoring circumstances, brought much together from the start, and were soon launched on a friendship that through the whole more than forty succeeding years was to me, from first to last, the source of untold pleasure.

At that time, though he was rising into notice, and coming to be something of a celebrity, no one dreamed of the shining, world-wide fame he was destined to achieve, himself least of all. I distinctly recall the mingled astonishment and triumph he manifested at the reproduction of an extract from his pen in an English periodical; and the same again when he had a letter from Mr. Osgood of *The Atlantic Monthly* asking him to contribute to that magazine. He could hardly believe his eyes when he read it. He did not, as yet, rate himself properly a member of the literary guild. He was hoping for permanent employment in some capacity in the profession of journalism, in which he had served apprenticeship.

Unquestionably for the height and extent of the distinction he attained, his career is a phenomenon without parallel in any day. To cite a few things that illustrate and attest this: How marvellous it was, for instance,

that the youth who quit the pilot-house of a Mississippi River steamboat at the age of twenty-six received, not so many years after, from the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, and the Princess Louise, his wife—neither of whom had ever seen him—an invitation soliciting a visit from him at their house in Ottawa, because they so wanted to see him; an invitation which he accepted.

It chanced during his stay with them that the opening of the Canadian Parliament took place, to which Mark went in company with his host and hostess, he occupying the same carriage with the latter, following those that conveyed Lord Lorne and the principal dignitaries of state.

The approach to the Parliament House was the signal for the firing of the artillery salute appropriate to the occasion, upon hearing which Mark could not resist the temptation to say—and wickedly did say—to the Princess, that he had had a great many compliments paid him before, but none came up to this; and the poor lady had to explain to him that the salute was for the Governor-General.

For another instance of later date, the German Kaiser, learning that he was in Berlin, sent an officer of his household to bring him to the imperial residence, and upon Mark's being presented to him he called out to the Empress—using her first name—I forget what it is: "Oh, come here! Come here! Here is Mark Twain!"

And yet for another, more recent still: How amazing it was that he, a man of almost no schooling at all—for the rest he was self-educated—was summoned by the old University of Oxford to cross the sea and take at her hand the degree of Doctor of Letters, one of the most valued honors in her gift. A London publisher told me, when I was in that city two years since, that never in his life had he seen universal England give such wel-

come to any other visitor whomsoever as to Mr. Clemens on that occasion.

In the summer of 1892 I was with him at Homburg, Germany, famed for its medicinal springs, and, in the season, very much a resort of royalty. As we stood the next morning after our arrival watching the people at the springs, a mile or so from the town, taking the water, a gentleman approached us and, addressing Mark with great politeness, explained that he came from the Prince of Wales—the late King Edward VII.—who was near by, and that his Royal Highness desired, if he pleased, to have speech with him. Naturally I observed the meeting of the two men with lively interest. His Royal Highness's manner toward Mark was notably cordial, and they at once fell to talking and laughing together like old friends. When, by-and-by, it was time to return to the town, the Prince took Mark along, and side by side up the wide promenade they headed the procession of the Prince's attendants—a dozen, perhaps, in number—presenting in their persons a striking and even comical contrast—the Prince, solid, erect, stepping with a firm and soldier-like tread; Mark moving along in that shambling gait of his, in full tide of talk, brandishing, as an instrument of gesture, an umbrella of the most scandalous description—a sight never to be forgotten. I have often wished that a snap-shot of it might have been taken. His comments on the adventure, when we rejoined one another in our room at the hotel, were, as you will believe, highly entertaining. He said that he found the Prince decidedly quick-witted. But he couldn't forgive himself that he had not thought to say anything to him about the visit to his sister at Ottawa. The Prince was so charmed with him, that shortly after he had him to supper, and they passed a whole evening in company.

It is nothing more than the truth to

say that the world over he had, before he reached middle age, come to be regarded a Feature of America. For a series of years visitors of eminence from abroad, no matter of what class or degree—statesmen, authors, artists, divines—sought the opportunity of meeting him, and many such were his guests. Because I was his neighbor and friend, it fell to my fortunate lot to sit at his table with, or, at least, to take the hand of, Matthew Arnold; Stanley, the explorer; Sir Henry Irving, Moncure Conway, to name a few; of numbers, also, of our own choicest and best—Mr. Howells, here, and dear Aldrich—would that he were with us to-night—and Doctor Holmes, and Mr. Lowell, and Bret Harte, and Richard Gilder, and Joseph Jefferson. (I do not include Mrs. Stowe and Charles Warner, whose houses were within sight of his, for them I knew before I knew him.) And what a recognition of his primacy was betokened by the extraordinary tribute of honor and affection that signalized the memorable celebrations in this city of his sixty-seventh and seventieth birthdays!

By such things, I say, to which more of the like might be added, was indicated the throne-place he had won in the kingdom of letters; wholly unanticipated—impossible to anticipate—at the time I first saw his shaggy head, in 1867.

Yet I am persuaded that it was not alone or chiefly his work judged simply as literature or as humor that accounted for his so quickly accomplishing the conquest of the world. It was rather—and in this I am sure you will agree with me—the genial, kindly, friendly, human soul in him that was everywhere expressed in it, and made itself felt; and it was, above all, of the general heart that he laid hold, and his conquest was a spiritual one in that sense. He had, indeed, the keenest appreciation of the ignoble side of human nature, and was wont,

now and then, as Mr. Howells has told, to rail at the human race accordingly. He once broke out in a letter I had from him: "Oh, this infernal Human Race! I wish I had it in the Ark again—with an auger!"

Still and notwithstanding, his predominant mood toward humanity was that of sympathy. He commiserated it far more than he despised it. He was ever profoundly affected with the feeling of the pathos of life. Contemplating its heritage of inevitable pain and tears, he would question if to any one it was a good gift.

"Would you," he demanded of me once—"would you, as a kind-hearted man, start the human race? Would you, now?" And I confess the interrogation gave me a turn. Yet he was not a cynic. He was not wanting in high admirations and generous tolerations. The theory of character, as determined absolutely by the conditions to which the individual is subject, with the deduction of man's total moral irresponsibility, which some of us had heard him maintain long before he came out with it, as inconsistent with those impeachments of mankind that have been referred to, was, I truly believe, a device of his charity.

He never applied to himself. He was humble enough in that direction. Years ago he said to me that nothing besides made him feel so mean as his wife's thinking so much better of him than he deserved.

The impressions of Mark Twain that rule my thought of him were acquired in the intercourse of the fireside—his and mine—in the course of a great many long summer afternoon rambles (we were both of the pedestrian habit), and in travels at home and abroad, in the close companionship of which we usually slept in the same room, often in the same bed, and hundreds of times—as I trust it is not amiss for me to recall here—said our prayers together.

The memories of him that I most value, that mean most to me, are of those things in him that were lovable. Intellectually he was always an enlivening comrade. His talk, his common talk, was invariably fascinating. It has seemed to me that nothing he wrote came for richness quite up to it.

One evening when, at his own table, he had been rehearsing at length in his picturesque dramatic style incidents of his early days in Nevada, I remember that Mr. Howells, by whom I had sat, said to me aside as we rose: "What could possibly be more delicious? There is certainly no one else alive who can equal it." But, after all, it is the amiabilities of the man that are dearest to recollection. And he abounded in them. He was in some external respects emphatically a "man with the bark on," yet there was no more exquisite refinement of taste and sentiment. I have seldom known any one so easily moved to tears.

He loved children, and children loved him; the young folk of our time in Hartford were all very fond of "Uncle Mark." He delighted in planning amusements for them, getting up charades and tableaux, and himself taking part as a performer in them.

He loved animals. He could scarcely meet a cat on the street without stopping to make its acquaintance. Happiest of the tribe was she who purred under his caress while he read his book. He could never bear to have a horse touched with the whip. Repeatedly I have seen him put out a restraining hand to a driver who was reaching for that implement, and say, "Never mind that; we are going fast enough; we are in no hurry."

One day during our "Tramp Abroad," when we were toiling up the long ascent above Chamouni, from the Riffel Inn to the Gorner Grät, as we paused for a rest, a lamb from a flock of sheep near by ventured inquisitively toward us; whereupon Mark rested himself on

a rock, and with beckoning hand and soft words tried to get it to come to him. On the lamb's part it was a struggle between curiosity and timidity, but in a succession of advances and retreats it gained confidence, though at a very gradual rate. It was a scene for a painter—the great American humorist on one side of the game, and that silly little creature on the other, with the Matterhorn for a background. Mark was reminded that the time he was consuming in that diversion was valuable; but to no purpose. The Gorner Grat could wait. He held on with undiscouraged perseverance till he carried his point: the lamb finally put its nose in his hand; and he was happy over it all the rest of the day.

Of what he was in his home, and of what his home was to him, as it came under my observation through all the years of our friendship, I may not speak at this time. The dearest place in the world to him was ever his own fire-side.

The supreme experiences of his life, joyful and sorrowful alike, were domestic. A tenderer, more affectionate heart never beat in human breast. He who cheered and brightened the spirit of his generation with laughter had, himself, deep acquaintance with grief.

With all his splendid prosperity he lived to be a lonely, weary-hearted man, and a good while before he left us the thought of his departure hence had been welcome to him.

Gathered here, yet looking down as in thought we all are upon the mound of his new-made grave, we may, in taking farewell of him and consigning him to his last rest, fitly borrow the requiem which a few years since he brought home with him from the other side of the world—it was in a burial-ground in Australia that he came upon it—and caused to be inscribed on the headstone of a beloved daughter who sleeps beside him:

“ Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm summer wind,
Blow softly here.
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Good-night, dear heart;
Good-night; good-night!”

MR. HOWELLS:

At a memorable copyright hearing of authors before the joint Congressional Committee in Washington, four or five years ago, Mark Twain, white from head to foot in complete flannels, launched himself at that iniquitous dragon of non-property in ideas invented by Macaulay for the conclusion of legislation, and utterly demolished it. Then he put on his long overcoat and said he was going round to the House to see the Speaker. Somehow he knew that in that wise and level head lay the hope of literature, as a vocation, as a livelihood. What passed when those two men, differently great, put their cigars together, the eminent statesman, whom we are so glad and so proud to have with us here, alone can say. Perhaps he will also tell us how much he liked Mark Twain. I knew long ago how much Mark Twain liked Joseph G. Cannon.

MR. CANNON:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad to meet with the fellow-workers of Mark Twain to honor his memory. I was just a friend and admirer of this man who made his name a household word, not only in America but throughout the world. I was not an intimate friend—and, perhaps, I should use the word “acquaintance”—but everybody who read Mark Twain or heard him lecture felt that there was a bond of friendship, and if they clasped hands with him, and entered into friendly conversation, they claimed intimate friendship, if not kinship. I had that pleasure.

My friendly relations with Mark

Twain were those of a sympathetic admirer who tried to help him when he was exercising his rights as a citizen, and urging upon Congress legislation that would give him greater protection to the product of his labor.

In the early days in the West I often heard this musical sound, "Mark twain!" as sung out by the lineman to the pilot on the old Mississippi River boats, indicating two fathoms of water, or no bottom; but I never expected then to see it made one of the most popular names in the world of literature, and given such a personality as it has had for many years through the genius of this man, whose real name seems to have become secondary in his work and reputation. The announcement by the lineman was a most serious and hopeful fact for the pilot and the captain, indicating plenty of water and clear sailing. Mr. Clemens said that he confiscated this name from one of the oldest and most reliable pilots on the Mississippi River, because with that old man it was a sign and symbol and warrant that whatever was found in its company might be gambled upon as being the petrified truth.

We call Mark Twain America's greatest humorist, but I have taken him at his word, and I have his own warrant for accepting his characters as photographs rather than as creatures of fancy. Tom Sawyer is the most natural boy I ever met between the covers of a book, and Col. Mulberry Sellers is a daily visitor to the national capital. In fact, the last time I met Mark Twain he admitted that he was playing the part of Colonel Sellers and trying to make me see that "there's millions in it," for he had come to Washington to lobby for the Copyright Bill. He had no aversion to the term "lobbyist," but recognized his temporary vocation while in the capital, just as he recognized men in their various disguises all through life.

He was an author asking protection

for his work. He took over a part of the enthusiasm of Colonel Sellers as he talked to members of Congress about the benefits of the Copyright Bill, and he showed some dissatisfaction, if not disgust, when he discovered that other people were taking advantage of his efforts and his influence.

At the close of his visit he came into the Speaker's Room, as he was accustomed to do every morning, and said: "See here, Uncle Joe; does every fellow who comes here get hitched up to a train he does not want to pull? I came down here to pull the Copyright Bill through Congress, because I want the copyright on my literary work extended so that I can keep the benefits to myself and family, and not let the pirates get it. I hitched my locomotive to that car, which was to carry literary efforts into longer protected life, and just when the locomotive got under way it had to be halted to attach a new car, then another, and another, until now the steam is getting low and the train is so long I don't know whether it will move or not. And I don't know that I want to pull it, now, with all sorts of cars attached which have no possible relation to the purpose I had in coming to Washington or the legislation I believe necessary for the protection of my literary work."

I told him he had the usual experience of men who wanted to reform the world according to their own views by legislation. There were so many people ready to help him who did not fully agree with him, that the product of his effort soon became more or less a stranger to its parent. I could have given him many illustrations of good intentions embarrassed by other good intentions, and also of men placed in charge of a locomotive becoming dissatisfied with some of the freight they were pulling.

He had that understanding of human nature that made him quick to

see the difficulties that surround legislative effort without making him suspicious that the other fellow's efforts were not just like his own—wisely selfish—but he insisted that there ought to be several classes of trains in legislation, as there are on the railroads, so that real inspiration and “canned goods” should not be hooked up together in the same train. I agreed with him, but those who were insisting on co-operating with him did not. They were all insisting on getting on the same train with so popular a leader.

He had more influence with the legislators than others had, and he was frank to admit a selfish interest. He came to lobby for a bill, and was not ashamed to admit that he had a self-interest in the legislation he sought. There was no altruistic humbug about his effort.

He wanted to go on the floor of the House to lobby, but those confounded “Cannon Rules” prohibited him, and they likewise so bound the Speaker that he could not recognize another member to ask unanimous consent to admit Mark Twain or any other man to the floor. Mark studied those rules and discovered that the only exception made was in favor of those who had received the thanks of Congress. So he wrote to me, and, acting as his own messenger, came into the Speaker's Room one cold morning and laid the letter on my desk. It was as follows:

“December 7, 1908.

“DEAR UNCLE JOSEPH,—Please get me the thanks of Congress—not next week, but right away! It is very necessary. Do accomplish this for your affectionate old friend—and right away! By persuasion if you can, by violence if you must.

“For it is imperatively necessary that I get on the floor for two or three hours and talk to the members, man by man, in behalf of the support, en-

couragement and protection of one of the nation's most valuable assets and industries—its literature. I have arguments with me—also a barrel. With liquid in it!

“Get me a chance! Get me the thanks of Congress. Don't wait for the others—there isn't time. Furnish them to me yourself, and let Congress ratify later. I have stayed away and let Congress alone for seventy-one years, and am entitled to the thanks. Congress knows this perfectly well; and I have long felt hurt that this quite proper and earned expression of gratitude has been merely felt by the House and never publicly uttered.

“Send me an order on the Sergeant-at-Arms.

“Quick!

“When shall I come?

“With love and a benediction,

“MARK TWAIN.”

After reading that letter I repeated what I have said about the embarrassment of those rules not only as affecting him, but as affecting the Speaker, and he laughed as he said his joke must have been pretty clear for me to catch the point at the first reading.

I called my messenger—a colored man who has served every Speaker for the last thirty years, and who knows all the members—and I said to Mark Twain: “I am in full sympathy with you, and will help you lobby. Neal will take you to the Speaker's private room, which is larger, more comfortable, and more convenient than this one. That room and the messenger are yours while you stay, and if you don't break a quorum of the House it will be your own fault.”

He installed himself in that room, and the messenger went on the floor whispering to Champ Clark, Adam Bede, and others on both sides of the House, and in a few minutes there was not a quorum on the floor. They were all crowding into the Speaker's private

room to see Mark Twain and promise him to vote for the Copyright Bill, for he allowed no admirer to escape. After the day's session Mark came to me to say that those confounded rules were not so bad after all, and that he didn't object to a "czar" who abdicated and allowed him to occupy the throne-room.

I have many pleasant recollections of Mark Twain's literary work, which I have enjoyed through the years since he was in Washington as a newspaper correspondent; but my pleasantest recollections are of the man and his straightforward way of meeting other men, and, without pretense, presenting his views. The world recognized him as a humorist, but he was also a philosopher and a practical man.

MR. HOWELLS:

When the French people had kings and one of their kings came to die, the heralds shouted in one breath, "The King is dead: long live the King!" Unlike those French kings, American czars, when they were good czars, never died; and we can hail Mr. Cannon and his successor with as much loyalty as those fellows, and with far more logic in our cry of, "The Czar lives: long live the Czar!"

His successor has already imitated Mr. Cannon in his friendship for the calling of letters, and in his collaboration with Mark Twain for their honor before the law and prophets in the nation. The man whom he has declared the greatest Missourian who ever lived must receive adequate recognition from the greatest living Missourian, the Hon. Champ Clark.

MR. CLARK:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that a Missourian should participate in paying honor to the most famous Missourian that

ever lived. With me it is a labor of love.

In his time Mark Twain played many parts—Printer, Mississippi River Pilot, Soldier, Office-holder, Reporter, Editor, Lecturer, Author, Humorist, Philosopher, Controversialist, Traveler, Humanitarian, Satirist, Stump-speaker, and Lobbyist. *Mirabile dictu!* he played them all successfully. In versatility he ranks with Thomas Jefferson. Perhaps a busier man never lived. He obeyed literally the Scriptural injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

I consider it my good fortune to have known this extraordinary and lovable man personally at all, and my bad fortune not to have known him for a longer period. He was born within a few miles of my Congressional district, at the confluence of the three forks of Salt River, a stream of evil omen to candidates, upon whose briny current many of them sail into the Gulf of Oblivion. He was reared at Hannibal, which adjoins my district, and his celebrated cave, rendered immortal by his pen, is in Ralls County, the northernmost county in the district which I have the honor to represent. I had read with avidity every word he ever wrote, and counted him among the world's benefactors; but luck or fate or fortune so ordered things that I never beheld him in the flesh until he was in the gorgeous sunset days of his long, useful and glorious life; and it was the most prosaic of business matters that brought us together at last—a happening which forms the basis of one of the most fondly cherished memories of my life. When I had met him face to face and conversed with him, or, speaking more exactly, when I had heard with rapture his fascinating monologue, I felt as did the Queen of Sheba when, upon beholding the splendors of King Solomon's temple, she exclaimed with won-

der and enthusiasm, "The half hath not been told."

The way I came to know Mark Twain personally is that three or four years ago he visited Washington as a lobbyist! Let not the prudish and squeamish shudder at the term, for Mark Twain was not only a lobbyist but a very prince of lobbyists. He did honor to both the lobbyists and those with whom he lobbied. There are all sorts of lobbyists, good, bad, and indifferent, ranging in character from men who will never find appropriate homes till the doors of the penitentiary close upon them, to men who deserve the fine tribute which Thomas Jefferson paid to James Monroe when he said: "Monroe is so pure that you might turn his soul inside out and not find a blot upon it"—a saying which I take it is equally applicable to Mark Twain.

I am aware that the word "lobbyist," like the word "politician," has come to have a sinister meaning, and that divers good folks would incontinently abolish all lobbyists and all politicians. Nevertheless, a politician, considered etymologically, is a practitioner of one of the noblest of all sciences—the science of government; and in a country whose institutions are bottomed on popular suffrage, every citizen should be a politician. I do not mean that he should be necessarily an office-seeker. That is a poor business when you succeed, and unspeakably poor when you fail. In that respect I have been tried by both extremes of fortune, and speak by the card. What I do mean is that in this puissant and beneficent republic every citizen should inform himself on the issues before the people and take an active part, a man's part, at the primaries and at the general elections. No man should regard himself as too good or too lofty to do that, and he who fails to do it falls short of his duty to his country and his kind. That masterful great man, Thomas Brackett Reed, voiced his bit-

ter scorn of the cant about politicians in his famous *mot*: "A statesman is a politician who is dead!"

A lobbyist is a person who seeks by letter or personal interview or otherwise to influence legislators, municipal, State, or national. Sometimes the measures which they advocate are bad and their methods reprehensible, immoral, even criminal. At other times the measures urged are of the best, and the methods of lobbying above reproach, even highly laudable, while the motives are as pure and unselfish as ever animated any of the multitudinous sons and daughters of Adam. Mr. Speaker Reed, whose honesty was proverbial, always insisted that a lobby is a necessary part of our Congressional machinery. He based his opinion on the fact that into each Congress there are introduced some thirty thousand bills, and that it is utterly impossible for any Representative or Senator to inform himself as to all of them. Therefore, he contended that a lobbyist who was interested in a bill not only had a perfect right to expound it to Representatives and Senators, but was conferring a benefit on them by so doing. It is not the lobby *per se* against which honest and patriotic people protest, but a dishonest, a corrupting lobby. That the corrupt and corrupting lobby should be scourged from every capital in the land with a whip of scorpions goes without saying.

When Joseph Wingate Folk was Governor of Missouri he issued a ukase to the effect that all lobbyists visiting Jefferson City during the sittings of the Legislature should enroll themselves as such, stating what interests they represented and what measures they advocated, and his scheme worked measurably well and might be put into practice generally with good results. While I have talked with many lobbyists on many subjects, ranging from matters of international importance to matters of narrow local or personal in-

terest, and extracted more information from them than they did from me, I can truthfully say that during one term in the Missouri Legislature and sixteen years in Congress no mortal man ever made to me a suggestion that even squinted at corruption.

So it came to pass that on a memorable day Mark Twain, Lobbyist, with his world-wide reputation as his *avant-courier*, descended upon the Capitol in dazzling attire, sweeping everything before him. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as was this great Missourian, for in the dead of winter he wore a suit of white flannels, white as the snow which filled the air, while all the world wondered. He created a profound sensation—as he, no doubt, intended to do—a sensation which, so far as he was concerned, was strictly utilitarian in character and cunningly planned for effect upon hard-headed, matter-of-fact, unimaginative Solons. The newspapers were filled with Mark Twain and his unseasonable raiment. He was the theme of every tongue from White House to police-station, from Porto Rico to far Cathay. Since Joseph's coat of many colors, no article of apparel of any other male person was ever so extensively advertised—not even excepting the wonderful coronation robes of George IV., or the cocked hat and gray overcoat of Napoleon, or the white plume of Navarre. With his snowy flannels, snowy hair and snowy mustache, he made a superb picture, one on which affection loves to linger.

The subject-matter of his lobbying was improvement in the copyright laws, which were sadly in need of improvement. It was a subject near his heart. He was intensely in earnest—persistent, enthusiastic, optimistic. He sent for me for three reasons: (1) We had had some correspondence on that vexed and vexing subject; (2) for years I had been a member of the Committee on Patents, which has

jurisdiction in copyright matters; (3) he and I were both Missourians, ineffably proud of that imperial commonwealth. I was delighted to be of service to this remarkable man, who had delighted millions and who will delight millions yet unborn. Mr. Speaker Cannon gracefully and graciously turned over one of his rooms to Mark Twain, and in it he held his court, somewhat, it must be confessed, to the demoralization of business in the Congress, for so long as he remained in the Capitol it was almost impossible to maintain a quorum in the House, so eager were members to look into his face, shake his hand, form his acquaintance, and listen to his conversation. All men and all women, and even the little children in the street, vied with each other to do him honor. It pleased him mightily, and in those halcyon days he was undoubtedly happy, and being happy was "at his best"—as James Steerforth begged David Copperfield to remember him, and as all of us would choose to be remembered. No other man of letters in the history of the world ever received such a hearty welcome as Mark Twain received in Washington, except Voltaire upon his last visit to Paris in his extreme old age. The great-hearted Missourian enjoyed it to the limit. He was as pleased as a little child. His cordial reception warmed the cockles of his heart. He extended the glad hand to everybody. He made no effort to conceal his delight. He talked with perfect abandon on a multitude of subjects, and all the while he lobbied—lobbied skilfully—lobbied in delightful manner—lobbied with side-splitting yarns—lobbied with philosophical remarks—lobbied with wealth of reminiscence—lobbied with fetching arguments for justice, and accomplished the substance of what he sought—a rich benefaction to American authors. Then, quitting his country's capital forever—

his country which he had honored in every quarter of the globe—he might, without exaggeration or bad taste, have repeated the proud boast of Cæsar: “*Veni! Vidi! Vici!*”

I think myself happy to have been able to aid him in his self-imposed task of aiding American writers. They have in their kindness done me honor overmuch. The men to whom your gratitude is primarily and in largest part due are the members of the Committee on Patents, headed on the Republican side by Hon. Frank D. Currier, of New Hampshire, and on the Democratic side by Hon. William Sulzer, of New York.

Mr. Chairman, we honor ourselves in honoring Mark Twain.

MR. HOWELLS:

If some finer and nobler novel than “The Grandissimes” has been written in this land, any time, I have not read it. From Mark Twain himself I learned to love the literature of the delightful Master who wrote that book, and it is with a peculiar sense of fitness in his presence here to-night that I ask you to join me in listening to George W. Cable.

MR. CABLE:

The great man whose memory to-night we give ourselves the tender joy to honor was one whom, I venture to say, no one who knew him personally and well ever thought of for a moment long enough to pass beyond a contemplation of the vast grotesqueness of his wit and humor without being impressed with the rare beauty of his mind.

I do not mean a beauty consisting in great structural symmetry or finish, as of some masterpiece of Greek or Gothic elaboration. I mean a beauty such as the illimitable haphazard of Nature a few times in our planet's history has hit upon, where angels would seem to have builded in a moment of

careless sport, as in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, or some equal wonder of supernal color and titanic form in that great West which had so much to do with the shaping of his genius—in so far as his genius was ever really shaped.

The beauty of that mind was a beauty of form and color, so to speak, rather than of mechanism. The marvellous union of rudeness and grace in those vast natural formations in the West symbolizes well the energy of his purposes, as the marvellous variety and intensity of their colors do the many passions of his spirit. Many, I say, for he was a packed cluster of passions. His passion for the charms of Nature compelled him to blindfold himself to them, as it were, whenever he would use his pen. Every one knows how he had to renounce the beautiful study lovingly built for him and furnished with every appointment for ease and convenience because of the enthralling views of hill, vale and stream to be seen from its windows. As I repicture him in his housetop study at Hartford I see him sitting at a table where every time he lifted his eyes from pencil and paper they met only the blank stare of the wall against which it was set, and I remember one morning when, some time after he had started up to his work in that third-story room, I came upon him at a half-way stair-landing, gazing out of its window close into the vivid red and yellow depths of a maple steeped in autumn sunlight. Fastened to the spot he was, as he confessed himself in a burst of praise which I wish yet I had written down.

No less a passion was his feeling for humankind at large, and all his hot scoldings at it were only an outcome of elder-brotherly solicitude. On a certain evening some twenty-six years ago it was my fortune to be included with him in a very small group of men with whom he was particularly

at ease—Osgood, Aldrich, O'Reilly—all now at rest. Dining with them in Boston, his unrestrained wit and titanic grimness of mirth kept them for hours wild with parrying cut and thrust, and literally beside themselves with jollity. Yet that is but the background of the complete picture which is fresh in my memory to this day. Early next morning, as he and I left the city by train together, I was somehow emboldened to point out to him how the beauty of a sunrise on the river Charles was enhanced in poetic charm through the human interest given it by two or three especially slender and graceful factory chimneys distantly overtopping the flat land and low mists; and for half an hour it was my privilege to hear him set forth the poetry of toil with an eloquence so free from false sentiment, yet so reverential to all the affections and upward strivings of lowliest humanity, that I saw then what has never been hidden from me since—that he was made of a finer clay than the common type of men, if not the common type of great men.

It seems to me evident to all of us, if not to all the critical world, that that great human kindness of his was one of the foundations, the fundamental element, of his humor, and by it he gained the heart of the world. But I was warned in the first place that this was not to be an occasion for elaborate oratory, and that it would be better for us all if we should spend these moments as nearly as possible as if we sat at the fireside and talked of the friend who has lately gone from us to some other place to better his condition—whom we should some day rejoin. So I do not care how little coherence I shall have from this time on, through the few minutes I purpose occupying your time with a reminiscence or two of Mark Twain. These shall be in one or two cases at least to show, to illustrate, the re-

ciprocation of this human kindness from the human race to Mark Twain in his goings and comings.

It was down in New Orleans that one day we were about sending him back up the Mississippi with Captain Bixby, his old captain, to complete his observations for the writing of his *Old Times on the Mississippi River*. There was a great crowd around him to shake his hand. Men wished to shake his hand as they might have been glad to shake the hand of a king. It was in a worshipful spirit, in an affectionate spirit, that they crowded around, to have as they counted it that great privilege. And when we were all ordered off the boat, Osgood, who was with us, said that he had traveled through this country with Charles Dickens, that idol of his time in the hearts of all English-speaking readers, and that not even Charles Dickens had commanded the outward demonstration of affection which Mark Twain did at every turn, and which he received from every possible class and species of the people. As we were going down on the narrow stage-work that is characteristic of Mississippi steamboats, in a group of friends that included myself, we heard a man talking behind us, who I supposed must have represented and voiced the sentiments of hundreds who had spoken of Mark Twain in that way. This man said: "I have read every page he ever wrote, but I was so rattled and knocked to pieces with my opportunity when I came to shake his hand that I could not think of anything in the world to thank him for that he had written, except the 'Heathen Chinees'!"

It is because of that hold he has on all our hearts—and I speak for the whole American people—it was that spirit that caused an audience once in Paris, Kentucky, who had applauded him until their palms were sore and until their feet were tired, and who had laughed as he came forward for

the fourth alternation of our reading together—the one side of him dragging, one foot limping after the other in the peculiar way known to us all—the house burst into such a storm of laughter, coming from so crowded a house, that Mark Twain himself, grim controller of his emotions at all times, burst into laughter and had to acknowledge to me, as he came off the platform: “Yes, yes”—still laughing with joy of it himself—“yes; they got me off my feet that time.”

I remember the hold he had upon children's hearts, another field of his human kindness to all humankind. It is illustrated in an experience he had in Cincinnati when certain children were brought by their aunt to hear Mark Twain read from his pages in that great city, brought down from the town of Hamilton, and who went back home in the late hours of the night, beside themselves with the delight of their clear understanding and full appreciation of his humor, saying to their kinswoman: “Oh, Auntie! Oh, Auntie! it was better than Buffalo Bill!”

One point I should like to make to indicate the conscientiousness with which he held himself the custodian of the affections of the great mass of the people who loved him in every quarter of the land. It was the rigor of his art, an art which was able to carry the added burden beyond the burden of all other men's art, the burden of absolutely concealing itself and of making him appear, whenever he appeared, as slipshod in his mind as he was in his gait. We were at Toronto, Canada. The appointment was for us to read two nights in succession, and he had read one night. The vast hall was filled to overflowing. I heard from the retiring-room the applause that followed every period of his utterance, heard it come rolling in and tumbling like the surf of the ocean. Well, at last, as we were driving home to our hotel, I found him in an abso-

lutely wretched condition of mental depression, groaning and sighing, and all but weeping, and I asked him what in the world justified such a mood in a man who had just come from such a triumph. “Such a triumph?” he said. “A triumph of the moment; but those people are going home to their beds, glad to get there, and they will wake up in the morning ashamed of having laughed at my nonsense.”

“Nonsense?” I said. “How is it nonsense?”

“I have spent the evening and their time, and taxed them to the last of their ability to show their appreciation of my wit and humor, and I have spent that whole time simply spinning yarns.”

I said: “Don't mind; you are going to meet virtually the very same audience to-morrow, and to-morrow night you shall give them good literature, if any living writer in a living language has got that chance.” I don't know if he slept that night, but I know he did what he did not often relish. He rehearsed, and rehearsed, and rehearsed, and the next night he gave them a programme which he chose to begin, at my suggestion, with the “Blue Jay's Message.” He left that house as happy as any one ever saw Mark Twain, and that was with a feeling of acute joy because he had won friends he considered worthy, he had won every handclap and applause with a programme worthy of honor.

One more point: Every one knows that one of his passions was for history, and I assume that that passion for history was one of the demonstrations of his human kindness. It was the story of the human heart, and he loved history, because it was the story of humanity.

One night we were in Rochester together. It was Saturday night, and for a wonder we were without an engagement that night, and we started out for a walk, and we had gone a few

steps when we found a bookstore, and at the same moment it was beginning to rain. I said: "Let us go in here." He said: "I remember I have not provided myself with anything to read all day to-morrow." I said: "We will get it here. I will look down that table, and you look down this one." Presently I went over to him, and said I had not found anything that I thought would interest him, and asked him if he had found anything. He said no, he had not; but there was a book he did not remember any previous acquaintance with. He asked me what that book was.

"Why," I said, "that is Sir Thomas Mallory's *Mort d'Arthur*." And he said: "Shall we take it?" I said: "Yes; and you will never lay it down until you have read it from cover to cover." It was easy to make the prophecy, and, of course, it was fulfilled. He had read in it a day or two, when I saw come upon his cheekbones those two vivid pink spots which every one who knew him intimately and closely knew meant that his mind was working with all its energies. I said to myself: "Ah, I think Sir Thomas Mallory's *Mort d'Arthur* is going to bear fruit in the brain of Mark Twain." A year or two afterward, when he came to see me in my Northampton home, I asked him what he was engaged in, and he said he was writing a story of *A Yankee in the Court of King Arthur*. I said: "If that be so, then I claim for myself the godfatherhood of that book." He said: "Yes; you are its godfather." I can claim no higher honor than to have the honor to claim that here and now, tonight, and to rejoice with you that we are able to offer a tribute of our affection to the memory of Mark Twain.

MR. HOWELLS:

Not only as a soldier whose fame the North may well envy the South, not only

as a leading American journalist, not only as a publicist whose patriotism can instruct us all in the love of country, but as the friend and brother of the man who was a friend and brother of everybody, do I now invoke the welcome which I know you have been keeping warm for Col. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky.

COLONEL WATTERSON:

Although when Mark Twain first appeared east of the Alleghanies and north of the Blue Ridge he showed the weather-beating of the West—the stigmata alike of the pilot-house and the mining camp very much in evidence—he came of decent people on both sides of his house. The Clemenses and the Lamptons were of good old English stock. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century three younger scions of the Manor of Durham migrated from the County of Durham to Virginia, and thence branched out into Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri.

Mark Twain's mother was the loveliest old aristocrat, with a taking drawl—a drawl that was high-bred and patrician, not rustic and plebeian—which her famous son inherited. All the women of that ilk were gentlewomen. The literary and artistic instinct which attained its fruition in him had percolated through the veins of a long line of silent singers, of poets and painters, unborn to the world of expression till he arrived upon the scene.

Although Mark Twain and I called each other "cousin," and claimed to be blood-relatives, the connection between us was by marriage. A great-uncle of his married a great-aunt of mine; his mother had been named after and reared by this great aunt; and the children of the marriage were, of course, his cousins and mine. An exceeding large, varied, and picturesque assortment they were. Though the family became widely separated,

we were lifelong and very dear friends; passed much time together at home and abroad; and had many common ties and memories.

Just after the successful production of his play, *The Gilded Age*, and the uproarious hit of the comedian, Raymond, in its leading rôle, I received a letter from him in which he told me he had made in Col. Mulberry Sellers a close study of a certain mutual kinsman, and thought he had drawn him to the life—"But for the love of Heaven," he said, "don't whisper it; for he would never understand or forgive me; if he did not thrash me on sight."

The pathos of the part, and not its comicality, had most impressed him. He designed and wrote it for Edwin Booth. From the first and always he was disgusted by the Raymond portrayal. Except for its popularity and money-making, he would have withdrawn it from the stage, as, in a fit of pique, Raymond himself did while it was still packing the theatres. The original "Sellers" had partly brought him up and been very good to him; a second Don Quixote in appearance and not unlike the knight of La Mancha in character. It would have been safe for nobody to laugh at him—nay, by the slightest intimation, look or gesture, to treat him with inconsideration, or any proposal of his—however preposterous—with levity. He once came to see me upon a public occasion and during a function. I knew that I must introduce him, and with all possible ceremony, to my colleagues. He was very queer: tall and peaked, wearing a black swallow-tailed suit, shiny with age; a silk hat, bound with black *crêpe* to conceal its rustiness, not to indicate a recent death; but his line as spotless as new-fallen snow. I had my doubts. Happily, the company, quite dazed by the apparition, proved decorous to solemnity, and the kind old gentleman, pleased with himself and

proud of his "distinguished young kinsman," went away highly gratified.

Not long after this one of his daughters—pretty girls they were, too, and in charm altogether worthy of their cousin Sam Clemens—was to be married, and "Sellers" wrote me a stately summons, all-embracing, though stiff and formal, such as a baron of the Middle Ages might have indited to his noble relative, the Field-Marshal, bidding him bring his good lady and his retinue to abide within the castle until the festivities were ended—though in this instance the castle was a suburban cottage scarcely big enough to accommodate the bridal party. I showed the bombastic but hospitable and sincere invitation to the actor Raymond, who chanced to be playing in Louisville when it reached me. He read it through with care and re-read it. "Do you know," said he, "it makes me want to cry. That is not the man I am trying to impersonate at all." Be sure it was not; for there was nothing funny about the spiritual being of Mark Twain's Colonel Mulberry Sellers; he was as brave as a lion, and as upright as Sam Clemens himself.

When a very young man living in a woodland cabin down in the "Penny-rile" region of Kentucky, with a wife he adored and two or three small children, he was so carried away by an unexpected windfall that he lingered overlong in the near-by village, dispensing a royal hospitality—in point of fact, he "got on a spree." Two or three days passed before he regained possession of himself. When at last he reached his home, he found his wife ill in bed and the children nearly starved for want of food. He said never a word, but walked out of the cabin, tied himself to a tree, and was dangerously horsewhipping himself when the cries of the frightened family summoned the neighbors, and he was brought to reason. He never touched

an intoxicating drop from that day to the day of his death.

Another one of our fantastic mutual cousins was the "Earl of Durham." I ought to say that Mark Twain and I grew up on old wives' tales of estates and titles, which—maybe it was a kindred sense of humor in both of us—we treated with shocking irreverence. It happened some forty years ago that there turned up, first upon the plains and afterward in New York and Washington, a lineal descendant of the oldest of the Virginia Lamptons—he had somehow gotten hold of or had fabricated a bundle of documents—who was what a certain famous American would call "a corker." He wore a sombrero, with a rattlesnake for a band, and a belt with a couple of six-shooters, and described himself and claimed to be the Earl of Durham.

"He touched me for a tenner the first time I ever saw him," drawled Mark Twain, "and I coughed it up, and have been coughing them up, whenever he's around, with punctuality and regularity."

The "Earl" was indeed a terror—especially when he had been drinking. His belief in his peerage was as absolute as Colonel Sellers's in his millions. All he wanted was money enough "to get over there" and "state his case." During the Tichborne trial Mark Twain and I were in London, and one day he said to me: "I have investigated this Durham business down at the herald's office. There's nothing to it. The Lamptons passed out of the demesne of Durham a hundred years ago. They had long before dissipated the estates. Whatever the title, it lapsed. The present earldom is a new creation—not the same family at all. But, I tell you what, if you'll put up five hundred dollars, I'll put up five hundred more; we'll fetch our chap across and set him in as a claimant, and, my word for it, 'Kenealy's Fat Boy' won't be a marker to him."

He was so pleased with his conceit that afterward he wrote a novel and called it *The Claimant*. It is the only one of his books—though I never told him so—that I could never read. Many years after, I happened to see upon a hotel register in Rome these entries: "The Earl of Durham," and in the same handwriting just below it, "Lady Anne Lambton" and "The Hon. Reginald Lambton." So the Lambtons—they spelled it with a "b" instead of a "p"—were yet in possession. A Lambton was Earl of Durham. The next time I saw Mark Twain I rated him on the deception. He did not defend himself—said something about its being necessary to perfect the joke.

"Did you ever meet this present peer and possible usurper?" I asked. "No," he answered, "I never did; but if he had called on me I should have had him come up."

His mind turned ever to the droll. Once in London I was living with my family at 103 Mount Street. Between 103 and 102 there was the parochial workhouse—quite a long and imposing edifice. One evening upon coming in from an outing I found a letter he had written on the sitting-room table. He had left it with his card. He spoke of the shock he had received upon finding that next to 102—presumably 103—was the workhouse. He had loved me, but had always feared that I would end by disgracing the family—being hanged or something—but the "work-us," that was beyond him; he had not thought it would come to that. And so on through pages of horse-play; his relief on ascertaining the truth and learning his mistake; his regret at not finding me at home; closing with a dinner invitation. Once at Geneva, in Switzerland, I received a long, overflowing letter, full of buoyant oddities, written from London. Two or three hours later came a telegram: "Burn letter. Blot it from your memory. Susie is dead."

How much of melancholy lay hidden behind the mask of the humorist it would be hard to say. His griefs were tempered by a vein of philosophy. He was a medley of contradictions. Unconventional to the point of eccentricity, his sense of his own dignity was all-sufficient. Though lavish in the use of money, he had a full realization of its value, and made close contracts for his work. Like Sellers, his mind soared when it sailed financial currents. He lacked sound business judgment in the larger things, while an excellent economist in the lesser.

His marriage was the most brilliant success of his life. He got the woman of all the world he most needed—a truly lovely and wise helpmeet—who kept him in bonds and headed him straight and right while she lived; the best of housewives and mothers, and the safest of counsellors and soundest of critics. She knew his worth; she understood his genius; she clearly saw his limitations and angles. Her death was a grievous disaster as well as a staggering blow. He never quite survived it.

It was in the early seventies that Mark Twain dropped into New York, where there was already gathered a congenial group to meet and greet him. John Hay described this as "of high aspirations and peregrinations." It radiated between Franklin Square, where Joseph W. Harper—"Joe Brooklyn," we called him—reigned in place of his uncle, Fletcher Harper, the literary man of the original Harper Brothers—and the Lotus Club, then in Irving Place, and Delmonico's, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street; with Sutherland's, in Liberty Street, for a down-town place of luncheon resort, not to forget Dorton's, in Fulton Market. The Harper contingent, besides the chief, embraced Tom Nast and Col. William A. Seaver, whom John Russell Young named "Papa Pendennis," and described as

"a man of letters among men of the world, and a man of the world among men of letters"—a very apt portrayal, albeit appropriated from Doctor Johnson—and Major Constable, a giant who looked like a dragoon, and not a bookman, yet had known Sir Walter Scott, and was sprung from the family of Edinburgh publishers. Bret Harte had but newly arrived from California. Whitelaw Reid, though still subordinate to Greeley, was beginning to make himself felt in journalism. John Hay played high priest to the revels. I used to make periodic and pious pilgrimage to the delightful shrine.

Truth to tell, it emulated rather the gods than the graces—though all of us had literary leanings of one sort and another—especially late at night—and Sam Bowles would come over from Springfield and Murat Halstead from Cincinnati to join us. Howells, living in Boston, held himself at too high account; but often we had Joseph Jefferson, then in the heyday of his great career, with, once in a while, Edwin Booth, who could not quite trust himself to go our gait. The fine fellows we caught from over the sea were innumerable, from the elder Sothorn and Sala and Yates to Lord Dufferin and Lord Houghton. Things went very well those days, and, while some looked on askance—notably Curtis and, rather oddly, Stedman—and thought we were wasting time and convivializing more than was good for us, we were mostly young and hearty, ranging from thirty to five-and-forty years of age, with amazing capacities, both for work and play, and I cannot recall that any harm to any of us came of it. Although robustious, our frolics were harmless enough—ebullitions of gayety sometimes, perhaps unguarded—though each shade, or survivor, referring to those *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, might repeat to the other the words of Curran to Lord Avonmore:

"We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine;
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence and poesy,
 Arts which I loved, for they, my friend,
 were thine."

Mark Twain was the life of every company and all occasions. I remember a practical joke of his suggestion played upon Halstead. A party of us were supping after the theatre at the old Brevoort House. A card was brought to me from a reporter for *The World*. I was about to deny myself, when Mark Twain said: "Give it to me. I'll fix it," and left the table. Presently he came to the door and beckoned me out.

"I represented myself as your secretary and told this man," said he, "that you were not here, but that if Mr. Halstead would answer just as well, I would fetch him. The fellow is as innocent as a lamb, and doesn't know either of you. I am going to introduce you as Halstead, and we'll have some fun."

No sooner said than done. The reporter proved to be a little, bald-headed cherub, newly arrived from the isle of dreams, and I lined out to him a column or more of "very hot stuff," reversing Halstead in every expression of opinion. I declared him in favor of paying the national debt in greenbacks. Touching the sectional question, which was then the burning issue of the time, I made the mock Halstead say: "The 'bloody shirt' is only a kind of Pickwickian battle-cry. It is convenient during political campaigns and on election day. Perhaps you do not know that I am myself of dyed-in-the-wool Southern and Secession stock. My father and grandfather came to Ohio from North Carolina just before I was born. Naturally, I have no sectional prejudices, but I live in Cincinnati, and I am a Republican."

There was a good deal more of the

same sort. How it passed through the *World* office I know not, but it actually appeared. On returning to table I told the company what Mark Twain and I had done. They thought I was joking. Without a word to any of us, next day Halstead wrote a note to the *World* repudiating the "interview," and the *World* printed his disclaimer with a line which said: "When Mr. Halstead talked with our reporter he had dined." It was too good to keep. John Hay wrote an amusing "story" for the *Tribune* which set Halstead right and turned the laugh on me.

They are all gone now. Only the American Ambassador in England and myself are left to tell the tale. I am warned by the terms of the summons which has brought us together against anything sorrowful, especially anything lachrymose. Yet when my mind goes back to those bygone days and nights, the lines of the Irish bard spring unbidden to my heart:

"The walks we have roamed without tiring,
 The songs that together we've sung,
 The jests to whose merry inspiring
 Our mingling of laughter hath rung:
 Oh, trifles like these become precious,
 Embalmed in the memory of years;
 And the smiles of the past so remembered,
 How often they waken our tears!"

Mark Twain's place in literature it is not for us to fix. We are here the rather to commemorate his character and his personality; his courageous and upright manhood as strong as Scott's, as primitive as Carlyle's, as unassuming and simple as Irving's and Whittier's; integrity the bedrock, hard and fast, quite hidden under the verdure of sentiment and the flora of the loyal and the gentle.

With the fine, unerring phrasing of penetrative insight, Mr. Howells calls him "the Lincoln of our literature." It is a striking title, and as suggestive and apposite as striking. The genius

of Clemens and the genius of Lincoln possess a kinship outside the circumstances of their early lives: the common lack of tools to work with; the privations and hardships to be endured and to overcome; the way ahead through an unblazed and trackless forest; every footstep over a stumbling-block, and each effort saddled with a handicap. But, they got there—both of them—they got there; and mayhap somewhere beyond the stars the light of their eyes is shining down upon us here to-night.

MR. HOWELLS:

Now in our full cup, before we drain it to the memory of the man so dear to us, we dissolve the pearl which a poet gives us from the richness of his head and heart. Poet, humorist, divine, by which name shall we best thank our honored and beloved Henry Van Dyke?

MR. HOWELLS:

Here ends our part in the memorial to Mark Twain: it is for the ages to take up the task and carry it on. You may trust them.

DR. VAN DYKE:

MARK TWAIN

We know you well, dear Yorick of the West,
The very soul of large and friendly jest,
That loved and mocked the broad grotesque of things
In this new world where all the folk are kings.

Your breezy humor cleared the air, with sport
Of shame that haunts the democratic court;
For even where the sovereign people rule,
A human monarch needs a royal fool.

Your native drawl lent flavor to your wit;
Your arrows lingered, but they always hit;
Homeric mirth around the circle ran,
But left no wound upon the heart of man.

We knew you kind in trouble, brave in pain;
We saw your honor kept without a stain.
We read this lesson of our Yorick's years:
True wisdom comes with laughter and with tears.

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
AERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS
AND OF THE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

Number IV: 1910-1911



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Mr A. Lawrence Lowell
Cambridge

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PROCEEDINGS
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THE ACADEMY AND THE INSTITUTE

Public Meetings held at the New Theatre, New York, December 8-9, 1910

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
President of the Academy in the Chair

A BREAKFAST WITH ALEXANDRE DUMAS

BY JOHN BIGELOW

In the month of October, 1864, a gentleman called at my apartment in Paris, and failing to find me there, left his card, on which the following lines were inscribed with pencil:

Si Monsieur était l'homme aimable que l'on dit, il viendrait déjeuner demain avec moi à St. Gratien, Avenue du Lac, en prenant le chemin de fer du Nord à 11 heures moins 10 minutes.

Je lui serre bien cordialement la main.

ALEX. DUMAS.

In other words that

If Mr. Bigelow is the amiable man he is said to be, he will come and breakfast with me at St. Gratien, Avenue du Lac, taking the du Nord railway at 10 minutes before 11. I cordially press his hand.

ALEX. DUMAS.

As I had never met or seen this, the most popular French romancer of his time, of course I promptly telegraphed

my acceptance of his invitation, and the following morning took the train from the St. Lazare station, which brought me to Enghein at twelve o'clock, whence I took a cab for St. Gratien. After driving about a quarter of an hour, I remarked, at the roadside we were approaching, a large and rather picturesque-looking man standing in a gateway opening into the front yard of a modest wooden cottage. He was standing, with his head uncovered and a book in his hand, talking to a passer-by. I recognized at once, from his resemblance to the familiar photographs, the author of "Monte Cristo."

While exchanging with him the commonplaces which usually inaugurate acquaintance made by strangers, I took a hasty but careful survey of my

host and his surroundings. Dumas himself, I discovered to my surprise, was over six feet high, and, but for an inclination to corpulency, well proportioned. He had all the more distinctive characteristics of the African race: the brown complexion of the quadroon, crisp, bushy hair which no comb could straighten, a head low and narrow in front, but enlarging rapidly as it receded, thick lips, a large mouth, and a throat, all uncovered, of enormous proportions.

But for the retreating in all directions of his forehead, his face would have been handsome for one of its kind, in which the animal nature was in full force. He was dressed in dark trousers, a spotted muslin shirt unbuttoned at the throat, no cravat, and a white flannel roundabout with a capote attached, all scrupulously neat. He moved with the alertness of a school-boy, talked all the time and rapidly. The cottage which he occupied was simply furnished, and suggested nothing of interest except the great change in his fortunes since he built his famous villa at St. Germain, and "warmed" it with a festival of six hundred covers, in the days when his income is reported to have been over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

As we had never met before, he took an early opportunity of letting me know his purpose in calling upon me the previous day. He had been told, he said, that if he would go to America and write a story, it would have a great sale there. He wished to know what I thought about it. I replied that he was scarcely better known in France than in America; that he could not write a book that would not sell, and that his welcome in the United States would be enthusiastic. He said that a lawyer in New York of French origin, whose name I did not distinctly hear, had recommended him to come, and promised him a great success if he would go at that time; that he pro-

posed, if I thought well of it, to leave in about two months, and to be absent four. It occurred to me at once that in view of the critical contest still waging in America, in which the African race had so much at stake, and where the question of emancipation as a war measure was under discussion, the appearance of one who had done more, perhaps, than any other person of African descent to vindicate the intellectual capabilities of that race, would be interesting and perhaps useful to my country people, and, without doubt, lucrative to him.

I remarked that the time seemed short to see so large a country, and asked him whether, instead of making a story, or, as he called it, a *roman*, he had not better give the world the benefit of his personal observations; that it was an historical epoch with us, and that the events occurring every week transcended in interest and importance anything legitimately available for romance.

To this he made of course no direct reply, but went on to say that the idea he had formed was to enter into relations with some bookseller to write a four-volume romance, and sell it by subscription. He said also that he had received several invitations to correspond with the press. I advised him to enter into no arrangement with any bookseller till his book was completed, for he could scarcely tell till he had done it what sort of book it would be, nor, therefore, how it could be most profitably marketed. I recommended him to keep his pen free to make such a book as a brief visit to the United States might inspire, and, when made, to sell it in the best market he could find; and I invoked the example of De Tocqueville, who, in his private letters, frequently congratulated himself that he had forborne to publish his first impressions about America, but had waited till they had had time to ripen. Time and reflection, I said, will often suggest to the most experienced trav-

eler things to add and correct which sometimes determine the fortunes and usefulness of a book.

In reply to these remarks he for the first time betrayed to me his African blood. He said he never corrected anything; he wrote *dans l'abondance*, and sent his manuscript to the printer without looking it over; that he had never reread anything he had written in his life except in proof. "My manuscript," he said, "is without an erasure; if I get to altering and correcting, I always end by throwing it into the fire and beginning anew. I will show you one of my manuscripts." With that he called his secretary, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, and intellectual-looking young gentleman of some twenty-two years, and requested him to bring him a chapter of "*San Felice*." The secretary presently returned with fifty or sixty pages of quarto manuscript, which he placed in my hands. There was not a single erasure or correction in it from beginning to end, and, what surprised me more, the writing was in a clear, round hand, and not at all like the current French chirography. It was as legible as print.

I subsequently learned some facts about Dumas's literary habits which render it a little less than absolutely certain that I really saw his own manuscript in the package that was shown to me. His secretary, it is said, wrote so much like the great romancer that no one but an expert could distinguish the manuscript of one from that of the other. His son and, indeed, many others were said to possess this accomplishment as well. In other words, Dumas was in the habit of putting his name to romances he had scarcely read, much less written; he sometimes published in a single year more volumes than the most rapid penman could copy in twice that time. For example, in 1845, sixty volumes purporting to be the work of his pen were issued from the Parisian press. The copying alone of them could not have been done by a single

man in a year. The remainder, be they more or less, were done by others, at first under his name alone, and later under the joint name of himself and their authors. I have been assured that Dumas had a sort of manufactory of plays and romances in Paris at one time. His part of the work consisted in giving it his name and perhaps its title. One of his most faithful and fertile collaborators, Auguste Maquet, is said to have contributed not less than eighty volumes to the stock of the concern. Dumas is reported to have taken yet greater liberties with printed works. His appropriations, in one way or another, of other writers' labors got him into several duels and as many lawsuits, from none of which was he so fortunate as to retire with quite all the character with which he embarked in them.

In showing me his manuscript he may have had it in his mind to disabuse mine of any impression I might have received of his plowing with other people's heifers by showing the manuscript of a work which he had but recently finished. I had no doubt then that it was his, nor have I much doubt now, though unhappily his calling it his was in itself by no means conclusive proof. Whether his or not, I fully believe that he wrote *dans l'abondance*, as he said, and did not revise. There was where the African came in. He had no reflective faculties. The moment he began to correct he became confused, and the train of his thought was irrecoverably broken. He had to run down, like a clock, as he was wound up, and without stopping. It is the peculiarity of the African that, for want of the reflective and logical faculties, he is incapable, except in rare instances, of measuring distance, size, or time, or of thoroughly mastering the common rules of arithmetic. Dumas's blood was not sufficiently strained—or shall I say corrupted?—to be an exception in this respect. At school he could never be made to learn arithmetic, and

the greatest difficulty was found in getting a little Latin into his head. He excelled, however, in hunting birds' nests, snaring game, poaching, riding horses, fencing, and pistol-shooting, and it was in gratifying these propensities that he acquired the hardy constitution which three-score years of a by no means exemplary life had failed in the least to impair.

In view of his contemplated excursion to America I asked him if he spoke English. He replied that he read it a little, but he added, "*Ma maîtresse est Anglaise, et elle me fera parler tout de suite.*" I looked at him again to see if I had not misunderstood him, and if he had not meant his valet, but he went on to say that he had taught her French, and that she was only waiting till her accent was perfect to appear at the opera.

He wished to know how much he would require for his expenses during his absence, and if 2,000 francs a month would be enough. I told him that if he took but one servant and no woman it would.

While discussing these matters, the door opened, and in walked a young woman whom he addressed cordially as "*Madame,*" and presented to me. She saluted me in idiomatic English. A glance at her convinced me that she was the *maîtresse* who was to endow him with the requisite English for his transatlantic excursion. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, of regular features, and but that her head over the forehead was too flat would have been beautiful. I did not hear her name, if it was pronounced, but she told me, I think, that one of her parents was Irish, that she had given concerts in America; and she showed me a letter from a Mr. Thompson of Cincinnati to her in which she was addressed as "*Picciola.*"

Matrimony is an institution the true nature of which Dumas, I fear, never comprehended either the necessity or the propriety. He was once mar-

ried, but not in obedience to any conviction that there was any fitness in such formalities. It happened in this wise, say the Paris gossips. When about eighteen years of age, upon the recommendation of General Foy, who took him under his protection, he was appointed to a secretaryship under the Duke of Orleans, afterward Louis Philippe, at a salary of about \$250 a year. When the duke had become king, Dumas, with the same insensibility to the distinction between a wife and a mistress which he showed in proposing to take his "*Picciola*" with him to America to teach him English, escorted a young actress, who had figured at several of the minor theaters of Paris, to a ball given by the young Duke of Orleans, the king's eldest son. After they had presented themselves and been received by the duke, he said in a dignified tone to his chivalric guest:

"Il est entendu, mon cher Dumas, que vous n'avez pu me présenter que votre femme."

These words were equivalent to an order, a disregard of which would have involved his disgrace. They were married at once; all the literary notabilities were invited on the occasion, and even the austere Chateaubriand was one of the official witnesses. They soon, however, discovered that as married people they got on better separate than together; he remained in Paris, and she went to Florence, where she is reported to have died of an epidemic.

We waited breakfast till one o'clock for the arrival of Mr. Genesca, the editor of "*L'Europe,*" from whom a telegram then arrived informing us that he had missed the train by two minutes. The proprietor of the cottage and a professional musician were the only other guests. The honor of conducting Madame to the table fell to me. The breakfast was admirably served, though it did not escape the criticism of our host. A carp, cold and more than two feet long, taken from

the neighboring lake, with a *sauce pi-quant*e, was followed by a hot roasted leg of delicious mutton. Then came a *ris de veau*, with tomato sauce. When Dumas was handed some he declined, saying, "*Je me défie de la sauce tomate que je ne fais pas moi-même.*" One of the guests insisting that the sauce was very good, "Ah," replied Dumas in a tone between a sigh and a grunt, "it is not as I like it." He afterward remarked of another dish not entirely to his taste, "I can't quit the kitchen five minutes without something going wrong." After the *ris de veau* we had *écrevisses*, of which he ate enormously. By this time his breathing had become as distinctly audible as if it had been effected by the aid of a high-pressure engine. I never saw a person eat so much like an animal. Grapes and pears concluded our repast, which was conducted to its destination with champagne, claret, and excellent burgundy.

Soon after we had made an end of our eating and drinking, our host relapsed into a state of stertorous somnolency against which he struggled for a while manfully, but in vain. I observed, however, that this was a familiar experience with the household, and was not to be noticed. Though somewhat reassured by the tranquil air of my *commensales* I could not help feeling a little as if I were the guest of honor at one of La Fontaine's feasts of the animals. In about half an hour, however, he overcame his drowsiness, and then talked on rapidly, and sometimes eloquently, and the more he talked, the better looking he became. His smile was very sweet, and there was not a sordid, or mercenary, or selfish trait in one of his features. He spoke of topics of current interest like a man of decided opinions, but evidently saw them from a very restricted, rather than from a philosophic or national, point of view. He said some things that were striking. The emperor, he remarked, was *un vrai conspirateur* and not a brave man, hence

he did everything requiring courage in the night, and then enumerated several of his important nocturnal performances. He compared him to those beasts of prey that seek their food only at night, such as foxes, wolves, jackals, etc., and said that he had the eye of that class of animals.

The Franco-Italian Convention of September 11th, which had then been recently signed, and of which the world had just witnessed the auspicious consummation, he pronounced very ingenious and quite sure to restore Italy to Rome. He spoke with great admiration of our novelist Cooper, whose works were lying on his table, and whom he professed to have known, which was probably true.

Before leaving St. Gratien I returned to the subject of his projected American expedition, made proffer of such letters and counsel as might promise to be of service to him, and repeated the advice I had given him before, to make a book about the United States, and not to sell it until it was written. It was obvious that for some reason, then not intelligible to me, this advice was not altogether palatable.

During my ride home, reflecting upon what had passed, I came to the conclusion that his hope was that our government, following the example of several European states when in trouble, might desire to enlist his pen in its service, and that perhaps I was prepared, under the cover of a bookseller's engagement, to take him into the service of the republic.

Speaking of his proposal, a few days later, to Mr. Laboulaye, a distinguished member of the Institute, he told me that I should caution all to whom I gave him letters not to lend him money; for, said he, he will levy upon every one of them, "*il est un grand mangeur*," and always in want of money." This, he added, is so notoriously his character that I feel no remorse in warning you of it. He thought, however, Dumas might make

a good book, and perhaps, in the circumstances, a useful one.

I need hardly add that I never offered Dumas any special inducements to visit America, nor that he ever executed the project about which he consulted me. That he did not I think may be regarded as a matter for our joint congratulations. For years Dumas had been adored in France; his books were to be found on the table of every Paris salon, and he was recognized everywhere as one of the literary patricians of the world. In America he would have found none of his race with whom he or even his *maitresse* would have associated. No President of the United States had ever yet dared to welcome a descendant of Ham to his table. Booker T. Washington was then only a lad, racially

“Born

I’ th’ eclipse, and rigg’d with curses dark.”

In Washington, or indeed in any of our great social centers, Dumas would soon have discovered that he was among people many of whom publicly avowed that to the race to which he belonged none of the promises of the Christian Bible were extended. It is highly probable that both would have abruptly left our country for their homes, furious and vindictive. In what way and to what extent they would have made us expiate what to them would have seemed our brutal inhospitality I shrink from trying to imagine. But it is safe to say that it was as fortunate for us at that crisis in our national life that Mr. Dumas did not come to us as, if he were still living, his coming might exert a healing influence upon our much ameliorated racial dissensions.

CRITICISM

BY WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL

I

Criticism itself is much criticized, which logically establishes its title. No form of mental activity is commoner, and where the practice of anything is all but universal, protest against it is as idle as apology for it should be superfluous. Indeed, I should be conscious of slighting just proportion and intellectual decorum in laying any particular stress on the aspersions of the sciolists of the studios, such as, for example, the late Mr. Whistler, and of literary adventurers, such as, for another instance, the late Lord Beaconsfield. As a matter of fact, these two rather celebrated disparagers of criticism were greatly indebted to the critical faculty, very marked in each of them.

More worth while recalling than Disraeli's inconsistency, however, is the fact that, in plagiarizing, he distorted Coleridge's remark, substituting "critics" for "reviewers," as those who had failed in creative fields. The substitution is venial in so far as in the England of that day the critics were the reviewers. But this is what is especially noteworthy in considering the whole subject; namely, that in England, as with ourselves, the art of criticism is so largely the business of reviewing as to make the two, in popular estimation at least, interconvertible terms. They order the matter differently in France, where even in the literary reviews what we should call the reviewing is apt to be consigned to a few back pages of running *chronique*, or a supplementary leaflet. With us, even when the literature reviewed is eminent and serious, it is estimated by

the anonymous expert, who at most, and indeed at his best, confines himself to the matter in hand and delivers a kind of bench decision in a circumscribed case, whereas in France this is left to subsequent books or more general articles, with the result of releasing the critic for more personal work of larger scope. Hence there are a score of French critics of personal quality for one English or American. Even current criticism becomes a province of literature instead of being a department of routine. Our own current criticism, anonymous or other, is, I need not say, largely of this routine character, when it has character, varied by the specific expert decision in a very few quarters and only occasionally by a magazine *article de fond* of real synthetic value. This last I should myself like to see the Academy, whose function must be mainly critical, encourage by every means open to it by way of giving more *standing* to our criticism, which is what I think it needs first of all.

The critics of reviewing, however, deem it insufficiently expert, and I dare say this is often just. But the objection to it which is apparently not considered, but which I should think even more considerable, is its tendency to monopolize the critical field, and establish this very ideal of specific expertness, which its practice so frequently fails to realize, as the ideal of criticism in general. This involves, I think, a restricted view of the true critic's field and an erroneous view of his function. Virtually it confines his own field to that of the practice he criticizes and

his function to that of estimating any practice with reference to its technical standards. In a word, expert criticism is necessarily technical criticism, and, not illogically, those whose ideal it is insist that the practitioner himself is the only proper critic of his practice. This was eminently the view of the late Russell Sturgis, who had an inexhaustible interest in technic of all kinds, and maintained stoutly that art should be interpreted from the artist's point of view, assuming, of course, the existence of such a point of view. As a matter of fact, there is none, and when it is sought, what is found is either *an* artist's point of view, which is personal and not professional, or else it is that of every one else sufficiently educated in the results which artists could hardly have produced for centuries without sooner or later at least betraying what it is their definite aim distinctly to express. The esoteric in their work is a matter not of art, but of science; it does not reside in the point of view, but in the process.

All artistic accomplishment divides itself naturally, easily, and satisfactorily, however loosely, into the two categories, moral and material. The two certainly overlap, and this is particularly true of the plastic arts, the peculiarity of which is to appeal to the senses as well as to the mind. A certain technic, therefore,—that is to say, the science of their material side.—is always to be borne in mind. But a far less elaborate acquaintance with this than is vital to the practitioner is ample for the critic, who may, in fact, easily have too much of it, if he have any inclination to exploit rather than subordinate it. The artist who exacts more technical expertness from the critic than he finds, is frequently looking in criticism for what it is the province of the studio to provide: he requires of it the educational character proper to the class-room or the qualifications pertinent to the hanging-committee. Millet, who refused to write

about a fellow-painter's work for the precise reason that he was a painter himself, and therefore partial to his own different way of handling the subject, was a practitioner of exceptional breadth of view, and would perhaps have agreed with Aristotle, who, as Montaigne says, "will still have a hand in everything," and who asserts that the proper judge of the tiller is not the carpenter, but the helmsman. Indeed, "The wearer knows where the shoe pinches" is as sound a maxim as "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam,*" and the authority of the latter itself may be invoked in favor of leaving criticism to critics.

It is true that we have in America—possibly in virtue of our inevitable eclecticism—a considerable number of practising artists who also write distinguished criticism. But to ascribe its excellence to their technical expertness rather than to their critical faculty would really be doing an injustice to the felicity with which they subordinate in their criticism all technical parade beyond that which is certainly too elementary to be considered esoteric. As a rule, indeed, I think they rather help than hinder the contention that criticism is a special province of literature, with, in fact, a technic of its own in which they show real expertness, instead of a literary adjunct of the special art with which it is vari-ously called upon to concern itself. And in this special province, material data are far less considerable than moral, with which latter, accordingly, it is the special function of criticism to deal. Every one is familiar with plastic works of a perfection that all the technical talk in the world would not explain, as no amount of technical expertness could compass it. However young the artist might begin to draw or model or design, whatever masters he might have had, however long he might have practised his art, whatever his skill, native or acquired, whatever his professional expertness, in a word,

no artist could have achieved the particular result in question without those *qualities* which have controlled the result and which it is the function of criticism to signalize, as it is the weakness of expert evaluation to neglect.

Criticism, thus, may not inexactly be described as the statement of the concrete in terms of the abstract. It is its function to discern and characterize the abstract qualities informing the concrete expression of the artist. Every important piece of literature, as every important work of plastic art, is the expression of a personality, and it is not the material of it, but the mind behind it, that invites critical interpretation. As it is the *qualities* of the writer, painter, sculptor, and not the *properties* of their productions that are his central concern, as his function is to disengage the moral value from its material expression,—I do not mean of course in merely major matters, but in minutiae as well, such as even the lilt of a verse or the drawing of a wrist, the distinction being one of kind, not of rank,—qualities, not properties, are the very substance, and not merely the subject, of the critic's own expression. The true objects of his contemplation are the multifarious elements of truth, beauty, goodness, and their approximations and antipodes, underlying the various phenomena which express them, rather than the laws and rules peculiar to each form of phenomenal expression, which, beyond acquiring the familiarity needful for adequate appreciation, he may leave to the professional didacticism of each. And in thus confining itself to the art, and eschewing the science of whatever forms its subject,—mindful mainly of no science, indeed, except its own,—criticism is enabled to extend its field in restricting its function, and form a distinct province of literature, in relinquishing encroachments upon the territory of more exclusively constructive art. Of course thus individualizing the field and the function of criti-

cism neither predicates universal capacity in, nor prescribes universal practice to, the individual critic, who, however, will specialize all the more usefully for realizing that both his field and his function are themselves as special as his faculty is universally acknowledged to be.

II

The critic's equipment, consequently, should be at least commensurate with the field implied by this view of his function. But it should really even exceed it on the well-known principle that no one knows his subject who knows his subject alone. And this implies for criticism the possession of that cognate culture without which specific erudition produces a rather lean result. If, which is doubtful, it achieves rectitude, it misses richness. The mere function of examining and estimation can hardly be correctly conducted without illumination from the side-lights of culture. But certainly if criticism is to have itself any opulence and amplitude, any body and energy, it must bring to its specific business a supplementary fund of its own.

Obviously, therefore, that general culture which is a prerequisite to any philosophy of life is a necessity of the critic's equipment, without which he can neither estimate his subject aright nor significantly enrich his treatment to the end of producing what constitutes literature in its turn, an ideal which, as I have already intimated, exhibits the insufficiency of what is known as expert criticism. And of this general culture, I should call the chief constituents history, philosophy, and esthetics. "The most profitable thing in the world for the institution of human life is history," says Froissart, and the importance of history to any criticism which envisages life as well as art and letters certainly needs no more than mention. Nor can a modicum of philosophic training be considered superfluous in a matter so explic-

itly involving the discussion of principles as well as of data.

Aesthetics, however, in their broader aspect may be especially commended to even the purely literary critic as an important part of his ideal equipment at the present day. They constitute an element of cognate culture which imposes itself more and more, and literary critics who deem them negligible are no doubt becoming fewer and fewer. No one could maintain their parity with history as such an element, I think, for the reason that they deal with a more restricted field. On the other hand, the extent rather than the particularity of this field is now increasingly perceived, and the prodigious part played by the plastic in the history of human expression is receiving a recognition long overdue. I remember once many years ago a number of us were wasting time in playing one of those games dear to the desultory, consisting of making lists of the world's greatest men. We had discussed and accredited perhaps a dozen, when Homer Martin, being asked to contribute, exclaimed, "Well, I think it's about time to put in an artist or two." The list was revised, but less radically, I imagine, than it would be to-day. In France to-day no literary critic with a tittle of Sainte-Beuve's authority would be likely to incur the genuine compassion expressed for Sainte-Beuve when he ventured to talk about art by the Goncourts in their candid diary. In England such a critic as Pater probably owes his reputation quite as much to his sense for the plastic as to his Platonism. In Germany, doubtless, the importance of aesthetics as a constituent of general culture has been generally felt since Lessing's time, and could hardly fail of universal recognition in the shadow of Goethe. With us in America progress in this very vital respect has notoriously been slower, and it is not uncommon to find literary critics who evince or even profess an ignorance of art more or less

consciously considered by them a mark of more concentrated literary seriousness. And if an academy of art and letters should contribute in the least to remove this misconception, it would disclose one *raison-d'être* and justify its modest pretensions.

For so far as criticism is concerned with the esthetic element, the element of beauty, in literature a knowledge of esthetic history and philosophy, theory and practice, serves it with almost self-evident pertinence. The principles of art and letters being largely identical, esthetic knowledge in the discussion of belles-lettres answers very much the purpose of a diagram in a demonstration. In virtue of it the critic may transpose his theme into a plastic key, as it were, and thus get nearer to its essential artistic quality by looking beyond the limitations of its proper technic. Similarly useful the art critic of any distinction has always found literary culture, and if this has led him sometimes to overdo the matter, it has been due not to his knowledge of literature, but to his ignorance of art. But this ignorance is measurably as incapacitating to the critic of belles-lettres, whose ability to deal with the plastic that can only be felt must manifestly be immensely aided by an education in the plastic that can be seen as well. And for the critic of thought as well as of expression, the critic who deals with the relations of letters to life, the culture that is artistic as well as literary, has the value inherent in acquaintance with the history and practice of one of the most influential, inspiring, and illuminating fields that the human spirit has cultivated almost from the beginning of time.

Examples in abundance fortify the inherent reasonableness of this general claim for what I have called cognate culture. The "cases" confirm the theory, which of course otherwise they would confute. The three great modern critics of France show each in his own way the value of culture in the

critical equipment. Sainte-Beuve's criticism is what it is largely because of his saturation with literature in general, not belles-lettres exclusively, of the sensitiveness and severity of taste thus acquired, or at least certified and invigorated, and of the instinctive ease and almost scientific precision with which he was thus enabled to apply in his own art that comparative method already established in the scientific study of linguistics and literary history. Moreover, the range within which his exquisite critical faculty operated so felicitously acquired an extension of dignity and authoritativeness quite beyond the reach of belles-lettres in the production of his massive and monumental history of Port Royal. His culture, in a word, as well as his native bent, was such as considerably to obscure the significance of his having "failed" in early experimentation as a novelist and as a poet.

How predominant the strain of scholarship and philosophic training is in the criticism of Taine it is superfluous to point out; the belletristic fanatics have been so tireless in its disparagement that at the present time, probably, his chief quality is popularly esteemed his characteristic defect. But the apt consideration for our present purpose is the notable *service* which his philosophy and history have rendered a remarkable body of criticism both esthetic and literary, not the occasional way in which they invalidate its conclusiveness. Almost all histories of English literature seem inconsecutive and desultory or else congested and casual compared with Taine's great work, whose misappreciations, as I say, correct themselves for us, but whose stimulus remains exhaustless. And one may say that he has established the criticism of art on its present basis. The "Lectures" and the "Travels in Italy" first vitally connected art with life, and demonstrated its title by recognizing it as an expression rather than as an exercise. Certainly the latter

phase demands interpretative treatment also, and it would be idle to ignore in Taine a lack of the sensuous sensitiveness that gives to Fromentin's slender volume so much more than a purely technical interest. Just as it would be to look in him for the exquisite appreciation of personal idiosyncrasy possessed by Sainte-Beuve. But in his treatment of art, as well as of literature, the philosophic structure around which he masses and distributes his detail is of a stability and significance of design that amply atone for the misapplication or misunderstanding of some of the detail itself.

Another instance of the value of culture in fields outside strictly literary and esthetic confines, though, as I am contending, strictly cognate to them, is furnished by the essays of Edmond Scherer. To the comparative, personal, and circumstantial judgments of Sainte-Beuve, to the systematic historical and evolutionary theory of Taine, there succeeded in Scherer the point of view suggested rather than defined in the statement of Rod, to the effect that Scherer judged not with his intelligence, but with his character. Rod meant his epigram as a eulogy. Professor Saintsbury esteems it a betrayal, his own theory of criticism being of the art-for-art's-sake order, finding its justification in that "it helps the ear to listen when the horns of Elf-land blow," and denying to it, or to what he calls "pure literature," any but hedonistic sanctions—piquant philosophy, one may remark, for a connoisseur without a palate. Character, at all events, forms a signal element in the judgments of Scherer's austere and elevated criticism, and if it made him exacting in the presence of the frivolous, the irresponsible, and the insincere, and limited his responsiveness to the comic spirit, as it certainly did in the case of Molière, it undoubtedly made his reprehensions significant and his admirations authoritative. He began his career, you remember, as a *pasteur*,

and though he gradually reached an agnostic position in theology, he had had an experience in itself a guarantee, in a mind of his intelligence, of spirituality and high seriousness in dealing with literary subjects, and as absent from Sainte-Beuve's objectivity as it is from Taine's materialistic determinism. Without Renan's sinuous charm and truly catholic open-mindedness, this Protestant-trained theologian turned critic brings to criticism not merely the sinews of spiritual centrality and personal independence, but a philosophic depth and expertness in reasoning that set him quite apart from his congeners, and establish for him a unique position in French literature. Criticism has never reached a higher plane in literature conceived as, in Carlyle's words, "The Thought of Thinking Souls," and it holds it not only in virtue of a native ideality and a perceptive penetration that atone in soundness for whatever they may lack in plasticity, but also, it is not to be doubted, in virtue of the severe and ratiocinative culture for which Geneva has stood for centuries.

III

Its equipment established, criticism calls for a criterion. Sainte-Beuve says somewhere that our liking anything is not enough; that it is necessary to know further whether we are right in liking it—one of his many utterances that show how thoroughly and in what classic spirit he later rationalized his early romanticism. The remark judges in advance the current critical impressionism. It involves more than the implication of Mr. Vedder's well-known retort to the time-honored philistine boast, "I know nothing of art, but I know what I like," "So do the beasts of the field." Critical impressionism, intelligent and scholarly, such as that illustrated and advocated by M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Anatole France, for example, though it may, I think, be strictly defined as appetite, has certain-

ly nothing gross about it, but, contrariwise, everything that is refined. Its position is, in fact, that soundness of criticism varies directly with the fastidiousness of the critic, and that consequently this fastidiousness cannot be too highly cultivated, since it is the court of final jurisdiction. It is, however, a court which resembles rather a star chamber, in having the peculiarity of giving no reasons for its decisions. It has therefore at the outset an obvious disadvantage in the impossibility of validating its decisions for the acceptance of others. So far as this is concerned, it can only say, "If you are as well endowed with taste, native and acquired, as I am, the chances are that you will feel in the same way." But it is of the tolerant essence of impressionism to acknowledge that there is no certainty about the matter. And in truth the material to be judged is too multifarious for the criterion of taste. The very fact that so much matter for criticism still remains matter of controversy proves the proverb that tastes differ, and the corollary that there is no use in disputing about them. It is quite probable that M. France would find M. Lemaitre's plays and stories insipid, and quite certain that M. Lemaitre would shrink from the strain of salacity in M. France's romance. High differentiation and the acme of aristocratic fastidiousness, which both of these writers illustrate, manifestly do not serve to unify their taste. An appeal to taste as a universal arbiter is vain, since there is no universal taste. And criticism, to be convincing, must appeal to some accepted standard. And the aim of criticism is conviction. Otherwise actuated, it must be pursued on the art-for-art theory, which, in its case, at least, would involve a loss of identity.

Feeling the unsatisfactoriness of the impressionist's irresponsibility, the late Ferdinand Brunetière undertook a campaign in opposition to it. He began it, if I remember aright, in his

lectures in this country a dozen years ago. These lectures, however, and the course of polemics which followed them excelled particularly, I think, in attack. They contained some very effective destructive criticism of mere personal preference, no matter whose, as a final critical criterion. Constructively, on the other hand, Brunetière was less convincing. In a positive way he had nothing to offer but a defence of academic standards. He harked back to the classic canon—that canon in accordance with which were produced those works designed, as Stendhal says, “to give the utmost possible pleasure to our great-grandfathers.” Whereas criticism is a live art, and contemporaneity is of its essence. Once codified, it releases the genuine critic to conceive new combinations,—the “new duties” taught by “new occasions,”—and becomes itself either elementary or obsolete. Whatever our view of criticism, it is impossible at the present day to conceive it as formula, and the rigidity of rules of taste is less acceptable than the license permitted under the reign of taste unregulated, however irregular, individual, and irresponsible. In spite of the logical weakness of the impressionist theory, it is to be observed that a high level of taste uniform enough to constitute a very serviceable arbiter is practically attainable, and, as a matter of fact, is, in France at least, often attained.

For in criticism, as elsewhere, it is true that we rest finally upon instinct, and faith underlies reason. The impressionist may properly remind us that all proof, even Euclidian, proceeds upon postulates. The postulates of criticism, however, are apt unsatisfactorily to differ from those of mathematics in being propositions taken for granted rather than self-evident. The distinction is radical. It is not the fact that everybody is agreed about them that gives axioms their validity, but their self-evidence. Postulates that

depend on the sanction of universal agreement, on the other hand, are conventions. Even sound intuitions, fundamental as they may be, do not take us very far. Pascal, who, though one of the greatest of reasoners, is always girding at reason, was obliged to admit that it does the overwhelming bulk of the work. “Would to God,” he exclaims, “that we had never any need of it, and knew everything by instinct and sentiment! But Nature has refused us this blessing; she has, on the contrary, given us but very little knowledge of this kind, and all other knowledge can be acquired only by reasoning.” But if intuitions had all the importance claimed for them, it would still be true that conventions are extremely likely to be disintegrated by the mere lapse of time into what every one sees to have been really inductions from practice become temporarily and more or less fortuitously general, and not genuine intuitive postulates at all.

So that, in brief, when the impressionist alleges that a correct judgment of a work of literature or art depends ultimately upon feeling, we are quite justified in requiring him to tell us *why* he feels as he does about it. It is not enough for him to say that he is a person of particularly sensitive and sound organization, and that his feeling, therefore, has a corresponding finality. In the first place, as I have already intimated, it is impossible to find in the judgments derived from pure taste anything like the uniformity to be found in the equipments as regards taste of the judges themselves. But for all their fastidiousness, they are as amenable as grosser spirits to the test of reason. And it is only rational that the first question asked of them when they appeal to the arbitrament of feeling should be, Is your feeling the result of direct intuitive perception or of unconscious subscription to convention? Your true distinction from the beasts of the field surely should be not so much in your superior

organization resulting in superior taste, as in freedom from the conventional, to which even in their appetites the beasts of the field, often extremely fastidious in point of taste, are nevertheless notoriously enslaved. In a word, even though impressionism be philosophically sound in its impeachment of reason unsupported by intuitive taste, it cannot dethrone reason as an arbiter in favor of the taste that is not intuitive, but conventional. The true criterion of criticism, therefore, is to be found only in the rationalizing of taste.

There is nothing truistic at the present time in celebrating the thinking power, counseling its cultivation and advocating its application, at least within the confines of criticism where the sensorium has decidedly supplanted it in consideration. Nor, on the other hand, is there anything recondite in so doing. It is as true as it used to be remembered, that it is in "reason" that a man is "noble," in "faculty" that he is "infinite," in "apprehension" that he is "like a god." The importance of his exquisite sensitiveness to impressions is a post-Shaksperian discovery.

In America I think our star examples illustrate the soundness of the rational rather than the impressionist standard, and point the pertinence of its recommendation to those who have perhaps an idea that it died with Macaulay and is as defunct as Johnson, having given place to that which perhaps discounts its prejudices, but plainly caresses its predilections as warrant of "insight" and "sympathy." Certainly American literature has one critic who so definitely illustrated the value of the thinking power in criticism that he may be said almost to personify the principle of critical ratiocination. I mean Poe. Poe's reasons were not the result of reflection, and his ideas were often the "crotchets" Stedman calls them, but he was eminently prolific in both, and his handling of them was expertness itself. His ratiocination here has the artistic interest it had in those

of his tales that are based on it, and that are imaginative, as mathematics are imaginative. And his dogmas were no more conventions than his conclusions were impressions. His criticism was equally removed from the canonical and the latitudinarian. If he stated a proposition, he essayed to demonstrate it; and if he expressed a preference, he told *why* he had it.

The epicurean test of the impressionist, let me repeat, is of course not a standard, since what gives pleasure to some gives none to others. And some standard is a necessary postulate not only of all criticism, but of all discussion or even discourse. Without one, art must indeed be "received in silence," as recommended by the taciturn Whistler. In literature and art there are, it is true, no longer any statutes; but the common law of principles is as applicable as ever, and it behooves criticism to interpret the cases that come before it in the light of these. Its function is judicial, and its business to weigh and reason rather than merely to testify and record. And if it belongs in the field of reason rather than in that of emotion, it must consider less the pleasure that a work of art produces than the worth of the work itself. This is a commonplace in ethics, where conduct is not approved by its happy result, but by its spiritual worthiness. And if art and literature were felt to be as important as ethics, the same distinction would doubtless have become as universal in literary and art criticism. Which is of course only another way of stating Sainte-Beuve's contention that we need to know whether we are right or not when we are pleased. And the only guide to this knowledge, beyond the culture which however immensely it may aid us, does not automatically produce conformity or secure conviction, is the criterion of reason applied to the work of ascertaining value apart from mere attractiveness. The attractiveness will take care of it-

self, as happiness does when we have done our duty.

Finally,—and if I have hitherto elaborated to excess, here I need not elaborate at all,—no other than a rational criterion so well serves criticism in the most important of all its functions—that of establishing and determining the relation of art and letters to the life that is their substance and their subject as well.

IV

And a rational criterion implies a constructive method. In itself analysis reaches no conclusion, which is the end and aim of reason. Invaluable as is its service in detail, some rational ideal must underlie its processes; and if these are to be fruitful, they must determine the relations of the matter in hand to this ideal, and even in dissection contribute to the synthesis that constitutes the essence of every work of any individuality. A work of criticism is in fact as much a thesis as its theme, and the same thematic treatment is to be exacted of it. And considered in this way as a thesis, its unity is to be secured only by the development in detail of some central conception preliminarily established and constantly referred to, however arrived at, whether by intuition or analysis. The detail thus treated becomes truly contributive and constructive in a way open to no other method. We may say, indeed, that all criticism of real moment, even impressionist criticism, has this synthetic aspect at least, as otherwise it must lack even the appearance of that organic quality necessary to effectiveness. And when we read some very interesting and distinguished criticism,—such as the agglutinate and amorphous essays of Lowell, for example,—and compare it with concentric and constructive work,—such as *par excellence* that of Arnold,—we can readily see that its failure in force is one of method as well as of faculty.

It is true that the monument which

Sainte-Beuve's critical essays constitute is, in spite of their disproportionate analysis, far otherwise considerable than the fascinating historical and evolutionary frame-work within which Taine's brilliant synthesis so hypnotizes our critical faculty. But in detail it is itself markedly synthetic, showing in general at the same time that the wiser business of criticism is to occupy itself with examples, not with theories. For with examples we have the unity "given"; it is actual, not problematical. And in criticism of the larger kind, as distinct from mere reviewing or expert commentary, by examples we mean, virtually, and excluding topics of more comprehensive scope, personalities. That is to say, not "Don Juan," but Byron; not the Choral Symphony, but Beethoven. I mean, of course, so far as personality is expressed in work, and do not suggest invasion of the field of biography, except to tact commensurable with that which so notably served Sainte-Beuve. There is here ample scope for the freest exercise of the synthetic method without issuing into more speculative fields. For personality is the most concrete and consistent entity imaginable, mysteriously unifying the most varied and complicated attributes. The solution of this mystery is the end of critical research. To state it is the crown of critical achievement. The critic may well disembarass himself of theoretical apparatus, augment and mobilize his stock of ideas, sharpen his faculties of penetration, and set in order all his constructive capacity before attacking such a complex as any personality worthy of attention at all presents at the very outset. If he takes to pieces and puts together again the elements of its composition, and in the process or in the result conveys a correct judgment as well as portrait of the original thus interpreted, he has accomplished the essentially critical part of a task demanding the exercise of all his powers. And I think he will achieve the most useful result in following the

line I have endeavored to trace in the work of the true masters of this branch of literature, the born critics whose practice shows it to be a distinctive branch of literature, having a function, an equipment, a standard, and a method of its own. For beyond denial criticism is itself an art and, as many of its most successful products have been entitled "portraits," sustains a closer analogy at its best with plastic portraiture than with such pursuits as history and philosophy, which seek system through science. One of Sainte-Beuve's studies is as definitely a portrait as one of Holbein's, and, on the other hand, a portrait by Sargent, for example, is only more obviously and not more really a critical product than are the famous portraits that have interpreted to us the generations of the great. More exclusively imaginative art the critic must, it is true, forego. He would wisely confine himself to portraiture and eschew the panorama. In essaying a "School of Athens," he is apt, rather, to produce a "Victory of Constantine." His direct aim is truth even in dealing with beauty, forgetting which his criticism is menaced with transmutation into the kind of poetry

that one "drops into" rather than attains.

I have dwelt on the esthetic as well as the literary field in the province of criticism, and insisted on the esthetic element as well as the historic in the culture that criticism calls for, because it is eminently pertinent to do so in addressing the Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. But there is the additional and intrinsic pertinence, implied in the title itself of these institutions, that in a very true and fundamental sense art and letters are one. They are so, at all events, in so far as the function of criticism is concerned, and dictate to this the same practice. Current philosophy may find a pragmatic sanction for a pluralistic universe, but in the criticism of art, whether plastic or literary, we are all "monists." The end of our effort is a true estimate of the data encountered in the search for that beauty which from Plato to Keats has been identified with truth, and the highest service of criticism is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and the false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the good.

THE REVOLT OF THE UNFIT

Reflections on the Doctrine of Evolution

BY NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

There are wars and rumors of wars in a portion of the territory occupied by the doctrine of organic evolution. All is not working smoothly and well and according to formula. It begins to appear that those men of science who, having derived the doctrine of organic evolution in its modern form from observations on earthworms, on climbing-plants, and on brightly colored birds, and who then straightway applied it blithely to man and his affairs, have made enemies of no small part of the human race.

It was all well enough to treat some earthworms, some climbing-plants, and some brightly colored birds as fit, and others as unfit, to survive; but when this distinction is extended over human beings and their economic, social, and political affairs, there is a general pricking-up of ears. The consciously fit look down on the resulting discussions with complacent scorn. The consciously unfit rage and roar loudly; while the unconsciously unfit bestir themselves mightily to overturn the whole theory upon which the distinction between fitness and unfitness rests. If any law of nature makes so absurd a distinction as that, then the offending and obnoxious law must be repealed, and that quickly.

The trouble appears to arise primarily from the fact that man does not like what may be termed his evolutionary poor relations. He is willing enough to read about earthworms and climbing-plants and brightly colored birds, but he does not want nature to be making leaps from any of these to him.

The earthworm, which, not being adapted to its surroundings, soon dies unhonored and unsung, passes peacefully out of life without either a coroner's inquest, an indictment for earthworm slaughter, a legislative proposal for the future protection of earthworms, or even a new society for the reform of the social and economic state of the earthworms that are left. Even the quasi-intelligent climbing-plant and the brightly colored bird, humanly vain, find an equally inconspicuous fate awaiting them. This is the way nature operates when unimpeded or unchallenged by the powerful manifestations of human revolt or human revenge. Of course if man understood the place assigned to him in nature by the doctrine of organic evolution as well as the earthworm, the climbing-plant, and the brightly colored bird understand theirs; he, too, like them, would submit to nature's processes and decrees without a protest. As a matter of logic, no doubt he ought to; but after all these centuries, it is still a far cry from logic to life.

In fact, man, unless he is consciously and admittedly fit, revolts against the implication of the doctrine of evolution, and objects both to being considered unfit to survive and succeed, and to being forced to accept the only fate which nature offers to those who are unfit for survival and success. Indeed, he manifests with amazing pertinacity what Schopenhauer used to call "the will to live," and considerations and arguments based on adaptability to environment have no weight with him. So

much the worse for environment, he cries; and straightway sets out to prove it.

On the other hand, those humans who are classed by the doctrine of evolution as fit, exhibit a most disconcerting satisfaction with things as they are. The fit make no conscious struggle for existence. They do not have to. Being fit, they survive *ipso facto*. Thus does the doctrine of evolution, like a playful kitten, merrily pursue its tail with rapturous delight. The fit survive; those survive who are fit. Nothing could be more simple.

Those who are not adapted to the conditions that surround them, however, rebel against the fate of the earthworm and the climbing-plant and the brightly colored bird, and engage in a conscious struggle for existence and for success in that existence despite their inappropriate environment. Statutes can be repealed or amended; why not laws of nature as well? Those human beings who are unfit have, it must be admitted, one great, though perhaps temporary, advantage over the laws of nature; for the laws of nature have not yet been granted suffrage, and the organized unfit can always lead a large majority to the polls. So soon as knowledge of this fact becomes common property, the laws of nature will have a bad quarter of an hour in more countries than one.

The revolt of the unfit primarily takes the form of attempts to lessen and to limit competition, which is instinctively felt, and with reason, to be part of the struggle for existence and for success. The inequalities which nature makes, and without which the process of evolution could not go on, the unfit propose to smooth away and to wipe out by that magic fiat of collective human will called legislation. The great struggle between the gods of Olympus and the Titans, which the ancient sculptors so loved to picture, was child's play compared with the strug-

gle between the laws of nature and the laws of man which the civilized world is apparently soon to be invited to witness. This struggle will bear a little examination, and it may be that the laws of nature, as the doctrine of evolution conceives and states them, will not have everything their own way.

Professor Huxley, whose orthodoxy as an evolutionist will hardly be questioned, made a suggestion of this kind in his Romanes lecture as long ago as 1893. He called attention then to the fact that there is a fallacy in the notion that because, on the whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organization by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent survival of the fittest, therefore, men as social and ethical beings must depend upon the same process to help them to perfection. As Professor Huxley suggests, this fallacy doubtless has its origin in the ambiguity of the phrase "survival of the fittest." One jumps to the conclusion that fittest means best; whereas, of course, it has in it no moral element whatever. The doctrine of evolution uses the term fitness in a hard and stern sense. Nothing more is meant by it than a measure of adaptation to surrounding conditions. Into this conception of fitness there enters no element of beauty, no element of morality, no element of progress toward an ideal. Fitness is a cold fact ascertainable with almost mathematical certainty.

We now begin to catch sight of the real significance of this struggle between the laws of nature and the laws of man. From one point of view the struggle is hopeless from the start; from another it is full of promise. If it be true that man really proposes to halt the laws of nature by his legislation, then the struggle is hopeless. It is only a question of time when the laws of nature will have their way. If, on the other hand, the struggle between the laws of nature and the laws of man is in reality a mock struggle, and the

supposed combat merely an exhibition of evolutionary boxing, then we may find a clue to what is really going on.

It might be worth while, for example, to follow up the suggestion that in looking back over the whole series of products of organic evolution, the real successes and permanences of life are to be found among those species that have been able to institute something like what we call a social system. Whenever an individual insists upon treating himself as an end in himself, and all other individuals as his actual or potential competitors or enemies, then the fate of the earthworm, the climbing-plant, and the brightly colored bird is sure to be his; for he has brought himself under the jurisdiction of one of nature's laws, and sooner or later he must succumb to that law of nature, and in the struggle for existence his place will be marked out for him by it with unerring precision. If, however, he has developed so far as to have risen to the lofty height of human sympathy, and thereby has learned to transcend his individuality and to make himself a member of a larger whole, he may then save himself from the extinction which follows inevitably upon proved unfitness in the individual struggle for existence.

So soon as the individual has something to give, there will be those who have something to give to him, and he elevates himself above this relentless law with its inexorable punishments for the unfit. At that point, when individuals begin to give each to the other, then their mutual coöperation and interdependence build human society, and participation in that society changes the whole character of the human struggle. Nevertheless, large numbers of human beings carry with them into social and political relations the traditions and instincts of the old individualistic struggle for existence, with the laws of organic evolution pointing grimly to their several destinies. These are not able to realize that moral elements, and

what we call progress toward an end or ideal, are not found under the operation of the law of natural selection, but have to be discovered elsewhere and added to it. Beauty, morality, progress have other lurking-places than in the struggle for existence, and they have for their sponsors other laws than that of natural selection. You will read the pages of Darwin and of Herbert Spencer in vain for any indication of how the Parthenon was produced, how the Sistine Madonna, how the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, how the "Divine Comedy," or "Hamlet" or "Faust." There are many mysteries left in the world, thank God and these are some of them.

The escape of genius from the cloud-covered mountain-tops of the unknown into human society has not yet been accounted for. Even Rousseau made a mistake. When he was writing the "Contrat social" it is recorded that his attention was favorably attracted by the island of Corsica. He, being engaged in the process of finding out how to repeal the laws of man by the laws of nature, spoke of Corsica as the one country in Europe that seemed to him capable of legislation. This led him to add: "I have a presentiment that some day this little island will astonish Europe." It was not long before Corsica did astonish Europe, but not by any capacity for legislation. As some clever person has said, it let loose Napoleon. We know nothing more of the origin and advent of genius than that.

Perhaps we should comprehend these things better were it not for the persistence of the superstition that human beings habitually think. There is no more persistent superstition than this. Linnæus helped it on to an undeserved permanence when he devised the name *Homo sapiens* for the highest species of the order primates. That was the quintessence of complimentary nomenclature. Of course human beings as such do not think. A real thinker is one of the rarest things in nature. He

comes only at long intervals in human history, and when he does come, he is often astonishingly unwelcome. Indeed, he is sometimes speedily sent the way of the unfit and unprotesting earthworm. Emerson understood this, as he understood so many other of the deep things of life. For he wrote: "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk."

The plain fact is that man is not ruled by thinking. When man thinks he thinks, he usually merely feels; and his instincts and feelings are powerful precisely in proportion as they are irrational. Reason reveals the other side, and a knowledge of the other side is fatal to the driving power of a prejudice. Prejudices have their important uses, but it is well to try not to mix them up with principles.

The underlying principle in the widespread and ominous revolt of the unfit is that moral considerations must outweigh the mere blind struggle for existence in human affairs.

It is to this fact that we must hold fast if we would understand the world of to-day, and still more the world of to-morrow. The purpose of the revolt of the unfit is to substitute interdependence on a higher plane for the struggle for existence on a lower one.

Who dares attempt to picture what will happen if this revolt shall not succeed?

These are problems full of fascination. In one form or another they will persist as long as humanity itself. There is only one way of getting rid of them, and that is so charmingly and wittily pointed out by Robert Louis Stevenson in his fable, "The Four Reformers," that I wish to quote it:

"Four reformers met under a bramble-bush. They were all agreed the world must be changed. 'We must abolish property,' said one.

"'We must abolish marriage,' said the second.

"'We must abolish God,' said the third.

"'I wish we could abolish work,' said the fourth.

"'Do not let us get beyond practical politics,' said the first. 'The first thing is to reduce men to a common level.'

"'The first thing,' said the second, 'is to give freedom to the sexes.'

"'The first thing,' said the third, 'is to find out how to do it.'

"'The first step,' said the first, 'is to abolish the Bible.'

"'The first thing,' said the second, 'is to abolish the laws.'

"'The first thing,' said the third, 'is to abolish mankind.'"

THE LIVING PAST IN THE LIVING PRESENT

BY HENRY MILLS ALDEN

The mind of man is prophetic and reflective—"looking before and after." The soul dreams and remembers. But if we would comprehend what it really is to dream or to remember, we must give back to time the integrity which belongs to it as a term of life, but which is formally divided by our understanding. Seen as sections, apart from life, past, present, and future are not real, but notional. The past is not realizable, if we think of it as having wholly passed; the future is not, if we think of it as yet to come; and the present is least of all realizable, for while we have memory or record of the past, and hope or dream of the future, the present wholly eludes our grasp—one part of it gone and the other not yet come. Past and future have no continent, yet there only can we dwell, and the present, which alone is a continent, waits not for our dwelling. The passing alone is real, and there is no time except in our sense of this passing—a living and immediate sense of it not as mechanical motion, but as pulsation. Life is creative, and the only reality is the *forever becoming*.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, thinkers were turning to Kant, who presented a scheme of the Understanding in which the ideas of time, space, and causation were seen as subjective. At the beginning of the twentieth century, we are turning to Bergson, who, by the substitution of creative procedure for Kant's subjective scheme, has solved all the problems which the formal and inadequate Kantian system left to vex the minds of his successors. The moment we regard life as creative, all problems disappear. We no longer seek explica-

tion, but rest upon implication through a living reason, itself as creative as life is. The real excludes the notional. Life is qualitative, not quantitative. We see flux and persistence as complementary.

In what are called practical affairs—where we consider everything with reference to antecedence and consequence, thus acquiring a mechanical view of causation—we regard experience as static. In creative life—where we are freed from the fixed nexus of sequence, where we live intensively, and do not ask of any quality "Why?" or "What for?"—experience is wholly dynamic.

Here we touch the pulse of vibrant, enduring life, intensive and persistent. We see what the historic sense—the sense of the integrity and continuity of life—really is, and what sensibility itself is, being a response, in a rhythmic living organism, to rhythmic vibrations, and that there is no reality outside of the pulsing life. Here we arrive at true transvaluations—from static and mechanical to dynamic. Life is creative, crescent and, in its incessant mutations, renascent. Memory is not a storehouse, but a resurgence, and there is nothing of vital importance to us in the record which registers memory save as we feel in it a living pulse coherent with present impulse. That is what I mean by the "living past in the living present."

The more intensively a people lives, with swift mutations of its creative life in art and literature, the deeper is its curiosity concerning the past and the greater its capacity to hold the past in dynamic coherence with its present.

Our twentieth-century present has a quicker pulse of creative life than has ever been felt before in the world. Yet there has never been an age in which

the living past has been so deeply involved in the creative realization of its ideals. This is so because our present civilization is more intensively dynamic than that of any previous age, therefore more crescent, more vitally assimilative, more quickly eliminative, rejecting the non-living and the unreal. In our use of the subtle and imponderable physical forces, our mechanism simulates the processes of life. The electric dynamo is, in its responses and inhibitions, almost physiological. We have not so much to say about the inevitable "vice of system" as we had twenty years ago, because our vibrant life has entered into our systems, giving them heart and nerve and sensibility. In the field of imagination the pulse of a creative human life dominates the creations of art and literature, discarding the notional and artificial and the dimensionally impressive, and emphasizing the intensive quality.

Ours is indeed a living present. Its swift mutations give a new measure to time itself—the measure of our forever renescent purpose and sensibility, the measure of our human consciousness, expanding with each new moment of the more and more intensive life. When we consider the forward-looking purpose of our time, we are sensibly impressed by immense achievements and undertakings furthering our material progress, and we know that in this field the modern man is self-sufficient. But the organization of our twentieth-century life, apart from its practical side, where we aim at efficiency, is coming to participate in our creative ideals. We take note of this especially, of course, in associate altruistic work, prompted not by conscience, but by sensitive sympathy. But our creation of a new politics springs from the same beautiful motive, in full harmony with that vital altruism which desires to effect, in so far as possible, the equalization of social opportunity. The organization of business on a non-competitive basis, working hand in hand

with this new politics, promises to reach a rhythmic harmony which will not only transcend arbitrary industrial control, but connote brotherhood and expel war from Christendom.

In this survey of mutations by which our consciousness is at once expanded and transformed, we have only noted the manifest alliance between ultra-modern organization and ultra-modern ideals; we have not touched upon these ideals themselves, which are not defined by any of these manifestations, and which are, indeed, inexplicable, always beyond us, eluding even their fairest embodiments.

But when we consider this human consciousness of our time, so different from the old heroic consciousness and from the most developed consciousness of Greek, Roman, or barbarian, do we not naturally ask what it can possibly want of the past? From a so superior point of vantage why look back?

It is not a question of what attitude we need to take, or ought to take, toward the past. There are no practical utilities to be derived from the study of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin; and in the field of our ideals the knowledge of history, as mere information, does not serve us. If we confine ourselves and our living experience to the aims and motives stimulated by present-day needs and prompted by present-day aspirations, we shall have practical efficiency in everything relating to material progress, and shall not lack in scientific research or in the arts of painting, music, and poetry. Fiction will lose nothing of its power and charm, and our human sympathies will have abundant opportunity for wide and noble exercise. But the disposition thus to confine ourselves would imply a lack in our human nature itself such as would shame our content and self-sufficiency.

The historic sense is to humanity what gravitation is to the physical universe—the reflex of its expansion. The earth's orbit is its confession of solar attraction, of harmonious coherence

with its source. So the historic sense, too often apparent to us merely by its gravities, is really an attraction, a continuing dynamic factor in the evolution of humanity. Physiologically, racially, and psychically humanity is spherical and orbital, as a result of this attraction, bound together in its severalties, remembering religiously a creative source, feeling in its own pulsations the beat of the fountain.

Our culture, in so far as it is a culture of the humanities, is the sum of our *cults*—that is, of the things we cherish because of this attraction, which, as we have said, is inseparable from human nature. We try to explain this attraction to ourselves in definite terms. We say that it is curiosity, the desire to include all knowledge within our mental domain; or that it is romance, the charm of that strangeness which is associated with the antique: but it existed before there was any mental awakening, almost as a human instinct, and in that long period of primitive naturalism when man, in a provincially intensive life, had only the backward and downward look, it was a sense of familiarity rather than of strangeness, the close bond of kinship holding the souls which death had strengthened and magnified in intimate communion with the living in the near and friendly darkness. The only culture then was made up of two cults,—that of the earth-mother and that of ancestors,—each too immediate to be called worship. This period of what may be called an insulated historic sense is especially interesting to us who are growing into a new realism, a second naturalism, the terms of which correspond to those of the first, though a whole world apart. The truth of life, after complex brokenness, is reintegrating, felt again as real, freed from notional distortions, from polemical discussions, and fanciful apprehensions—all this as in that primitive seclusion, but a luminous intuition instead of a sealed instinct. Our historic sense is

not insulated, but open—a sense of kinship raised to a psychological plane. It is as inexplicable as our idealism is, resting upon no logical grounds; like our forward-looking ideals, it springs from the very heart of desire. Therefore it gathers into the present, by vital, rather than by arbitrary, selection, the radiant moments of the creative life and art of the past, however diverse from our own their outward investment. These moments are notes in a rhythmic harmony not just in our key, perhaps, but responsive, and cherished—as old songs are—for the human music in them.

We are not considering here the inevitable participation of the past in the present as a matter of biology or heredity. Cultures have blended where races have not. Thus Buddhism came to Japan from India. Thus Greece and Rome and, in the course of a few centuries, all Europe received from Judea a spiritual principle which the Hebrews as a race repudiated, and which, confined to the East, would have had only a degenerate development. This principle, embodied in the living experience of men and women for generations before its official recognition, transformed Europe from pagandom to Christendom. This most creative of all cultures was even more a living heritage from one Christian generation to another than if it had been racial. And it is significant that the spirit of Hebrew prophecy and of the gospel was not less potently operative or less effectively transmitted when the peoples accepting these could not read the Hebrew or the Greek texts through which they were conveyed, and that when they came to read the Bible at all, they read it in their own vernacular.

But the whole Hebrew movement culminating in Christianity was so singular, so distinct from all other currents that have vitalized civilization, that it refuses classification.

Looking back, then, to those ancient races from which such heritage as we may have is indirect or, as in the case

of the Indo-European races, hidden in the lowest stratum of our language, we find ourselves dependent upon texts, monuments, and surviving examples for any knowledge of their creative art and literature. This whole field is open to special scholarship, aided by archaeological discoveries, and is deeply interesting to the philosopher. It is all human, and our knowledge of it is an important contribution to the expansion of our modern consciousness. No part of it—Egyptian, Phœnician, Accadian, Babylonian, Assyrian, or Aryan—is alien to human interest and curiosity. But of all these races the Hellenic alone presents a distinctively creative ideal which, with all its limitations, is vibrantly responsive to our own.

Greek culture, as compared with the Roman, is detached from us—from our language, our laws, our institutions, and the texture of our literature. Our debt to the Roman is immense, and especially to those qualities of the Roman which the Greek lacked,—justice and sincerity,—without which armies and navies innumerable would have been ineffectual and world-empire impossible. The genius of the Roman for the building of institutions, including that of the family, was almost creative; it was architectonic, without the Hellenic sense of beauty. The emperor's title of Pontifex Maximus was mightily significant not only for the old political empire, but as prophetic of the ecclesiastic pontificate. The Greek edification was psychically expansive, following the lines of the creative imagination, and manifest, therefore, chiefly in the achievements of her mighty poets, philosophers, sculptors, architects, and painters—a kind of empire which could not be overthrown.

Rome knew no dawn; we behold her only in her maturity and decline. But she died for the world. Greece is forever young—immortal, as genius is. She lived in the world which overwhelmed her in such measure as its principle of selection would allow.

Her culture became the elegant ornament of Eastern princes; the equipment of Cicero, to some purpose, and of Cæsar—to what issue it is as impossible to divine as to conjecture what Christianity could have meant to Constantine three centuries later. In the Roman ædification of the Catholic Church, at least in the matter of doctrine, Hellenism was not silent. Augustine, the chief of the Latin Fathers, was finally converted to the faith through the epistles of St. Paul, the Hellenist, and had come to these by way of Plato, though doubtless in a Latin version, as he was not a master of the Greek tongue. But the ecclesiastic fabric was as distinctively Roman as that of the empire had been; the Greek spirit forever eluded its formal lines.

The mediæval cosmopolitanism which the Church fostered by pilgrimages and crusades, developing European rather than separately national consciousness, helped to bring on the Renaissance, but threatened to overwhelm Europe with Latinity, and would have succeeded but for the resolve of the several Gothic peoples to develop independent nationalities and to maintain their vernacular speech. But this reaction did not help to a true revival of the Hellenic spirit. Latinity was the recognized bulwark of uniformity and established authority. The new art found its stimulus in Greek examples, a poetic exaltation of love in select circles fed upon Plato; but in education and literature generally Roman traditions were dominant.

The Elizabethan era produced a drama which was the only parallel of Greek tragedy in the age of Pericles; but its glory was not a direct response to its antetype. Æschylus did not live in Marlowe's mighty line, and Shakspeare knew him not. It was only such another time come to England as Greece had known—a time of awakening, of youth and buoyancy; such another people, with the sense in them of the sea; such another renascence of creative genius.

The eighteenth-century literature, before the Romantic revival, in no way reflected Greek genius. The nineteenth century began and continued in a different mood, reflective and interpretative as no previous century had been, prompted by high curiosity in scientific investigation, with those swift mutations of sensibility and ever-widening expansions of consciousness which deepen the historic sense. The Napoleonic wars, by reaction, stimulated and strengthened European nationalities and the development of an international policy. The romantic note of revolt against artifice and convention, against merely traditional and hereditary privilege and power, was dominant, stimulating individualism.

It was in the historic sense determined by such an attitude that made it not only possible, but inevitable, that Hellenism should be revived in its own essential quality and form, eliminated from its Latin habiliments and affiliations. It began to be creatively interpreted by vital assimilation in the poetry of Shelley and Keats and, later, in that of Tennyson and Browning, and by the greatest imaginative prose-essayists of the century, such as De Quincey and Pater and Symonds. No disclosures made by archæology have been deemed so precious as those which have brought to light new examples of Greek art or new texts of the Greek poets.

It is because Hellenism, as it is presented to us, is capable of so complete detachment, and can be regarded in its integrity, that its distinctive charm and imaginative values may be clearly apprehended by us and enter into our culture of the humanities for just what they are, not for spiritual exaltation or for any profound suggestiveness of the mystery of our human life, but as realizing in utmost visible perfection the forms of beauty and the rhythmic harmony of united physical and mental action. It is perhaps chiefly as illustrating the play of life, even in its agonism,

that Greek culture is our inspiration. Here at least our youth might derive from that culture an uplifting suggestion. The Hellenic games and public spectacles were inseparably associated with poetry and the plastic arts. The love of joy was joined to the love of beauty. Athletic exercise made the human body the inspiration of the sculptor, and it was fitting that the most eminent sculptors should make statues of Olympic victors. When we think of the Olympic games, we think also of Pindar and Herodotus, and of the artists who made these games the occasion for an exhibition of their paintings. We can hardly think of these affairs as amusements, since the Muses were so conspicuously present.

But while Hellenic more largely than any other ancient culture contributes to the expansion of our modern consciousness, yet, as a part of our educational curriculum, it should not be compulsory, but elective—elective because only as a dilection has it any living significance in our culture. There is nothing incongruous in the blending of culture with practical efficiency. Our most eminent financier is a man of fine scholarly tastes and a connoisseur and promoter of art. But the youth whose sole aim is practical efficiency is not in the mood to enjoy Greek literature or, for that matter, to get much good out of Latin. Culture is dependent upon individual desire and aspiration. Bryant had barely two years of a college course, but from choice he became a fit translator of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Americans have attained a foremost place in literature, have received the highest degrees from Oxford, and have assimilated more of ancient and modern culture than one out of a thousand college graduates, though they had no university training. Scholarship, in the special sense, is not to be depreciated. Homer and Pindar, Aristophanes and the Greek tragedians, are more intimately known by those who read them in the original, as Dante is to

those who read him in the Italian; but the best prose of any language is accessible, in adequate perfection, through translations. Much time would be saved by reading Plato in Jowett's translation, and the reader would thereby know Plato better, without any appreciable loss. Not only all the known facts, but the most subtle phases of ancient life, art, and literature, are open in his own language to any ardent student who has the passion for knowledge. If he has not the passion, there cannot be, from any source, a living past in his

present, or any living present to feel the pulse of that past.

The nearer past invites us as alluringly as the remote. Tennyson's dream, happily realized, was to write "The Idylls of the King." Browning felt the Gothic enchantment. The Romantic revival led Keats that way. Among the most interesting creative interpretations yet to come will be those tracing the evolution of the barbarian races of Europe along native lines before and after their blending with Christianity, and illuminated from the present or, rather, the coming moment.

MUSIC AND THE AMERICANS

BY WALTER DAMROSCH

This shall not be an effort to give you a thirty-minutes' history of music in this country. If that were my object, I could begin by telling you how that uncannily omniscient Benjamin Franklin played the guitar with taste and skill; how Boston once welcomed George Washington with a choral cantata, especially composed for the occasion, and performed with great éclat with trumpets and drums, quite in the Handelian fashion. But while all this is no doubt interesting, it can be found in various books and monographs on this subject. I shall endeavor, however, to speak of all this only in so far as it relates to the present and future state of music in this country—a country we all love passionately, whether it be ours by birth or adoption.

For to the artist this love of country may be a religion, and no socialistic dream of a universal brotherhood can as yet offer us a satisfactory substitute for a bond that at present unites ninety million people sprung from all races and creeds into an empire which is, at least politically, already an accomplished fact. I say politically only, for if the real proof of a racial and national union can be found only in a country's art, its literature, sculpture, painting, and music, we can as yet claim to be only on the threshold of such a lovely vision.

There seems to be no doubt that at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries music was cultivated in simple fashion by Americans as a real part of their home life. Then came the opening of the West, the discovery of gold in California, and the influx of thousands, nay, millions of immigrants. The stupendous commercial possibilities thus

opened before them seem to have killed for many years nearly all artistic aspirations. The real object of life, the cultivation and adoration of the beautiful, was lost in a general unrest and a mad lust for wealth. For a time it seemed as if the national soul had been drowned in an ocean of material prosperity or in the desire for it. The possibility of acquiring wealth quickly became so great and so alluring that true patriotism seemed to have been lost in individualism become rampant. Those were the brag and bluster days of "American Patriots," whose sneers at everything European and blatant praise of everything American made "America" a byword abroad. They carried the Stars and Stripes everywhere in noisy acclaim, perhaps even pinning the sacred emblem somewhere about their august person as they reluctantly climbed into the European four-poster, in order to register a perpetual protest against the European feather-bed.

It is an ugly picture that writers and historians present to us of life in America during the twenty-five years preceding the War of the Rebellion. There was no sculpture or painting, no architecture, no music worthy the name, but such faces as Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Emerson loom up as proof that in literature at least the national spirit was being nursed and fostered to burn again into brighter flame when better conditions should arise. Then came the internecine war of the North and the South, which by reawakening a love of country merged the individual into a greater whole, and through suffering and sacrifice developed the higher aspirations of the coun-

try, and kindled a torch the light of which has ever since illuminated the pathway of our art and literature.

Such music as we have developed since then seems to have come to us in different fashion than in Europe. There it has sprung for centuries from the people and from the people's songs. There folk-songs blossomed like flowers from the soil, and were carried into the homes of the people, to be guarded there, and cultivated as a precious possession, until the simple folk-song gradually became a Beethoven symphony or a Wagner opera. America has had no folk-songs, and therefore no home music, and what music we now have has been acquired by education alone, and only among that class that had not only the yearning for the beautiful, but also the time to develop it. I mean the American woman.

For teachers and performers, these women naturally turned to Europe, where music had been cultivated for centuries, and soon these began to arrive in a steady stream. Singers, instrumentalists, teachers, and orchestral players came by the hundreds, and for a long time, even into our day, everything that had a European trade-mark was considered far superior to anything that could be produced here. A musician had to speak with a foreign accent to be accepted. If he had long hair, so much the better. American singers had to study in Milan or Paris, and if they could boast of certain romantic episodes there, though they might not be invited to dinner, it certainly made them more interesting on the stage. Europe alone was supposed to give them that delightfully wonderful and mysterious something called an "artistic temperament," which of course could not be acquired in New York or Brooklyn, Kokomo or Walla Walla.

But let us not rail too much at these first inchoate yearnings of the American women for an emotional uplift, for we owe to them in the main whatever support music has received. These wom-

en, together with a long line of illustrious foreign musicians who made America their home, worked wonders in a comparatively short time, and as one of the results of this work we now have many American musicians who can hold their own against the world. But if New York, with a population of four million, can number only, perhaps, a paltry fifty thousand who may be considered musical, and of these fifty thousand at least forty thousand are women, we can hardly claim as yet to be a musical people, no matter how great the progress from nothing.

Even to-day a timid public may discriminate against the American in painting or music because the old idea that only Europe can produce real art still prevails, and it is true that the American artist has often suffered cruelly because of this discrimination and injustice. Our singers have had to make a success abroad before they could be accredited here, and American instrumentalists and conductors have sometimes been pushed aside to make room for visiting foreigners, birds of passage, who, no matter how high their artistic ideals in their own country, have come over here for greed alone. Artistic temperament? No! Commercialism run riot, though masquerading under high-sounding phrases about art. What a long procession of avaricious foreigners wends its way to our hospitable shores every autumn! Behold them as they approach! Portrait-painters, often no better than their American rivals, but more suave, keen, and commercial, fawning with foreign gallantry at the feet of our rich men's wives, and always with an eye toward possible sitters. Singers, demanding four times the wage they could obtain abroad, and often exaggerating their art into grotesque sensationalism such as they could not display in Berlin or Paris without being hooted off the stage. Celebrated or notorious composers, who even cynically sell their services to department stores for large sums of

money because, as they declare, "It makes no difference what you do in America." Guest-conductors, blandly ignorant of the glorious orchestral traditions which at least New York and Boston can claim for the last forty years, who think that they can instruct us in the classics by presenting them in distorted fashion or by impiously re-instrumentating pages and pages of the master works of the classic composers on the plea that if these unfortunates had lived in our time, they certainly would have used the modern orchestra. Just as if a modern painter would take a Botticelli Madonna and say: "Yes, the drawing is good, but the colors of the fifteenth century are so crude that I will repaint it in modern style."

All this motley crew returns to Europe with bulging pockets the moment their season here is over, and the moment that they have squeezed the very last dollar out of a credulous public. America and its development in art is nothing to them, and money seems to be their only reason for coming here.

Yet we need not despair. For conditions are slowly but surely improving not only in New York, but all over the country. Where forty years ago there were only two symphony orchestras, and those but poorly supported, there are to-day well endowed symphony-orchestras in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, St Paul, St. Louis, and Seattle. Many of these are conducted by musicians who, if not born Americans, have made America their home and hope, and a constantly growing percentage of the orchestral players were either born or educated in this country. We have well endowed operas in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and, above all, it is no longer necessary for a musical student to go abroad for his education. Musical schools with excellent instructors are to be found in most of our musical centers.

Formerly our students in composition had to go abroad for proper instruction, with the result that having spent their most impressionable years in a foreign country, they came back as a more or less good imitation of a German or French composer, as the case may be. To-day they can study in New York or Boston, and draw their inspiration from their native soil. Surely the place for the American artist is in his own country, and it is better for him to be unhappy here than happy elsewhere, even though his only reward be a martyr's crown. We now estimate those Americans at their proper worth who have voluntarily left this country to live abroad not for purposes of study or research or for the education of their children, but because, as they will tell you, gloves are five francs cheaper than in America, and one can get a splendid cook there for eight dollars a month. These people, having given up their own country and not really made themselves part or parcel of another, are truly exiles in a foreign land, men without a country. And, as Orestes says in Euripides's "Electra," "though he have bread to eat, an exile is a helpless man at best."

As a fact, the American man has generally held aloof from the entire musical development. He looks on music as something foreign, something like an accomplishment which his wife and daughters can acquire, or buy, if they wish it, but too effeminate for his sons; and as for himself, why, of course he has no time for anything of that kind. And so, partly owing to the constant pressure of competition in business, the perpetual harping on the one idea of business, of desire for wealth, or of feverishly developing the resources of this country, he has gradually become that dreadful modern product, "the tired American business man."

If you should wander through the residential quarters of this city, you would see rows and rows of nice, respectable, often palatial-looking houses

which repeat themselves on dozens and dozens of streets, and you may wonder who lives in them. The inmates do not seem to figure largely in the social life of the city; they are not seen much at the opera or at concerts, and yet they must be well to do, for real estate is valuable and rents are high. These houses are comfortably, perhaps even luxuriously, furnished; but there is something curiously silent about them. They are like a forest without singing birds, melancholy and lifeless. Just as in such a forest you may hear occasionally the raucous croakings of a crow, so in these houses, when the piano is opened, it is only to be used either for the mechanical and predigested paper rolls of the piano-player or for some vulgar or platitudinous song of the day, which, clad in gaudy red covers, has been brought home by the daughter of the house. There is no family life as we understand it, no gayety, no chaff, no joy of living. All that the great masters of the world have fashioned for us in art and literature does not exist for these people. They are like corpses going drearily through the mere semblance of life.

Who, then, are they and what do they get out of this semblance? I will tell you the terrible secret. All these hundreds and hundreds of nice houses are inhabited by the "tired American business man" and his family. Every morning at seven-thirty he drags himself from his weary couch, and after a breakfast much too heavy for his needs, he goes to that dreadful region of the city called "down-town," where he begins his daily round of business at nine o'clock, and continues it until five or six. Nothing but business, business all day long. For, as he will tell you, competition, like a fiend, is always at his flanks, driving him on, or beckoning to him with alluring gestures that the great natural resources of the country must be developed. If you argue with him that there is no inner necessity why

these resources should be developed so immediately and so feverishly, and that there is nothing that can possibly make up to him for what he loses in the real enjoyment of life, which is perception of beauty, whether in the lines of a Rodin, the tints of a Turner, or the symphonies of a Beethoven, he will look at you in amazement. He has no time for such foolishness, and of course the country has to be developed, and moreover, if he did not do it, his rival would.

He may have had four years of rollicking, care-free college life—a life of some ideals, of contact with things artistic; but, alas! under the grind of this devil business, most of these finer perceptions and aspirations have been smothered or atrophied from lack of use. No wonder that under such pressure, from which there seems no release, he becomes—tired. He can no longer read a book which makes demands on the esthetic side of his nature. To go to a concert would bore him; for his mind is not capable of following the development of a musical idea into symphonic woof and structure. When he comes home in the evening, he seems fitted for nothing perhaps but a visit to the lightest of farce-comedies, or, better still, an early bed. And mind you, this condition is not peculiar to New York, but repeats itself in every city of the Union. And most strange, this unnatural life of dreary drudgery is accepted by every good wife as a perfectly normal and universal condition, which is even further accentuated in summer, when she and the children go to the country. Small wonder that family life cannot exist where there is so little community of interest, and the desire for the joy of living, which is so strong and so natural in young hearts, may degenerate in the case of the son into a life of dissipation, and in the daughter into the silliest of silly amusements. Is this necessary and inevitable?

I have seen something of the young

men of our country. I have often played with my orchestra at Princeton, Cornell, and in the universities of Illinois, California, Oregon, and so on. I have looked into thousands of their enthusiastic young and manly faces. Must they all endure the same fate? Is this curse on our country so powerful that they all must become forever and aye "tired American business men?" Can nothing be done to lift that fatigue from the tired business man's heavy eyes and brow? Must his first smile of content appear only as he snuggles into his coffin with the blissful certainty that he can at last sleep without that terrible round of work devoted only to money-getting beginning again the next day?

When I was a very young man I had the pleasure and honor of taking many walks with John Morley over the Scotch moors, and I remember his once telling me that his great friend Gladstone asserted that the only real relaxation for a man of affairs and intellect was not to be found in cessation of work, but in change of work. He found relaxation, as you all know, in chopping trees, translating Homer from the original Greek, and quarreling with theologians about the early Christian fathers. I do not know how good his translations were nor how sound his theology, but we do know that he kept his intellectual vigor, and therefore his enjoyment of life up to the day of his death at a ripe old age.

Now, it occurs to me that here is where music could and should step in and take the creases out of the tired business man's brain, which has been so strained by overmuch attention to business matters.

But here the gentle, anxious wife exclaims: "My husband does not like to go out in the evening. He is too tired. I have to go alone to the opera and concert-matinees, as I cannot find any one to go with me in the evening." My remedy is of a different nature, and is intended not only as a cure for the

tired business man, but as a wonderful cementing and strengthening of the family ties. Let us call it a drama entitled, "The Salvation of the Tired Business Man." There are in New York literally dozens and dozens of fine pianists, men and women, trained here and abroad, who cannot get public appearances owing to the glut in the market. But they love to play. They are enthusiastic musicians, who are compelled to devote most of their days to the drudgery of teaching. This is also true of many violinists. There is not a violinist or 'cellist in my orchestra, or in any other Symphony orchestra, who cannot sustain his part in a Beethoven trio or sonata or quartet with skill. He loves chamber-music, but has little or no way of gratifying this love. Chamber-music, written for a combination of a few instruments, possesses a wonderfully rich literature by the greatest masters, and is intended to be performed in the home primarily; but, alas! there is very little of this form of entertainment to be found in our country.

Now, having produced some of the actors for my little domestic drama, let me set the scenes and properties, and give you the plot. The tactful wife of the tired business man must tell him that she wants to have chamber-music at her house once a week or perhaps once a month. The children are growing up, and it is more and more difficult to keep them at home. Even the pathetic billiard-table which the mother has had placed in the basement does not seem to be a sufficient inducement for son Jack. She has found out that the musicians can be obtained for a very small outlay, for they are glad of the opportunity to play their beloved chamber-music; and even this expense could be divided among two or three families, if desired. Then the tactful wife must accomplish the rest.

Let us assume that she has prevailed upon her husband (for American husbands are proverbially gentle and yield-

ing), the few guests have been selected, the musicians have been arranged for, and the tired business man has reluctantly put on his dinner-jacket, while the wife has eagerly donned her best gown. For these evenings are to be gala occasions, and there is a fine symbolism in holiday clothes. The children are of course allowed to sit up; but the mother has swept away from the piano the pile of disgusting and stupid so-called popular songs of the day which the children have accumulated. The electric lights have been turned off, and candles lit in their place. There is nothing like candle-light with music. Then the guests arrive, among them perhaps, the family doctor, who, as a matter of course, is musical. Did he not take a post graduate medical course in Vienna, where he went to the opera and concerts almost every day, and is he not suspected of secretly harboring a violincello in his bedroom?

Then the musicians tune their instruments (delicious moment), and a Beethoven trio begins. The tired business man sits hunched up in an arm-chair, at first a little uneasy at what he has been "let in for." What has he to do with classical music? That is something for women. He is a business man, and he, sir, is developing the coun-

try. But gradually, as the lovely adagio begins, his senses as well as his muscles begin to relax. After all, it is nice to have his family all together, he sees them so little. He looks at the piano, and there sits his boy Jack next to the performer, for whom he is eagerly turning the pages. He cannot follow the notes readily, but with a boy's cleverness he watches the face of the performer at the critical places, and at his agitated nod over goes the page.

On the other side of the room sits the daughter, looking sweet and happy; and so she ought, as she has her best young man devotedly at her side.

And then the tired business man looks at his wife. Yes, her hair has grown a little gray, but her face? It is easily the most beautiful in the room, even more beautiful than when he first courted her. And then the music of the adagio and his own musings seem to become one. They seem literally to melt tenderly one into the other.—How sweet it all is!—And how far removed from bills of lading and the "development of the country!" Let the country wait a little while.—And as his eyelids close, and perhaps, for a few minutes only he nods into Dreamland,—shall we blame him?

THE WORKER IN POETRY

BY PERCY MACKAYE

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine."

The room may be a low-raftered kitchen; the worker, broom in hand, may bestir himself among familiar pots and kettles, rag carpets and plain stools; or he may mount his implement and be whisked away "ninety times as high as the moon" to a room impaneled with worlds, where the fire-flaked ceiling has no zenith, and the star-tiled floor no nadir. It is all one to the worker "as by God's laws." One concern is his: If his action is to be fine, it must accord with the laws of the master of the house wherein he serves.

Thus the work in hand chiefly concerns the worker, whether in poetry or in so-called more practical things. The nature of the work, its possibilities in his hands, its infinite possibilities in the hands of his successors, this, the potential in his work, interests him far more than the actual. But about this he says little, he works much. How he sweeps the room, how he writes the poem, he is probably glad to leave to those expert guides to good housekeeping, the critics, to point out or dispute. Or, questioned by the idly curious as to the way he does his work, he may find relief in that unexpurgatable reply which Saint-Gaudens once made to the persistent inquiries of an esthete, and answer, "Any old damned way."

Why he does his work he knows, for he knows he is the willing servant of the master, or, in housekeeping phrase, the mistress, of his labors, the Muse.

How and why, then, important though these may be in themselves, are questions of his work which do not greatly concern the worker in poetry to talk about.

One question, however, does concern him to ask, and all others whom his work affects to answer: Has he the practical opportunity to work "as by God's laws"?

We all know too well to-day that, for sweepers of rooms, for makers of bread, for diggers of coal and iron, for the countless workers of the world, man's laws, by which they must work, do not tend to jibe with God's laws. To the laws of beauty and joy there are impediments in practical conditions. The worker in poetry shares in these conditions. To the poet's ideal work, as to all ideal work, there are practical restrictions. But as it is perhaps emphatically the function of the poet to devote his energies to ideal work or none, the practical restrictions of his work become the more important.

As a worker in that field, I shall try, therefore, to point out, in the very brief space of this paper, a few of those restrictions as they appear to me, and to suggest how possibly some may be surmounted.

But first, What is a worker in poetry? I have spoken of workers in coal and bread and iron; these are specific things. Poetry is a vaguer term. Roughly, then, to define it, I mean by poetry the perennial stuff of the racial imagination. Poets are molders of that stuff in useful forms. And by useful forms I mean forms serviceable to the happiness of the race.

Under such a definition, the great discoverers of the world, in science, art, engineering, medicine, religion, agriculture, what you will, may be called great poets; and such they are, for they are constructive imaginers, or inventors, who serve the race by their work. But

a special class of these has usually claimed the name of poet; to wit, writers in verse. Obviously, that special class is my subject, but, not to limit this class by any misleading distinction between verse and prose, I shall mean by a poet an inventor of useful images in the emotional cadences of speech; in brief, a singer of imagination. Among such, of course, singers in verse are dominant, and their work is chiefly to be emphasized.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, if I should escort you to the nearest business directory of our great metropolis, turn to the letter P, and scan the pages carefully, from pasteboard-makers, through plumbers to publishers, we should search in vain for the professional address of a poet. For this probably we would smilingly thank God, but we would do well to think *why* we thank him. Our thanks and our smiles are perhaps our truest compliment to the poet's calling; but they are likewise our truest condemnation of human society as we are pleased to accept it. It is of course simply natural that a calling whose office is to mold the stuff of the racial imagination in the emotional cadences of speech should find no place in a society organized not primarily for the state or the race, but for individuals. It is also far better for the poet to fill no recognized vocation than any recognized one which should debase his true calling to commercial ends. For this reason the poet becomes a worker chiefly by avocation, and therefore he is often popularly conceived as a species of human papilio, subsisting presumably on ambrosia, culled from the flowers of his own fancy. The fact, however, that the poet has no professional vocation is a real restriction to his work. It is a restriction because, unless he is supported by income or patronage, it compels him to make an avocation of his highest powers. The main current of his being is deflected and consumed in waste products. He can serve the Muse relatively in moments,

not in hours, of labor. Yet the poet's work peculiarly requires concentration and continuity.

Other workers in the fine arts, painters, sculptors, musicians, architects, may make their art their recognized calling. They may combine their distinctive labor with their livelihood. To them society offers a vocation; not so to the poet. In his case, except in the rarest instances, his means of living are derived from other sources than his work in poetry. Where such sources are lacking, either his work ceases, or is debased by purely commercial uses, or the poet himself starves. Perhaps the most notable modern exception to this is the work of Mr. Alfred Noyes, whose poetry is said to be self-sustaining; yet even in his case, the significant announcement is made that a play by Mr. Noyes will soon be produced.

Let us remember, therefore, when the dearth of true poets is bemoaned, that society provides no vocation for the poet.

But this restriction to his work leads to another. Having failed to provide him a livelihood for his work, society proceeds to judge his work by the results. The results are what might be expected from such failure to provide: a wholesale driving out and killing out of poets.

First, the driving-out. Thousands, I had almost said millions, of poets are born every year. I mean the little children of the world. Born "as by God's laws" with divine curiosity and eager imagination, they are maturely confronted with man's laws. Then the most eager imaginers among them, seeing no vocation in the song which springs to their lips, seek expression elsewhere; and so they become the poets of science and law and medicine and industry—the captains of the world.

Next, the killing-out. The great mass, with no choice except between death and mere life, ply the vast loom of songless labor and unimaginative hope.

Lastly, the few singers left are of two sorts, those with incomes and those without. Among the former are found most of the excellent names in English poetry, a fact which is hardly a compliment to our civilization. Among the latter are the few remaining ones who excel in spite of adversity, and the far greater number whom the life of the hack deteriorates or poverty reduces to join those

“Derelicts of all conditions,
Poets, rogues and sick physicians.”

Around both classes swarm the parasites of true poetry: the dilettantes and the esthetes. Judging, then, by the results of its own ineptitude, society comforts itself by repeating two complacent proverbs: “Well, well, after all, ‘poets are born and not made’”; and “You see, ‘true genius always succeeds.’”

Another misconception of society is an obstacle to the poet’s work: its passionate nature. The dilettante and the esthete are easily tolerated, if not understood, by society, for their pseudo-passion does not disturb its conventions. But living passion for the beautiful is usually preferred—posthumously. Moreover, those long accustomed to work without joy or passion find it hard to conceive of the singer as a worker at all. For them, “to loaf and invite one’s soul” is an invitation to laziness, not to labor; “the poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling” is the merry symbol of a numskull.

Nevertheless, the poet is perhaps the most laborious of toilers:

“For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these, and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
The martyrs call the world.”

Thus modern society has organized often for temperance, but hardly for temperament. Yet recognition of the function of temperament is essential to recognition of the poet. Perhaps, for this instance, it is sufficient to mention the names of Walt Whitman and Edgar Allan Poe.

There are other restrictions. By the nature of his work, the poet seeks to stir the elemental in man, the racial imagination. This all artists seek more or less to do. But the singer must accomplish this by means of the uttered word. It is not sufficient, it is not even essential, that his poem be written. To fulfil its object it must be spoken or sung. It is as reasonable to expect an architect to be content with a specification of his building, or a painter with a photogravure of his painting, as a poet with the printed page of his poem. The cadences, the harmonies, the seizure by the imagination upon consonants and vowels, of sounds which subtly evoke the human associations of centuries—these are addressed to the ears, not to the eyes, of his audience.

Originally his audience was not a person, but a people. Homer sang to all Hellas, not from the printed page, but from the mouths of minstrels.

Thus the very craftsmanship of the poet is based upon two assumptions which are seldom granted him to-day: the sung or chanted word, a convened audience.

It is not surprising, therefore, that his power with the people has waned. The inspiration of the ancient bards has never passed from the earth. It is perennial in the poet’s heart. But it can never pass effectively into the hearts of the people through their eyes from the pages of printed volumes or magazines. No; a partial renaissance of those older conditions of poetry is needed for the work of the poet. Is such a renaissance feasible? Is it probable?

Not to invoke the millennium or the golden age, I think the worker in poetry may find true encouragement in the promise of the present, and the present here in America.

Foremost, there exists for him one vocation, whose object, like his own, is to evoke the racial imagination by the uttered word. There exists the drama. To the drama the noblest poets of the

past have turned for livelihood and the fruition of their labor. At the Globe Theater, in London, Shakspeare earned both daily bread and immortality; Sophocles both at the theater in Athens.

To-day in America, the theater, itself but half aware, is being stirred by mighty forces of re-birth, and the drama is awakening to fresh and splendid horizons. For the poet, then, in verse or prose, the craftsmanship of the dramatist already offers an actual vocation.

Besides this, a revived form of democratic drama outside the theater is rapidly developing new opportunities for the singer. The pageant has come to stay. Participated in by the people from town to town, the civic pageant is being welcomed as a constructive form of expression for our national and local holidays. For this, Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, present magnificent opportunities for the noblest imaginings of poets and artists. In particular these festivals give promise of vocation to the poet as such in the revival and growth of the masque, the ballad, and the choral song.

Unique in respect to these beginnings, last summer, the MacDowell Pageant at Peterborough, devised by Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard, gave scope for the admirable lyrics of one of our best younger poets, Hermann Hagedorn. His songs, set to the music of MacDowell, and sung with simple charm by those New Hampshire country people, made history for workers in poetry.

Another form excellent in possibility is the occasional poem, recording moments of public importance. Largely because of the equivocal vocation of poets, this form has fallen into semi-repute. It has even been urged by superficial persons that special commissions for works of poetry are beneath the dignity of true poets to accept. The same persons should, I think, urge true

painters never to paint special portraits or decorations for particular places, and true sculptors never to accept commissions for particular statues. However, to the worker in poetry, mindful of his art, a possible revival of the vocation of Pindar gives no shock to dignity and taste. He calls to mind, without esthetic pain, the special commissions of the Greek occasional poet for songs of encomium, hymns, pæans, choral odes, dance-songs, epinicia, dirges, drinking-songs; and he recalls also with gratitude the lofty occasional poem composed by our American poet William Vaughn Moody, "In Time of Hesitation."

In presenting, then, some problems and promises of his work to the public, the worker in poetry to-day summons to mind not merely to-day, but yesterday and to-morrow, for his work deals with the long continuity of the racial imagination.

Briefly, his ideal is the child ideal, and his work is based in that. Like a child, he demands opportunity to work "as by God's laws": that is, to play. Yet to play in no immature sense. For to the perfecting of play, the poet brings the ripest powers of his will and imagination, and in consecration to play he puts aside all merely unconstructive pleasures, happy

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Thus, even though for him to play may be to imagine intensely the bitterest sorrows of life, and to burden his songs with "saddest thought"; yet freedom and joy in his work are the axioms of its execution, even as with the play of childhood.

By that ideal of work, then, he rejects the arguments of the fatalist, that childhood is a lovely condition of the soul, necessarily to be outgrown; of the sophist, that it is forever impractical in a practical world; of the commercialist, that its only use is to renew the foundations of sordid facts as they are. To all such he replies, with the Master of poets, "Unless ye be as a little child."

LOCAL COLOR AS THE VITAL ELEMENT OF AMERICAN FICTION

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

No one can run through even the briefest collection of books written in America without coming to a realization that the history of our literature is the history of provincialism slowly becoming less all-pervasive.

By provincialism, I mean of course that dependence upon a mother-country which marks a colony. This is the sense in which the critic of comparative literature would use the word. The case may be epitomized thus: here on the shore of America, one hundred and fifty years ago, lay a chain of colonies predominantly English—offshoots of the Old World, whose citizens naturally looked back to the mother-country for intellectual support, precisely as they imported their household furniture and the cloth from which their finer garments were cut. They did not presume to manufacture for themselves; how could they transmute the hard and repellent features of their environment into art? Their very preachers were imported, and for the most part took their exile sadly.

In all that dreary mass of stuff written between 1700 and 1812 you will find little that is distinctive, little that is hopeful, and nothing with the accent of joyous life. There is not in all that time a single line to delineate the song of a bird, the bloom of a flower, the laugh of a child. The wilderness was an enemy, the near at hand prosaic or repellent, the life of the colonist without literary grace or color.

It is true that during the Revolution the political paragrapher turned verse-writer, and in some sort attempted a

statement of the time, but nothing in what might be called art-form is recorded till Philip Freneau in verse and Brockden Brown in prose fumblingly touched upon certain phases of their physical environment. Freneau wrote one or two poems of graceful flow and easy rhyme, and William Clifton, a young Quaker, published a poem on a robin, and Brockden Brown put into "Arthur Mervyn" some vivid prose descriptions of the streets of Philadelphia during the plague.

The War for Independence strengthened the colonist's love for his native land and convinced him of the necessity of separation from England, liberating him in fact from the political sovereignty of the Old World, but left him timid and provincial in literary affairs. Beginning shortly after the War of 1812, we may detect the first signs of an awakening literary and artistic perception of the value of native themes and near-by landscape. Here and there a song was sung from a sincere wish to embody some tender experience, some sweet or epic phase of nature, but it was not till Cooper, of deliberate intent, wrote "The Spy" that we may claim for America an American writer worthy to be studied.

I do not think the effect of Cooper's work can be overestimated. His success proved not merely that the local novel could be written, but that it would be read. His successive studies of the red man and the primeval forest taught not merely America but the world the epical quality of the westward march of American pioneers, and

he was followed (at a respectable distance) by Sims, Hoffman, Bird, Webber, and other cruder chroniclers of "the dark and bloody ground" of the West.

These story-writers were hardly more than dime-novelists, and yet they were at close-hand grapple with life, and were honestly trying to put into permanent literary form the characters and incidents they knew and found of greatest interest. They were rough and ragged, without grace or charm, and yet in those books was the hint of something native and true.

As the settlements increased in size, as the pressure of the forest and wild beast became less oppressive, expression rose to a higher plane. Men softened in speech and manner, yet retained a certain quality which was American. This border literature, however, did not attain widely acceptable form till after the Civil War, though New England and New York had taken up the local movement, carrying it forward to illustrious achievement through Bryant, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, and Emerson. In Lowell and Whittier especially are to be found the beginnings of the vernacular in American verse, and in Whitman rose the song of the American democrat in love with the thousand aspects of his physical environment.*

Then came the Civil War, which may be taken to mark the line between the nation as a youth and the nation as a man. Its epic story, its passion, came near to freeing American writers from slavery to Old World models and themes, its experiences certainly broadened and deepened the currents of our national life.

Not merely did this struggle give rise to a splendid body of ballads and short stories; it created historians and prophets. It gave us perspectives on our colonial wars and chieftains. Up to this time American social movements had not been to any considerable extent embodied in art. American landscape

was but feebly reflected on canvas. Native utterance was for the most part artless or timid and academic, and the great interior of the nation, the borderland, the plains, and the mountains, were as yet unrepresented by poets and novelists.

Nevertheless, two young men were being prepared for this great work, and when Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller united to depict the epic march of the Forty-niners and their absorbingly interesting life on the Pacific Slope, local color came into the power and significance which Whitman had prophesied. The success of these men, their instant recognition at home and abroad, gave inspiration and direction to the upspringing writers of other parts of the States.

One by one recruits joined the column. "Mark Twain" of Missouri, George W. Cable of New Orleans, Joel Chandler Harris of Georgia, Thomas Nelson Page of Virginia, James Lane Allen of Kentucky, Mary E. Wilkins of Massachusetts, and others almost equally representative, began to bring to New York, our great central mart and exchange, their picturing of the particular part of the nation which they knew best, and so an American school of local fiction was established. Deeply considered, William Dean Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, and others of what might be called the urban group, were in effect parts of the local movement; for they, too, were engaged in imparting local color to their stories of life in American cities, and to-day we have groups of writers all over America engaged in delineating the life they love best, and know the best, whose work bears very little trace of Old-World prejudices, Old World flavor. "The corn has flowered, the cotton-boll has broken into "bloom."

Local color—what is it? To me it is the spontaneous reflection of life, the natural and unstrained art which fol-

looks upon a man's love for what he sees clearest and loves deepest.

It is a settled conviction with me that our nation must produce its own literary record, utter its own songs, paint its own pictures in its own way, and that no other race or nation can do these things for us; and when Fenimore Cooper said, "Why should we look away to England, to Greece, and to Rome for our themes? Why not take our own men, our own scenes, as subjects of fiction?" he laid the cornerstone of our literature. That he failed of fineness, or fervor, or imagination, is beside the point. He made a brave beginning, and a conscious beginning.

It is not my purpose to proceed further along the historical line. I have said this much to prepare the way for my real contention, which is that American literature, so far as it is creative, so far as it is distinctive, is an embodiment of local color.

Mark well that I do not say that local color is the *only* element of vital importance in American fiction, merely claim for it supreme value and importance at this stage of our social evolution. It is possible that some of you may disagree with me when I say that local color is demonstrably the most hopeful and distinguishing characteristic of our best painting, as well as of our best music, because by local color I mean the native element, the differentiating element, the quality which corresponds to the subtle divergence which sets one person apart from his fellows. It is the *difference* which interests us, not the similarities.

Historically the local, the realistic, has gained in power and suggestion from Chaucer down to the present day. Each successive generation seems to have been able to embody a little more of its daily trials, defeats, and victories than its predecessors, until to-day every nation in Europe is filled with novelists and dramatists whose pages drip with local color.

All over the world men and women

are writing of the life close about them as naturally as the grass grows. They are looking at the earth and sky as Whitman would have them to do. "Stop this day and night with me, and I will show you the origin of all poems. You shall not look through my eyes either, nor through the eyes of the dead. You shall look with your own eyes, and filter the world for yourself." And in America the movement of these local novelists is already like the drift of an army.

Not all our writers are of this mind. Some of them still despise or fear the local, the democratic; but they seem to me to stand outside the normal development of our art. Is it not in a sense unnatural and sterile when an American steps aside to write novels of the Old World, of distant lands? Can there be lasting vitality, national significance in such work? What sort of figure would we present to the historian, if all our writers were still composing poems, dramas, and novels upon French or English or Russian themes?

I assert that it is the most natural thing in the world for the young writer to love his birthplace, to write of it, to sing of it. All the associations of his youth and early manhood naturally appear in his art, or would appear, were he not in some way warped by education or blinded by criticism. From this it follows that the local color which I am describing is not put in, or should not be put in, for the sake of local color. It should go in because the writer cannot help it, because he carries with him consciously or unconsciously a compelling sense of its power, its beauty, its significance. If the novelist is profoundly sincere, he will not stop to consider whether the work will sell largely or not. He will make his appeal irrespective of success, irrespective of the dollar.

What we, as readers, should demand of our writers, is not universality of theme, but beauty and strength of treatment, leaving the novelist, the poet,

the dramatist, to work out his theme in his own way, in his own time. I agree with all those who say American art should be raised to the highest level in its technic, but I think the critic should be careful, very careful, not to cut into the creative man's spontaneous and individual quality.

To one who believes that each age is its own best interpreter the idea of decay in literature never comes. That which the absolutist takes for decay is merely change. The conservative fears change, and the radical welcomes it. The absolutist argues that fundamentals cannot change, that the life of man is essentially the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow; and yet if this were true, the future to the creative artist would be hopeless.

As a matter of fact, the minute differences which the absolutist calls "non-essentials" are the saving elements of every art. All promise, all growth, are in these non-essentials. It is the *difference* between characters, the *difference* between writers, the *difference* between nations, which forever allure the fictionist.

To perceive the hopelessness of absolutism in literature we have only to consider for a moment. To admit that the past rules, that models are to be rigidly followed, that there are forms to which every young writer must refer his work, is to commit ourselves to a hopeless round of repetition.

There are no blind alleys in art. Each artist is born into the world with the right to change, to affirm, or to deny. Each writer stands accountable only to himself, first, and to the facts of life last.

Life is always changing, never the same, and art and the artist, the painter and the poet, change with it. Poetry—that is to say, impassioned outlook on life—is in no greater danger of extinction to-day than it was in the days of Shakspeare, but its manner of expression is changing. Consciously or unconsciously the point of view of the mod-

ern writer is that of the truth-stater. Criticism of things as they are is almost universal, and this is at once an expression of democracy and the outcome of spontaneous art. We of America do not look to the past, but to the future.

It is natural for youth to break from bonds, to overleap barriers. The man of to-day naturally discards the wig and the shoe-buckles of his grandfather. They amuse him as relics, but he does not wear them. In the same way he comes to reject, perhaps a little too brusquely, the literary forms and artistic models which accompanied the shirt-frills and the snuff.

He respects the past as history, but he loves the life of to-day, the abounding, irreverent, tumultuous life of America, the life that stings and smothers like the salt surf—life with its terrors and triumphs, its familiar words and ways, its loves and its hates.

In all the best art of our day life is the model, truth, the master, the red heart of the artist, the motive power.

Of what avail, then, the attempt to turn back the wave of democracy, the flood of fire? The child will become a man, the strong will become weak, the old will be forgotten, for such is the law of life.

To him who sees that difference, *variation from the past* is the vitalizing quality of art; there comes no rebellion against change. The artist of the future will take care of himself, precisely as did Shakspeare and Rembrandt, Corot and Scott.

In this word *difference* therefore lies the highest hope of American art. It is to me not only false, it is self-destructive, to say that humanity is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. To say that the writer is committed to the humble restatement of life in terms of the past is to stop the river in its flow, the grass in its season.

Some elements of life *are* comparatively unchanging, just as certain facts of nature seem to maintain inflexible

routine. The snow will fall, spring will come, men and women will wed, the stars will rise and set, and the grass return a thousand years hence, much the same as now; but society will not be what it is to-day. The men and women of that far cycle will be only remotely related to the men and women of our time.

The physical face of this continent is changing—changing so swiftly that few are able to follow its transformations, and these changes will certainly go on. Our mountains will lose their wildness, their austerity. Our dun plains will take on green robes; roses will bloom where now the hot sands drift. Cities will rise and pleasure-walks be laid in cañons where only the savage panther prowls. Swifter means of transportation will make the distant seem very near. The States of South and of North will be drawn closer together. The physical and mental characteristics of our citizens East and West will change, the relation of sex to sex and

man to man will change, and our literature will chronicle these changes.

To me the present is the vital theme. The past is a tale that is told, the future a mountain in the mist. My sympathies are with the iconoclast who asserts that there is no traditional criterion by which to judge men whose aim is not to conform to conventions, but to ignore them, who claim for the artist perfect freedom to express himself in his own way, in his own time.

Realism, Americanism, local color, do not spring from a theory so much as from a condition of mind,—that is to say, faith in the freedom of art. The American writer needs only one fundamental rule—to be true to his time. He should recognize but one master—life. He may fail of allegiance now and again, and fall below the level of his highest hope; but that does not alter the law, nor check the advance of the column. American art cannot be the reproduction of art; it must be, and it will be, the creation of a new art.

RECENT TENDENCIES IN SCULPTURE

BY LORADO TAFT

The most ancient and enduring of the arts has, like all things human, its fashions. Styles come and go in the sculptors' studios, as in the millinery shops; the changes, however, are slower, and the discredited products of the chisel remain inexorably permanent for the diversion of new generations. Now and then a work conquers our esteem through sheer beauty or disarms us by reason of its quaintness; but out of the "weed-like crop" of any period little there is that survives the ephemeral moment which gives it birth.

In the story of France, Gothic art was developed from the Romanesque, and gave way in turn before the insinuating appeal of the Italian Renaissance. This new gift of the South, transplanted to Gallic soil, developed unforeseen qualities of adaptability, and delighted the world with its charm in the hands of Jean Goujon and Germain Pilon, followed by Puget and Coysevox, but faded utterly before Italy's next invasion under the banner of Canova.

And so it is to-day. To some of us whose memories hark back lovingly to halcyon student days in the early eighties, when France's modern school was in its prime, making Paris the Mecca of all the world—to us it seems that no such nobility of united purpose and grandeur of concerted result is to be found in the story of the centuries since the nameless cathedral-builders made real their splendid dreams all over northern France. The mediæval sculptors carved "to the glory of God" and of their native towns. This later group may have been less directly con-

cerned in the glory of God, but was certainly inspired by a lofty sense of citizenship and a desire to uphold the fair fame of France. To one who has known and revered Paul Dubois, Henri Chapu, and Barrias, who has delighted in the ingenuity of St. Marceaux, the magic touch of Falguière, the fire and grace of Mercié's "David" and "Gloria Victis," the ethereal charm of the "Aurora" of Delaplanche, and who after all these years cannot think of the earnestness and integrity of these men without a thrill of emotion—to such a pilgrim a visit to the Paris of to-day brings grievous disappointment. The giants are all gone. Frémiet, the last of that early brotherhood, died this year. Mercié, a younger man, long since succumbed to fatty degeneration of the imagination and rises no more to those youthful heights. Even Rodin, the great insurgent, has become harmless now. Old and prosperous, he has done nothing of interest in the last ten years.

In place of a self-respecting art worthy of its ancient lineage, we find in Paris to-day the puerile effronteries of Matisse and of Maillot, delighting through their very ineptitude a public avid of new sensations. Realism and unbridled cleverness have run their course, and the jaded critics find refreshment in willful bungling and pretence of naïveté.

One protests that these things are merely the froth of the annual exhibitions, that there is always a great body of admirable work, less obtrusive, because decent. This is doubtless true, but the fact remains that the general

trend is pretty clearly indicated by the character of recent public monuments. Can you recall a single distinguished work erected in Paris since 1900? On the other hand, the ignoble "stunts" given hopeless eternalization there within the last few years are too many to catalogue. Rodin is undoubtedly the greatest sculptural genius of our time, but this master of form has taken nearly two decades to complete a formless monument to Victor Hugo. Even his vivid fancy has its limitations; he proved early in his "Claude Lorraine" that he ignored the most elementary requirements of a work to be seen from a distance. Like the two French sculptors who, under the very shadow of the Athenian Acropolis, erected that strange white confusion to the memory of Lord Byron, this mighty dreamer has neglected more than once to make his work legible, and though constantly seeking, as he tells us, "to find the latent heroic in every natural movement," he has often failed to express himself in nobility of line. We should not hold him personally responsible for the present decadence any more than we can charge the decline of the Italian Renaissance to Michelangelo. The eminence of the master makes his influence all-powerful. His weaknesses and peculiarities are more easily copied than his real inherent strength, the growth of a lifetime. So the lesser men follow, developing with enthusiasm any license encouraged by such high example. Rodin's carelessness of the silhouette has been gratefully emulated by an army of young sculptors and by not a few of the older men as well. Dalou's tribute to Delacroix in the Luxembourg Gardens is an unhappy tribute to Rodin also in that it is one of the most offensive and pernicious examples of the new method. The stolid bust of the painter is assailed by a nude female of adventurous mien, who endeavors to climb his slender pedestal in order to decorate him. Her voluptuous form is precariously

supported by a violent figure of "Time," who, taxed to the utmost, is encouraged by Apollo with outstretched, applauding hands. The impression of tumultuous acrobatics is undignified and irritating beyond words. There is no sense of eternity where Time plays such pranks.

The present generation follows pell-mell. M. Puech, once so promising, showed steady decline after that early and truly beautiful work, "The Muse of André Chenier," in the Luxembourg. His "Siren" was all wings and waves and fish-tails picturesquely incoherent. His famous relief, "The Nymph of the Seine," was too true to be good, too faithful to fact to be very noble sculpture—a dainty and fragile nude of most personal look. Such things may perhaps be excusable in relief, protected, as they are, by the conventions of that delicate form of sculpture, but they point a dangerous tendency. Two recent works of a public character by M. Puech are lamentable. A class memorial in a manual training school shows a saucy Parisienne, quite nude, of course, seated upon an anvil and toying with a pair of pincers. The union of assurance and inadequacy suggested by the blithe young lady of the up-to-date coiffure is symbolic of the mentality of an artist who could design such a work as a fit personification of intelligent toil. This popular sculptor has done one thing even more ludicrously unfortunate. His monument to a certain admiral, on the Avenue de l'Observatoire, shows the portrait bust of a hero of Oriental seas rising from a surging tangle of Tritons and mermaids, waving arms, palm branches, and carved paddles. Confusion reigns. The very commonplace admiral, with the Dundreary side-whiskers, seems to find it impossible to conceal a look of polite inquiry in the face of this sculptural explosion.

M. Larche carved awhile back a delightful group, "Les Violettes," three little children, exquisitely tender and

poetic, in guise of violets. The same sculptor's monument to Corot, recently erected, is a pitiful conception: a bust of the great painter upon a formless pedestal built apparently of clouds; then the inevitable nude woman playing hide-and-seek with the public, though ostensibly paying homage to the bust. She is not one of Corot's vaporous idealizations, but evidently a portrait, face and body, of the little minx who posed for the figure. One feels that the honest old *paysagiste* would have been embarrassed by the juxtaposition.

Roger-Bloche modeled a few years ago his striking group "Le Froid," the unhappy pair whom, on some torrid July noon, you may have seen shivering at the entrance of the Luxembourg. Last year this artist employed his notable talents in "L'Accident," a gathering of detached figures around a workman fallen at a street corner; a bit of journalism of wonderful skill and characterization, but having no more sculptural intent than the most scattered of our own Rogers's childlike groups.

Lefèvre's relief, "Springtime," shows three young couples in realistic modern costume walking up the side of a great block of marble. These are separated by some distance, and have no relation to one another. "Aux Champs" is a peasant, with a wheelbarrow heaped high with hay. He is followed by his wife, and there is no structural reason why the procession should not include a dozen children, dogs, and farm animals strolling in as casually as a baby's arrangement of its Noah's ark figures.

These things are significant because they are not the work of ignorant beginners, but are the presumably mature expressions of the leaders and men of standing in modern sculpture. Others emulate Rodin in eager portrayal of the primitive passions, vulgarizing with insistent ostentation the most sacred things in life. Insensible to the charm and poetry of suggestion, such crude disciples of modernism picture everything with a brutal frankness that

repels. Sculpture has become taxidermy, and their stuffed men and women lack only color and real hair to vie with the tableaux of ethnological and surgical museums.

One understands now the warning of that great artist and seer, Bartholomé, whose noble monument, "Aux Morts," you have seen at Père la Chaise: "There will be no new renaissance of French sculpture until the young modelers turn once more to the limestone of which the cathedrals were built, and carve great, simple figures in it, as did the medieval masters." Out of the exigencies of such a material might be developed a grave and simple art, a new school of sculpture.

Most of us think of modern Italian sculpture as hopeless beyond redemption. We recall the plastic jokes and indecencies at our world's fairs, the patient carvings garlanded with the cards of hundreds of purchasers; we shudder at memories of the Campo Santo of Milan—and we dismiss them utterly. At the Columbian Exposition the only interesting work in the Italian section was made by a Russian, whose mother was an American, and at the next fair Prince Troubetsky did not exhibit. Biondi's "Saturnalia" epitomized cruelly, but not unjustly, the trend of contemporaneous sculpture in Italy, with all its misplaced effort and its incredible, not to say fiendish, cleverness.

It is a joy to find that there are some real sculptors there, after all, men of high ideals and artistic conscience. The great danger with even these is the malaria which surrounds them, that atmosphere of perilous facility which cannot withhold the hand, but emboldens and accentuates until every square inch of surface is tormented with a perfect eczema of detail. One who escapes this malady upon occasions is Signor Bistolfi of Turin, a great artist who has been called "the sculptor-poet of Death."

His relief, "Memories" and other funereal works are exquisite in sugges-

tion. Now and then he falls from grace and elaborates the marble to destruction, but in his "Christ in the Wilderness," his Garibaldi, and his nude "The Spirit of the Snowy Alps" (in memory of his friend Segantini), he divests himself entirely of the things that are petty, rising to a height of aloofness that few moderns ever attain.

There are others who show promise of emergence from the shadow of commercialism that has so long characterized Italian sculpture. Believe me, we shall yet see new wonders from that land of eternal youth, that immemorial cradle of Beauty.

Perhaps one should apologize for including England in a review like this, since our ancestral home is certainly not the nursery of sculpture and has never produced a great master of the chisel. Nevertheless, England shows an occasional sporadic work of considerable interest. Some of her painters, like Lord Leighton, were undoubtedly sculptors at heart, and ability is by no means rare. There is a form of artistic atavism, however, to which her sculptors almost inevitably succumb sooner or later. No matter how great the promise and the originality, they all come in time to work in the same way, unless, perchance, they die young, like gifted Harry Bates.

Thornycroft surrendered long since to this inscrutable fate; since "The Mower" and "Teucer" he has done little that would interest the foreigner. Even the colonists who come to the English shore seem destined to lose their originality and their skill. Bertram McKennal, a brilliant Australian, revealed in his "Circe" and "The Seats of the Mighty" a promise of great things. Since settling in England his work has become distinctly commonplace.

Henry James observes somewhere that if the English ever succeed in art, it will be by virtue of their love for overcoming difficulties. Industry counts; they delight in "taking pains,"

and too often their sculpture reveals little else. No man, for instance, could be more serious than Sir George Frampton, who has had many a sculptural idea; but the effect is frequently dissipated by his love of curious combinations of metals and stones, and his insistence upon ornamental detail. Of course beautiful results are possible in such unions, as even modern art has shown; Dampf and Rivière, among many in Paris, and the young German Emil Geiger, have produced charming works in chryselephantine and polychromatic sculpture. Max Klinger's extraordinary "Beethoven," on the other hand, seems to thwart its own purpose. The central idea is clouded by the clamorous appeal of many jarring elements. Of course one looks for no such exuberance in the products of an English studio, yet there is one remarkable exception, a very accomplished sculptor of pyrotechnic powers, whose art has likewise become curiously perverted through too generous an admixture of the decorative crafts.

In the old Parisian school-days we used to hear much of "Geelbert," a gifted young Englishman who had just left the Beaux-Arts and whose "Icarus" was pronounced by the *camarades* as good as they could do themselves. Today Alfred Gilbert is one of the prominent figures in English art. His various public works, like the statue of Queen Victoria at Winchester, have been creditably done and have given him a great reputation.

However, a strange peculiarity revealed itself early in his art, which threatens to rob it of value. Perhaps at some time he may have visited Verona and been impressed by the tombs of the family Della Scala. There, or somewhere, at any rate, he became fascinated with wrought-iron effects. They appear first as a little spray of volutes above the head of the Queen in the Winchester memorial, but develop rapidly, in later productions, into a veritable jungle of thorn-apples and che-

veaux-de-frise, which seem intended to confuse and belittle the essentially monumental features of his art. The malady has recently attacked the statues themselves. His Saint Michael on the Clarence tomb at Windsor contemplates with helpless gaze an incredibly complicated sword,—a sort of Aaron's rod that budded,—while the saint's armor is so overwrought that it fairly peels off from the figure, giving the limbs the look of shag-bark hickories. A statuette of the Virgin is overgrown with vines and blossoms, through which its original beauty peeps out to tantalize us. The culmination is reached in his group of "Saint George and the Dragon." Here the actors have become virtually indistinguishable in the general mix-up. The effect is that of the comic-supplement method of suggesting a dog fight or a falling figure—a whirl of broken lines.

When shall we sculptors learn that the greatest asset of our art is its hint of eternity? That look of serene permanence which is so dependent upon mass and simple contour is what impresses one in the great works. It is not the feverish, gesticulating figure that is convincing. Is it not, rather, the quiet gesture of an Adams memorial, so still that it seems to move?

It is in Germany that we meet our greatest surprise. Germany, the hopelessly academic, the land of belated survivals, where centaurs still pursue Amazons, and where have flourished such anachronisms as Schwanthaler and Schiefelbein, Schilling and Rietschel; where Drake was followed by Wolff, and Brütt by Hundrieser, in deadly sequence; where the official sculptors of to-day are led by such masters of ornate grandiloquence as Reinhardt Begas, with his spectacular monument to William I, "surrounded by floating victories, roaring lions, standards, cannon, and chariots"; and Rudolf Siemering, whose "Bismarck" at Frankfort leads Germania's fiery steed with one hand and grasps his sword with the other,

while the enemies of the Vaterland are personified by a crawly dragon, to be trampled under foot from time to time. Siemering's monument to Washington in Fairmount Park we know all too well, though you may not have noticed Washington himself, lost as he is amid a comprehensive collection of American fauna done into German bronze.

With vague, unhappy memories of similar monuments glimpsed throughout Germany and particularly abundant in Berlin, one is amazed to discover that the most interesting works of sculpture and architecture now being produced in Europe are to be found in the growing cities of that land. There is a saying that "When things become as bad as they can, something has got to happen." The something has happened in Germany, and these pretentious allegories are giving way before the thoughtful work of a younger generation who have in mind first of all the reasonable use of the medium concerned; who treat stone as stone and bronze as bronze, producing delightful results with an astonishing economy of effort.

Most remarkable, perhaps, of these men is Hugo Lederer, whose Bismarck memorial at Hamburg—a suggestion of the protecting Roland statues of many German cities—is one of the truly great monuments of these later times. An armored figure of colossal size standing guard upon the hill-top and supported by massive architecture of which it forms a part, this statue is impressive beyond words because it was "conceived big," instead of being an ordinary portrait enlarged. An appreciative writer says of it: "No attempt has been made to obliterate the fissures between the granite blocks that compose the mighty figure; each block is seen in clear outline, and thus the whole structure appears almost as the result of the up-building forces of Nature herself. Power in calm repose—that is the impression which forces itself irresistibly upon the spectator."

Another great monument, the Kyffhäuser Memorial, owes its impressiveness to the architect rather than to the sculptor's contribution. It is one of several admirable works by Bruno Schmitz, who has here evolved a massive tower, along with its protecting arcades of heavy masonry, directly out of the mountain quarry which gave them birth. One looks through the arches across a field of ragged rocks to where reposes, in his subterranean refuge, "Der alte Barbarossa, der Kaiser Friedrich." Above this recess, upon the side of the tower, appears the gigantic equestrian statue of the founder of the new empire. Despite the inadequacy of this portion of the sculpture, the conception is grandiose.

One of the most interesting of recent combinations of sculpture and architecture is found in that extraordinary restaurant of Berlin called Rheingold Haus, where Professor Franz Metzner has produced a series of weird and strikingly original effects, using the human figure as others employ plant forms; conventionalizing the body, amplifying it, and now and then compressing it into unwonted spaces, but always with a pattern so essentially decorative and a touch so sure that one is compelled to recognize his authority. He is master here, and these are his creatures, to obey. Arbitrary and whimsical uses of the figure which might easily lead to eccentricities in other hands or in other places seem admirably suited to this pleasure-resort, where monstrous heads peer out from shadowy corners, brawny giants uphold the fantastic masonry of the halls, and lithe-limbed Rhine maidens gleam through billows of tobacco-smoke. Yet with all this prodigality of invention, this bewildering versatility and power, there is no effect of lawlessness, of riotous excess. Bronze and stone and wooden panels are treated according to the demands of the materials and the severe requirements of sculpture. The directness and the thrift of means here

shown, the almost austerity of design, contribute to a result which is legitimately sculptural.

To mention just one more instance among many, the old-time city of Düsseldorf, associated in most of our minds with an extinct school of romantic painting, offers us to-day one of the finest examples of modern architecture and sculpture blended in happy union. It is only a department store, a "Siegel & Cooper's," called the Haus Tietz, but its design is most admirable. Our own architects, as a rule, seem possessed of a desire to minimize the height of their lofty structures by stratifying them, cutting their façades with as many horizontal stripes or ruffles as possible. In the building under consideration the designer has frankly acknowledged its height, and, with a perfectly practicable plan, has developed an effect of soaring which is truly an inspiration. Its ranks of graceful piers suggest a great pipe-organ. Its sculptural adornments are not the casual groups and figures that are set upon shelves on our façades, but are like an efflorescence of its rough stones, sparing in number, but holding just the right proportion to its restful surfaces. Like the design as a whole, they are organic, growing out of the very structure itself. An appreciative traveler remarks of this building: "Its treatment seems to have been dictated by the stone that it is made of; respecting its material, it is exalted by it."

Such work as this, so new, so independent, and so delightful, recalls the dictum of Mauclair that one should be as concerned in *how* he is going to do a thing as in *what* he is to do; in other words, that the treatment merits no less thought than the subject itself. This is a consideration which we Americans are disposed to overlook.

Of Professor Metzner's remarkable pupil, that untamed young Dalmatian Ivan Mestrovic, one scarcely knows how to speak. This youth of twenty-three seems to be obsessed by the crea-

tive impulse and toils furiously to give expression to his teeming fancies. He keeps all artistic Europe wondering what he will do next. One might say of him, as was said of Balzac, "He is not a man, but one of the forces of Nature." His output gives one this feeling not only because of its prodigal abundance, but by reason of its contrasts. He produces indifferently beauty and bestiality. These swarming children of his are often weird beyond description, but they are always conceived as sculpture and treated in a big, elemental way. "Treated" seems hardly the word; they have no look of submission to treatment, but seem to have evolved themselves out of the rock, like the children of Deucalion and Pyrrha. Some still struggle and clamor for release. They strain their giant limbs and frown like demons. Yet others have the serenity of the ages on their placid brows.

The handsome youth who has called them into existence,—he of the dark mane and the flashing eyes,—is pronounced by Rodin to be the most extraordinary of living sculptors. One can understand the sympathy: Mestrovic's creations seem to have passed through Rodin's "Gates of Hell."

More, doubtless, than any other man did Saint-Gaudens contribute to the elevation of American sculpture. His beneficent influence was all on the side of purity of line and perfection of technic. His more personal artistic virtues were, however, so involved in that able craftsmanship of his that they were but slightly transferable and cannot be said to have left a marked impress upon the work of his fellows in the sense of developing a peculiarly national art. Many have been but superficially influenced, contenting themselves with the form, but forgetting the spirit. Happily, however, there are not a few who emulate our greatest master in both his high ideals and his skill, but who realize as well that they must think their own thoughts and em-

ploy their own language. Upon these the heritage of his exalted effort falls as a precious benediction.

As has been so well pointed out by Mr. Kenyon Cox, Saint-Gaudens was essentially a designer and modeler; his compositions were nearly always destined for the bronze, and never suggested the wresting of imprisoned forms from the stone. Few of our sculptors are practical marble-cutters, and there is almost always a hint of the careful joiner, the patient cabinet-maker, in all of our work. We have not begun at the right end. Michelangelo probably meant what he said when he spoke of drinking in his art with his foster-mother's milk in that stone-yard of Settignano. Donatello's very first commissions, those foolish little prophets over one of the side doors of the cathedral at Florence, were, however crude, the conceptions of a real sculptor.

Mr. French's later works are turning interestingly in this direction. He shows us how it is possible for an artist, by "taking thought," to acquire a new point of view. The gain has been great, as in the Parkman and Melvin Memorials. The custom house groups, particularly the "Africa," show likewise a feeling for the whole which is not emphasized in the graceful compositions of the Cleveland post-office. Mr. French's relief in memory of Alice Freeman Palmer is almost a classic not only in general form, but in nobility of thought and simple grace of execution.

The numerous ideal portraits of the Brooklyn Institute, done under Mr. French's direction, mark a decided step in architectural sculpture. With few exceptions they are successful statues, a very different thing from clever counterfeits of men. How many buildings are "decorated" with figures that seem to have strolled out upon their façades and roofs to take an airing! There is nothing casual about these Brooklyn marbles. They are material abstractions, if one may be per-

mitted the paradox. They typify their subjects, and yet they are frankly images in stone. It was time that they should come.

Another good work of this character is Mr. Bitter's pediment for the new state-house of Wisconsin. This is almost archaic in its severity, and gains immensely by the restraint. Probably no better architectural sculpture has ever been done in this country.

Yet another pedimental group destined to interest us all is the great undertaking upon which Mr. Bartlett is now engaged for the National Capitol. Let us hope that Thomas Crawford's naïve effort may be allowed to remain in the tympanum of the senate wing for the value of the instructive contrast thus afforded. The one was the work of an ingenious, but untrained enthusiast, who had no glimmer of the requirements of the problem; the other will be the thoughtful effort of a profound student and a consummate artist. Mr. Bartlett's earlier experience in carrying out Mr. Ward's design for the stock exchange was of inestimable value to him, but the rhythm of line and the charm of light and shade that he is putting into this new work will set it in a class by itself. It is a most gratifying sign of progress that a commission of this importance should be entrusted by congress to a sculptor of high standing.

It is not too late to mention Mr. Bartlett's equestrian "Lafayette," which, after ten years or more of study and experiment, has been crystallized into permanent form. The conscientious and deliberate sculptor playfully completed his work with a plodding tortoise, a gentle taunt to his critics and an intimation that he "got there just the same." The monument is said to be a masterpiece, completely worthy of its exalted position within the court of the Louvre.

Recurring once more to sculpture purely architectural, may I not be permitted to express a personal and never

diminishing gratification in those works of Andrew O'Connor which adorn the front of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York? I seldom find myself in the neighborhood of the Grand Central Station without stepping over to Madison Avenue to study and admire the amazing craftsmanship of those sculptured slabs. In their union of richness and simplicity they are indeed triumphant works. It is carving reduced to its "lowest terms," wherein every chisel-stroke is made to count.

From among the many intelligent men who are doing good work in this country, we can select only two or three more examples. Mr. MacNeil, the president of the National Sculpture Society, is completing a very noble military monument for Albany. A great rectangular block of stone of imposing mass, and decorated by an engirdling frieze of warriors, forms the background for a stately figure of unusual beauty personifying the Republic.

Mr. Weinman has done an equal service for Baltimore. His soldiers' memorial there is of extraordinary significance and power, a work in every way worthy of the Monumental City.

Mr. Shradys' superb lions guard in Washington the empty pedestal which awaits his great Grant monument. If the remainder of the sculpture is as good as those creatures, the monument will be a decidedly new note in Washington.

The great event, however, of the sculptors' year in this country, as in France, has been the completion of George Barnard's heroic groups for Harrisburg. The ill-famed state-house is to have its adornments in spite of tragic delays and disappointments. Two visits to Moret while these magnificent dreams were taking shape convinced me that they were among the great works of modern times. The French are not doing such things to-day. One is not surprised to learn that these two enormous processional groups, epitomizing the joys and burdens of human-

ity, held the place of honor at the Salon this year. The eulogies written and spoken by such men as Jean-Paul Laurens, Rodin, Mercié, Boucher, and many others of eminence, must have done something toward atoning for the sacrifices that this gigantic work has cost. Such reward is doubly sweet, for it belongs not only to the artist, but to the land that gave him birth. He brings it home to us, asking only that we share it with him.

Thus the work goes on, as it always will. We are doing well, and we ought

to do much better. Most of us lack style, and always shall. We have little conception of real architectural sculpture. We need to study the demands of the various materials that we handle.

Above all, we need to remember that our work lives after us, that it is our privilege to convey a message of courage and good cheer to millions of men—to generations that follow one another like the waves of the sea.

Mr. Chairman, "your committee reports progress."

SAINT-GAUDENS, STEDMAN, CLEMENS, HAY, MACDOWELL

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Three score years ago and more Emerson declared that in this country literature suffered from a lack of companionship. "If something like the union of like-minded men were attempted, as formerly at Will's or Button's coffee-houses, or in the back room of the bookseller's shop, where scholars might meet scholars without passing the picket and guard-post of etiquette, it would add happy hours to the year." What Emerson asserted of literature was equally true of the other arts which adorn life. Perhaps we may go further and say that if it is wholesome for the practitioners of any single craft to get together and thus to create an atmosphere of common endeavor, it is beneficial also for men of varied interests to be drawn closer for that unconscious stimulus which one art may exert upon another. The poet may thus borrow color from his commerce with the painter, and the historian may find his imagination stirred by association with the sculptor.

All arts are one,—all branches on one tree,—

All fingers, as it were, upon one hand.

The necessity for that union of like-minded men which Emerson wished for was felt by many of us; and in time it led to the organization of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, wherein every one of the arts was fully represented. The Institute was established in 1898; and year by year its membership was enlarged until in time it enrolled almost every one of the leaders in their several callings. Then in 1904, in order to give greater definiteness to its work of protecting and furthering literature and the other

arts, the Institute believed itself strong enough at last to found the American Academy of Arts and Letters. It confided the election of the later associates to a chosen seven of its own members, whose right there was none to dispute,—William Dean Howells, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John La Farge, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, John Hay, and Edward MacDowell,—a seven-branched candlestick on the altar of art.

These seven accepted the duty of adding to themselves eight others, and to these fifteen was intrusted the further obligation of extending their numbers to twenty. Then this first score, thus cautiously selected, slowly expanded our membership to half a hundred, which is to be the limit for the present. It was upon the first seven that lay the major part of the responsibility; and if this American Academy is to endure, if it is to accomplish its honorable purpose, and if it is to become a power for good in the land, we shall stand eternally indebted to the seven men who bore the burden and heat of the day and who laid the solid foundation for the future.

It was Joseph de Maistre who once declared that "the fatherland—*la patrie*—is an association on the same soil of the living and the dead, with those who are yet to be born." We hold that every man should be loyal to his fatherland; and by this word we do not mean merely so much of the earth's surface arbitrarily set off by political boundaries; we have in mind ever the men who have made our country worth living in and worth dying for. We mean also and always the lofty tradi-

tions they have transmitted to us, the high ideals they cherished, and the noble examples they have bequeathed.

This American Academy of Arts and Letters is already an association of the living and the dead; and we have a firm hope that it will abide to be an association with those yet to be born. Of the seven men to whom the task of its organization was intrusted only six years ago, six have already left us. They died full of years and also full of honors, for they had survived long enough to win wide recognition for their services to their fellow-countrymen and to the world outside our borders.

As we draw nearer to the end of the journey of life, we find that every milestone is a tombstone, with a friend buried beneath it. One by one they have left us; we are the lonelier for their departure, as we are also the richer for what they did and for what they were. We may have recognized their worth while they were still with us, and yet a false shame may have prevented the adequate expression of our appreciation. Now they are gone, and it is too late for them to learn the high esteem in which we held them and to savor the grateful incense of our praise. None the less is it now our duty to express this esteem, to voice this approbation, and to declare our ample regard for their achievements. Here we can take pattern by the French, who preserve the classical standard of propriety. For more than two centuries and a half it has been the honored custom of the French Academy to require that every man elected to its membership shall pronounce the eulogy of the deceased member to whose seat he has succeeded. Perhaps in the future this worthy tradition may establish itself in the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

To-day, however, it is my solemn task to commemorate five of the seven founders of this Academy. Their fame is secure. To them it matters little what may now be said in praise of

them or of their achievements; and it is not for their sake, but for ours, that we pay them this tribute. They were chiefs in their several callings, Saint-Gaudens the sculptor and MacDowell the musician, Stedman the poet-critic and Mark Twain the humorist-moralist, John Hay the historian, who was also a statesman. They were all my friends, and on me is laid the sad duty of tendering to them our last greeting.

Saint-Gaudens, like so many Americans, came of commingled stocks. He was at once French and Irish, and perhaps he drew from ancestors so dissimilar some part of his varied endowment. He acquired at first the delicate craft of the cameo-cutter; and it may be that he owed to this early training the exquisite quality of his later portraits in low relief. Then he underwent a strenuous apprenticeship as a sculptor. He was able to achieve the union of strength and refinement. There is a stark virility in his single figures, standing or seated, and a masculine vigor in his mounted men. He was an insatiable artist, resolutely grappling with technical problems and untiring in seeking a fit solution. He was not easily satisfied with what he had wrought, being ever hungry for an intangible perfection. Sir Joshua Reynolds, having in mind his own art of the portrait-painter, so closely akin to that of the sculptor, once asserted that a man could put into a face only what he had in himself. And this test Saint-Gaudens withstood triumphantly, for the faces he modeled have power and beauty and grace.

Stedman was a poet who was prevented by adverse circumstances from giving his whole heart to poesy. In the battle-years of half a century ago he served for a season as a war-correspondent, and for the rest of his life he bore himself valiantly on the firing-line of another battle-field, where the fighting was as fierce, even though the weapons

were bloodless. He allowed himself to be tempted from poetry to prose, and the larger part of the scant leisure he could snatch from the turmoil of the market he surrendered to literary criticism. He devoted loyal and laborious years to the evaluation of contemporary poets, his masters and his rivals. This criticism was the more intimate, the more searching, the more inspiring, because he was himself a poet with an instinctive understanding of the aims of the lyric artist and of the secrets of the art. To poetry, which he worshiped, he could give only the remnants of his busy life; and it is a marvel that he was able to achieve what he did. He hung an ode upon Hawthorne, like Orlando in the Forest of Arden; and he evoked the quaint figure of Pan in Wall Street, piping like Orpheus to charm the strange beasts which roam at large through that disenchanted thoroughfare. If we apply to him the loftiest standard, as he would have wished us to do, he may not have been a great poet; but he was a true poet, with a true poet's directness of vision and certainty of touch.

Mark Twain—for it is idle to give him any other name than that which he had made for himself—grew up in the Middle West, settling at last in the East while he was yet young. With his own eyes he saw many aspects of American life, and what he had seen he recorded with unforgettable felicity. He had a sturdy simplicity of phrase. Abundant humor was his as well as abundant good humor. From faithful transcripts of travel and adventure he turned in time to story-telling, to a fiction as faithful and as immitigably veracious as his earlier descriptions of things actually seen by himself. With the advancing years he ripened and mellowed; and the melancholy which sustained the fun of Cervantes and Molière and Swift was his also. He revealed the same piercing insight into the weakness of human nature which they

possessed. A master of narrative, he was also a master of style; and underlying his stories there was a deep feeling for the meaning of life. A great humorist he was, beyond all question, controlling the springs of laughter; but he was also a profound moralist, with a scorching contempt for many of the meannesses of our common humanity.

John Hay led a career of unusual variety, and revealed a versatility characteristic of America. He began as the secretary of Lincoln. Then he went abroad to fill a minor post in the diplomatic service. He returned to write a graphic description of Spain and to labor awhile on a newspaper. He dropped into poetry, and composed a group of Pike County Ballads, vigorous in episode, picturesque in character, and racy in vernacular terseness. Then, like the earlier American historians, Parkman and Motley, he adventured himself in fiction; and his story, anonymous as it was, met with a wider approval than theirs. But he devoted the full strength of his maturity to the life of the great chief he had served in his youth, to the history of the American who had made history. Finally he came back to the service of the nation and took charge of our foreign affairs at a critical moment. By a striking coincidence, the author of the life of him who had saved this country from disunion was able himself to preserve from dismemberment an ancient Oriental empire.

MacDowell was the youngest of the seven founders of this American Academy, and he was also the youngest to die, untimely taken off before his work was done and perhaps even before his genius had achieved its fullest expansion. He was the foremost of American composers, with a fragrant originality of his own. He was also the first to win wide recognition abroad. His compositions had marked individuality; they were modern and yet classic. His

music was poetry, for he had the vision and the faculty divine. He had the sensitiveness of the poet, and the poet's delicacy of perception as well; and he possessed also the structural simplicity which we discover in the masterpieces of the major poets. The true lyricist's integrity of workmanship he had in addition, doing nothing in haste or at random, and holding himself always to the severest standard of artistic perfection. Although he had early reaped the reward of his work, and although success had come to him, he was not led astray by it. He went on his lonely way uncontaminated by applause, as though he had taken to heart the wise saying of Confucius which bids us "rate the task above the prize."

Such they were, the five men of varied achievement whom it is my privilege to commemorate to-day. They aspired each in his own way to an Attic excellence, and they left us examples of Attic urbanity. The Athenians, so Dionysius of Halicarnassus declared, "made gentle the life of the world." And this praise might be bestowed also on these five Americans. They differed widely in their accomplishments and in their aims, but they had the grace of urbanity. And they had in common one other characteristic: they had all of them the full flavor of the soil of their nativity; they were intensely American. Perhaps their careers were most of them possible only in this New World, cut off from ancient Europe by the wide leagues of the Western Ocean. They were American in nothing more than in their avoidance of overt eccentricity and in their desire to be judged by standards not local, but cosmopolitan and universal. Stedman once told me that he had prepared his volume on the Victorian poets so that he might feel free afterward to write his book on

the American poets; and MacDowell refused to allow his works to be performed in a concert of exclusively American music, insisting that it had to hold its own without any adventitious support of patriotic prejudice in favor of a native composer.

Washington Irving was the earliest of our men of letters to win acceptance abroad, and he explained modestly that some part of the welcome he received from our kin across the sea was due to the surprise of the British at discovering an American with a quill in his hand instead of a feather in his hair. It is always difficult for Europeans to perceive that although we may be a young nation, our artists have had as many forebears as those of any other stock. We are the legitimate inheritors of the best of the past; and to be ourselves, to be intensely American, we do not need to assert any violent and freakish originality. We are the heirs of the ages; and we have all the mighty men of old as our artistic ancestors. Sometimes the kinship with the foreigner is very close; it is scarcely too much to say that Rousseau was a collaborator of the writer of the Declaration of Independence and that Montesquieu was one of the authors of the Constitution.

These five Americans, the sculptor, the musician, and the three authors, were glad to continue the transmitted traditions of their several arts and to labor in honorable rivalry with their fellow-craftsmen in other lands. And yet, although they might profit by all that had been wrought by those who had gone before both here and abroad, they were rooted in the land of their birth. They proved by their works that the arts can flourish here in our own new country; and they themselves were "new births of our new soil."

McKIM, NORTON, WARD, ALDRICH, JEFFERSON

BY WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE

The keenest enjoyment of a finer mind is in whatever makes the absent and unreal present and apparent. This emotion is basic to all the fine arts without exception, for it gives almost unhampered play to the imagination, to the representative faculties, which embody without the limit and clog of matter that subtle essence which in successive stages of social development is felt to be beautiful. Poetry, painting, and sculpture, the imitative arts, do this manifestly; less patently, but even more poignantly, do likewise music and architecture. Whatever the inner structure of the music, the resultant voice of its production arouses emotions which in their very vagueness are universal and to the initiated almost articulate, which entrance because they summon thoughts and visions from sources never before tapped and often unsuspected to exist. Architecture, aside from the categorical imperative of utility to which it is subject, presents to the eye, as music to the ear, intricate combinations that likewise afford a unitary resultant free from the trammels of imitation, which abstractedly and vaguely lures the mind into a sense of proportion and sublimity that awakens spiritual aspiration.

These familiar and generally accepted views are recalled to connect the commemoration of Charles Follen McKim with those of the founders who preceded him in their passage to the beyond. It is noteworthy as an aid to memory that our great composer and our great architect were in recollection left to us and to posterity as comrades in time and activity, the one with world

renown for his appeal to humanity through the trained ear, the other with similar fame through his command of the trained eye. Both have been honored in other lands than this, their local fame has been carried to the stars by appreciative fellow-laborers and by a national public. What posterity may decide we know not, but the test of genius is as fully in the inspiration and stimulus given to the present age as it is in the instruction and the plaudits of succeeding ones. In this respect McKim stands forth a preëminent figure. His life began in a heroic epoch of tumult and national reform, and ended in an age of struggle for emancipation from materialism and its complementary tension of nervous exaltation. Throughout he stood apart, a citizen of the nation and of the world, detached from the popular movement, as had been his ancestry, but keenly observant of the slowly forming aspiration of society toward permanence of institutions and the equilibrium of mind and matter, of soul and body, of social and personal balance. Historically minded in the highest degree, he marked the moment of his nation's birth, the stock of which it was a mighty bough, the forms in which its already ancient civilization had then expressed itself. His intense interest in the divagations of national taste, in the evidences of contrition for structural faults in politics and art, in the eclecticism which was proof of a search for garments that would fit, in the freaks of selection or abortion which were misnamed pure American, in the totality of effort, conscious or unconscious, for a place in the procession of nations and ages. In short he

was a profound student, a shrewd observer, a man of meditation and philosophy before he became the poetic creator which he finally was. This was the spiritual and intellectual training which drew upon him the attention of his fellows, of his own people, of craftsmen and artists beyond the sea. The sincerity and vigor of his art made him the prophet of a school, much, there is reason to believe, against his will. But the greatness which was his own having once been recognized and leadership having been thrust upon him, he did not shrink from the responsibility. During his ripest years he was hospitable to collaboration, receptive to all assistance from the ancillary arts, catholic in association and taste. Commanding his clients, personal, corporate, or national, he dominated them and their commissions by force of character and the array of proof. It was thus that he made the capital city of his country one focus of his ellipse, her metropolis the other. In both the lines of architectural development in present and future work were convincingly set forth by weighty argument. And for one generation at least the public taste was directed toward the beginnings of national architecture in those modifications of Georgian and classical style which seemed to him in further evolution likely to furnish the perfect garb for the faith and ambition of his land, the solid substance of the vision vouchsafed to a people who had asserted partnership in the affairs of the world. For politics, for commerce, and for the fine arts he left symbolic structures: the War College, the Pennsylvania station, the Morgan library, all of which exhibit complicated unity, sensibility in structure, refinement in decoration, and adequacy in mass. These alone would suffice as permanent foundation for his fame as a creative artist. Space forbids the enumeration of his works in other fields of human life: they are quite as illustrious each in

its own way—his homes for the club, the family, the church.

The wary writer does not venture in these days to give any positive definition of beauty. Men do many, many things in play solely because they choose to do them. In pleasing themselves, they give permanent delight to many others. The elect few or many have the instinct of these, but the multitude yearns to have the matter set forth in syllogism. The average taste is not the best, somehow; the average man desires to know both why he should admire the compositions of MacDowell, the buildings of McKim. He ought to be told, he ought to hear, how the born artist or poet is further trained, to what point this training is general, where it becomes individual, and finally the secret mystery of personal liberty, the emancipation at last from tradition, rule, maxim, the portal through which genius alone may enter and bring forth for common use that which is fine and is art, the fine arts of music or architecture, of sculpture, painting or poetry, all which lift us into the realm of imagination. This is the work of the critic. Put flatly, it is his business to point out alike the faults and beauties of each. Long since in the fine arts, as in every other sphere of human activity, authority reigned supreme, and within the memory of man it was discarded. The critic dare no longer deal in positive standards: high and low alike flout them. He can appeal to the indefinite and negative, the cautious groping of superior minds, to the enthusiasms of one generation, to the reactions of the next.

This was the sense in which Charles Eliot Norton was preëminently a critic. In every fiber of his being he was sensitive and alive. Like McKim, he was of reforming stock, he of the English Puritan type, the other of the Scotch; both rebels born against complacency and sham, both intense, impatient, fecund. The one was a devotee of fine

art in literature, just as the other was in architecture. Norton from the beginning exhibited in his attitude the furthest degree of revolt from spiritual and intellectual authority. His Unitarian ancestry made him an ultra protester, his fine education made him exquisite in taste, his strength as a reasoner made him both a cautious and somewhat precious writer as well as a caustic and convincing critic. Nothing argues higher training in a fertile mind than the capacity for substitution and for the transubstantiation of itself. This Norton could do. He was a man of the Renaissance projected into the nineteenth century, an Italian in subtlety, a Briton of the Preraphaelite type, an American in his innate contempt for medievalism. His profession was the research and the instruction of history as revealed in the long, unsophisticated record of the human soul manifesting itself through art. Since art is the untrammelled play of the spirit, men have evolved what pleased them for the time in ornament, in drawing, in form generally, and in color. The record of the fine arts, pure or applied, is therefore truer and more legible than any other. What Norton taught about this was fascinating, his transmutation of himself at every epoch was alchemy. He was Hellenist in the Greek air when he breathed it; his Italian was impeccable; his Dante scholarship not only rich, but supreme; he was so Victorian that Ruskin and Carlyle were under his spell, and so American that he was a motive power in the Boston school of letters at its apogee. This must not be mistaken for versatility. On the contrary, the basic concept of a Puritan soul is immediacy, and to every exhibit of the man-power in action he was subtly sensitive and sensible. It was the comprehensiveness of the scholar. What he had not, and what he disdained, was spiritual feeling; for those who groped after the unknown he was intolerant, for the exercise of finite powers the finite world was quite a

sufficient field, and in that field the relation of man to his environment was to him more important than the learning of theology with which he was saturated as a boy, and against which in manhood he rebelled with the distaste of satiety. They say there are only three metropolitan cities, London, Paris, and New York, since the inhabitant of any one will gladly abuse and join in abuse of his own, so secure is he in its supremacy that he fears no attack on it, and refuses to assume the defensive. Norton was in this very high sense a patriot: as a fellow-member wrote of him last year, he became so convinced of his country's place in history that to correct its bumptiousness, prune its exuberance, and train its powers, was to him a cheerful duty. Its art and its literature expressed to him the degrees of his people's civilization: to direct, to warn, to stimulate he understood to be imperative on all who had the trained gift, and sloth in that regard he detested. He was almost an academy in himself, authoritative and fearless, a man of the academic type.

In marked contrast to him was our great sculptor John Quincy Adams Ward. Put to the categorical question, he would probably have admitted the value of all the esthetic disciplines—those of the amateur, the philosopher, and the critic; he would have admitted also the existence and the validity of rules and axioms. But neither the rule nor the trained beholder was his first concern. Each instance presented to him a separate and absorbing problem, to be solved only by the communings of the individual artist with that particular task. The rule was well as far as it goes, but the test of the rule is the exception. Hence the interest of Ward's work in its varied, widely varied aspects.

Educated in American studios, unfamiliar in early life with great original creations of any epoch, he studied

casts or pictures, read descriptions, and worked as opportunity came. As a craftsman he secured a manual training so fine that it gave restraint to his exuberant fancy. So far as he can be identified with a school he was a Hellenist and classical. To subjective, suggestive, impressionist sculpture he was utterly strange. In the pediments of the Stock Exchange in New York his genius reached its climax. He could not bear the restraint of low relief, scarcely of high, and those virile figures, each a superb American type, stand out full in the round with only a suggestion of attachment to the architecture which they adorn. His work is objective to the highest degree, and stands in close relation not only to the trained, but to the average beholder by the conviction of reality which it enforces on the human eye.

Ward thoroughly understood the American public, and to that public he addressed himself, and was understood. Some of his ideas were no doubt alien to those generally cherished by the members of his gild, and it remains so far true that in the heroic and monumental he was not always at his best, so instinctive was his feeling for measure and proportion; but in what was purely statuesque, in breadth and scale, in the realization of his vision, he could and did accomplish what few have done, and was thus defiant of criticism. His knowledge and his sympathy were comprehensive, and his gift of expression was uncommon. A true democrat, he was not indifferent to the noisy, insistent self-assertion of mediocrity, for he knew its power in forming public opinion. Hence he never permitted himself to be silenced by its wearisome iteration. To it he often addressed himself with trenchant language, and as a rule came off triumphant against the cuckoo throng. There was nothing of what is styled in art the precious about his temperament or his work.

The man whose name is next on our

honor-roll was neither an interpreter of national aspiration, nor a stern judge of taste and manners, nor yet a prophet with a message to the Philistine. His was the joy of holding up the mirror to three stages in a national evolution.

Our distinctively American literature dates from 1830. For the most part the books published this side the sea had been cheap reprints of foreign writings. The few native writers of importance unconsciously found inspiration in the European volumes which were their intellectual nourishment. But two generations of republican-democrats had now produced a third, which was the offspring of American tradition and education. Insensibly the literary and artistic output was more and more expressive of the environment in which it was engendered, and, the process once begun, the American quality grew more and more intense, until even British models were utterly neglected. There is of course a common and enduring element in all literature, especially in poetry, but the fine essence becomes in time peculiarly national, even local, and sometimes parochial. The door-step poet is often preëminently the more extensive in his art because so intensive and penetrating in that mystery of vision and insight which creates not alone verse or rhythm or cadence or musical regularity; but re-creates, represents, and gives definition to what was, but is not, to what is imagined, but not yet found. Born in this transition, and nurtured in the new American life, Aldrich became the bond of union between the three cohorts of American writers—those of the early nineteenth century, those of the later generation, which again were finding inspiration amid novel conditions subsequent to the Civil War, and the very last, which discovers a people imperious in temper, interested in itself as never before, and aware of a nationality that embraces the breeding-stocks of every race and clime. To the soul of this new people, to its abode, to its

musing, to its energizing, present and coming interpreters must direct their attention and find for it some voice.

Throughout the long career of his authorship Aldrich was an attentive listener to the men, a careful observer of the nature, among whom and amid which he found himself. His theme was neither one nor the other, but the interrelations of both, the man personally and socially both in his home and in his habitat. At twenty he published a fugitive piece of verse which was so appreciated that he was encouraged to further literary effort, and for half a century his pen was busy. Throughout that long period he was the exemplification of the artist in literature. The writing impulse was intermittent: his genius was not in perpetual bloom, his fruitage was irregular. But from first to last he was intimate with his own production, which, though never academic, was alert against crudity, and careful in workmanship; he was himself a stern critic of what he made public. The sense of spontaneity which his readers felt was due to his art. In long parturition he matured his thought, and found the intimate connection between conception in idea and the expression of it in verbal signs which alone gives reality through sight and hearing. Born in Massachusetts and by the accident of his father's business demands a Louisianian in childhood, it was New York which made him an elect journalist, an author of promise. Boston again summoned him, and his powers ripened in the soil whence he sprang. Conscientious in his study of contemporary literature, he was sensitive also to European movements. Hence his work as a whole possesses much variety in its essential unity, and is marked by the charm and grace of wide experience. There is little that is polemic in it, and most of it bears the stamp of Arcadian lightness. There were times when he ate his bread in tears, but his inborn joyousness consigned the influences of trial for the most part to oblivion. His

drama is never tragic, because melancholy of the sort that grips was not natural, and, when insistent, was due to causes which could be and were dismissed by force of will. Nor is either his poetry or his prose stamped with the hall-mark of passion. Prosperity was essentially and peculiarly his blessing, and the permanent elements of his genius exhibit the temporary emergence of American letters into the blithe upper air from out the storm-and-stress period in which they began, and again from beneath the desperate urgency in which they struck the war-note during the struggle of civic war.

Upon the question whether the true actor is or is not the creator of his part there will be long discussion in the future as in the past. But in any case the actor who loses himself in his part is lost indeed, for he is no longer the master of that by which he creates, to wit: his gesture, his speech, and his costume. On the contrary, he has become their slave, and is the creature, not the creator. Into this pit Joseph Jefferson, third and greatest of his name, fourth of his stock likewise to be a player, never fell. His personality was so genial, his soul so kind and appreciative, his quality so sensitive, his humor so good, and his heart so true, that to outward and surface seeming his heredity blended completely with his environment, and the beholder felt as if the actor and the character portrayed were one. But those who were favored with his intimacy knew quite to the contrary. Within that capacious brow and in the convolutions of that spacious brain was a mind of grasp and penetration, its own severest critic, sternest judge, and fairest jury. His great rôles were neither the imaginings of the author nor his own. From the powers of the playwright, the manager, and the interpreter was made a careful selection for securing the resultant which we all saw and at which we all wondered. The performances, more-

over, were not iterations or repetitions: each stood out by itself, marked by little whimsical touches of genius which made every presentation of the dramatic tale a new experience to the playgoer. To have seen Jefferson once in a part was the sure inducement to seeing him again and again and again in the same part. Autopsies and the use of the knife do not reveal genius, nor does wordy analysis. To be great in any line requires a great man. To this the actor is no exception. Our greatest American actors have been great men off the stage as well as on it, fit for any Olympian circle. Jefferson could be judged by his intimacies and by his avocation of painting almost as well as by the art in which he was so grand a master. He was a worthy comrade in conversation with statesmen, with writers, with creative minds of every kind, thoroughly versed in the ways of men throughout the past and at the present hour. His amusements were varied, and among other recreations was that of out-door sport: his prowess as an angler admitted him to high circles of the gentle art, and there his lighter gifts found the freest play. But his painting was almost a passion,

and while he remained an amateur to the end, there was depth and breadth in his composition, a revel of color in his spaces, and great suggestiveness in the moods of nature as he sought to present them. Solitude in the forest, careless ease in the use of brush and pigment, a temperament disposed to gentle melancholy, given these, and you have the design and purpose together with the handicraft of the actor-painter. His life was opulent in friends and in worldly success; his hand was open to relieve the embarrassments of his fellows; the reservoir of his gladness to lend a hand was overflowing.

Of the five men thus briefly and inadequately commemorated, all belong to the eight selected by the original seven as coadjutors. But the fifteen were equals in power on their respective fields of activity, and the men of our list were peers and compeers of their contemporaries. Widely different in vocation, they were strangely alike in the Americanism which alone can and does give quality to our Academy, which seeks to associate men eminent not in one, but in all of the fine arts.

GILDER, HARRIS, HALE, SCHURZ, HOMER

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

Of the five members of the Academy whom it is my privilege to commemorate, four showed how local is the maxim of the specialists that a man can do only one thing well, and reinforced the ancient opinion that talent of a high order is a force that can be applied successfully along several lines of aptitude and interest. Richard Watson Gilder was a poet, an editor, and a man of those affairs which concern the common welfare; and in each of these capacities his work was memorable. His formal education did not go beyond the old-fashioned seminary, but his vital education was a by-product of all his activities. The bugle sounded in his youth, but there were more commanding calls for him. Journalism afforded him a brief apprenticeship in preparation for the editorial direction of "Hours at Home," of "Scribner's Monthly," and finally of the "Century Magazine," a connection of life-long duration and of effective service to the rising art and widening literature of the country. His nature was quick to respond to the unspoken appeal of neglected children and to the evil conditions of over-crowded tenements; he was a citizen whose ideals sent him into most laborious and painstaking work, and inspired him with the vision of a city that should be clean, wholesome, and beautiful. Organized decency and organized art found in him an apostle whose gifts of mind and of character made him a leader; while the activity of his hands and the deep stirrings of his heart enriched his poetry and gave it a fine sincerity, a moving sense of brotherhood with men in their various fortunes. The slender volumes of verse

in which his life and art find record have been gathered into a single book of lyrics; for he was a song-writer after the older English fashion. His sensitive imagination; his delicate touch, invigorated by conviction and thought; his artistic temperament, enamoured of the beautiful and drawn to new and freer poetic forms, gave his verse vitality and charm, half-pathetic and half-prophetic of the better fortunes of the race to come.

"Born and bred in a pine-patch" in middle Georgia, like Brer Rabbit, it was the good fortune of Joel Chandler Harris to play in the fields he was to describe, to live with the characters whose local traits piqued the curiosity of the world, and to overhear a new kind of fairy-tale, the romance of which lay in natural cunning, in a humor abounding, spontaneous, and original, and in a philosophy so domestic and familiar that it became an informal wisdom of life. His path to his vocation, as in the case of many another man of original gift, made credible the homely adage that might have come from his own cornfields—the longest way round is the shortest way there. He set type, read law, became an editor of a leading Southern journal, and wrote books as original in substance, quaint in style, and rich in human interest as the countryside of which they form an authentic and enduring record. *Uncle Remus* is one of the real figures in American literature. He is a raconteur of legends which are as classic in their way and place as the "Arabian Nights." These tales, full of appeal to the imagination of children and to the memory of their

elders, preserve the humor and wisdom of a vanished social condition; and *Uncle Remus*, emerging from the romanticism and tragedy of the antebellum period and the cheap exaggeration of the minstrel-show that followed the war, attains the dignity of the protagonist of a vanished type—the plantation negro. In apparent unconsciousness, *Uncle Remus* shows us the reaction of slavery on the slave: his easy, care-free attitude; his humorous philosophy born of helplessness; his kindness; his homely sagacity of the cabin and the cotton-field; his shrewd observation of the people he served, and his keen thrusts at their foibles and weaknesses; his sense of the mystery of the animal world, and his primitive relation with it; the pathos of the struggle of the weak against the strong; and the never-failing spirit of mischievous fun in which the powerful and alert are outwitted and disarmed. *Uncle Remus*, *Daddy Jake*, *Brer Rabbit*, and *Tiddy*, will be *ex-officio* members of the folklore societies for all time to come; but they belong to literature, and their creator to the group of those Americans who have made original contributions to literature.

The range of social and climatic conditions in this country could hardly be more strikingly brought out than in the contrast between Joel Chandler Harris, the faithful recorder of a cross-section of Georgia life, and Edward Everett Hale, the New Englander who became neighbor to the whole country. The stamp of New England education was on Dr. Hale from the beginning. He came of a family notable for intelligence and individuality of character; he was born in Boston; he was prepared for college in the Latin School; he was graduated from Harvard; he studied theology and entered the Unitarian ministry. During a long life of varied and tireless activities his home was in Roxbury. He was predestined to be an editor, and knew how to set

type almost as soon as his head was level with the case. He loved history, and wrote it as a journalist writes of the events of the day. He was a storyteller by nature, and wrote tales as if he were writing history. He had something of Defoe's gift of giving fiction the simple and convincing detail of fact. He was never an exact writer; but he had a genius for getting at the truth. He was neither emotional nor dramatic; but his heart was in his work of whatever kind, and he was a rare preacher of the gospel of helpfulness. His aim was practical, he was never a student of style, his strength lay in invention rather than in imagination; but it was his good fortune to write a short story so close to the facts of human nature that it almost defies the endeavor to class it with fiction. "The Man Without a Country" has the pathos of a tragedy of personal life, staged so simply that it escapes all suggestion of artifice, and unless duly authenticated as fiction, it will some day be read as history. A citizen of one of the centers of light and leading in the New World, Dr. Hale was brother to all men; in the informal, unconventional society of America he accepted the ultimate inferences of democracy not with the timidity of the man of academic training, but with the joyful courage of a serene faith in the spiritual worth of humanity. He organized helpfulness as if it were the chief business of mankind, wrote its legends and text-books, and spoke and acted as if society were a league of men and women bent on helping instead of preying upon one another. He had the saving common sense, the habit of industry, and the illuminating humor of one to whom men as men were dear and companionable.

The contributions of Germany to thought and life in this country were less evident in the early stages of our history than those of England, Holland, and France; but since the awak-

ening of American intelligence to its intellectual isolation in the decade between 1820 and 1830, German philosophy, poetry, and music have formed probably the most powerful single stream of influence that has come to us from Europe. Quite as important has been the addition to our population of a host of men and women of German blood and education, and foremost among American citizens of German breeding was Carl Schurz. He was a student in the University of Bonn when his love of liberty took him into the ranks of the revolutionists in 1848. He came to this country in 1852, and was admitted to the bar; but he was irresistibly swept into the anti-slavery movement, and so into the field of political action. He was a convincing and lucid speaker, and his advocacy was an effective reinforcement of the anti-slavery party. When the great debate ended and the war began, he served with credit as an officer in the field. After a successful career as a journalist, he entered the United States Senate, where his trained intelligence and power of statement gave him both popular reputation and legislative influence; while his political idealism and independence made him the advocate of reform in the civil service and in party organization, of sound money, of tariff for revenue only, and of the Independent movement, which has raised the standards of public service and political action in this country.

Mr. Schurz's work as a writer was marked by candor, intelligence, and distinction of tone and manner. His "Life of Henry Clay" lacked the intimacy with local conditions which a man born on the soil of which Clay was so characteristic a product would have given it; but it has genuine historical value and marked narrative interest. He was at variance with Lincoln on important points of policy during the war, and was not slow to express his dissent; but his monograph, written in later years and from riper knowledge, is an

interpretation of Lincoln's character and career of permanent value. His most important contribution to literature is his "Reminiscences, 1829-1863," written after his retirement from political and editorial activity, a memorable addition to the small group of American biographies which have the double value of historical record and personal narrative. The story of Mr. Schurz's life is an adventure of the spirit, told with clearness, vigor, and a strong infusion of personal quality. He was by training and breadth of interest a man of cosmopolitan temper; but he was an American in his devotion to popular government and his ardent service of what may be called applied freedom.

Winslow Homer was a great personal force poured into a single channel. He was a painter by instinct and by intention. He was born in Boston in 1836, and spent his boyhood in Cambridge, which was then a New England village with open spaces ample for the out-of-door activities of a vigorous boy. Unusual skill as a draftsman gave him pleasure and training in childhood, and at the age of nineteen he was doing the artistic work of a lithographer's office. Two years later he was making illustrations; and in 1859 he had his own studio in New York, worked in the night class of the Academy of Design, and learned from Rondel how to set his palette and handle his brushes. His chance for original work came with the Army of the Potomac in 1865; and the series of pictures which he put on canvas, including "Prisoners from the Front," made a deep impression by their vigorous technic and unaffected human feeling. From this direct dealing with the facts of life, Homer's work gained its distinctive note in American painting. He was an authentic and authoritative recorder of three or four phases of American life; daringly intimate, sincere, and frank. Largely self-educated,

and unaffected by European associations, he was a painter of the New World whose clear vision made him an uncompromising truth-teller, and whose powerful imagination and vigorous technic emphasized his rugged strength. His studies of army life, of the massive ocean front of Maine, of Adirondack scenery, of men of elemental occupation and vigor,—sailors, soldiers, farmers, teamsters, negroes,—showed uncompromising fidelity to the fact vitally presented. He was an open-air, out-of-door painter of real men in primitive occupations and experiences; but his range was neither narrow nor one-sided. His later work was dramatic, powerful, at times almost brutal; but in earlier life he painted landscapes

of idyllic and shimmering charm, combining at times the most vivid realism with the subtle skill that records the stir of the wind and the translucence of diffused sunlight.

No American painter has surpassed him in the ease with which he lifts great waves and sends them crashing against the rocks with a force that fills the imagination with a deafening roar. Vigorous composition, bold use of color, passion for the elemental struggles of strong men, nature in moments of intense action, lay well within Homer's art; and to him was given the power to paint "The surge and thunder of the Odyssey." His nature was in the tone of his art: he was fearless, independent, unconventional, and loyal.

On December 9th, at 11 a. m., the proceedings were continued at the New Theatre, under the chairmanship of Mr. Howells, by

A READING FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY V,"

BY

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.

On the same day at 4 p. m., a Reception was given to The Academy and The Institute at the Lenox Library

BY

HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

On December 8th, the Gold Medal of The Institute was presented, in the department of History, to

JAMES FORD RHODES,

Author of "A History of the United States."

SKETCH OF THE ACADEMY AND LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

The American Academy of Arts and Letters was founded in 1904 as an interior organization of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which in turn was founded in 1898 by the American Social Science Association. In each case the elder organization left the younger to choose the relations that should exist between them. Article XII of the Constitution of the Institute provides as follows:

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of membership of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; *provided* that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and *provided* that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

The manner of the organization of the Academy was prescribed by the following resolution of the Institute adopted April 23, 1904:

Whereas, the amendment to the Constitution known as Article XII, providing for the organization of the Academy of Arts and Letters, has been ratified by a vote of the Institute,

Resolved: that the following method be chosen for the organization of the Academy—to wit, that seven members be selected by ballot as the first members of the Academy, and that these seven be requested and empowered to choose eight other members, and that the fifteen thus chosen be requested and empowered to choose five other members, and that the twenty members thus chosen shall be requested and empowered to choose ten other members,—the entire thirty to constitute the Academy in conformity with Article XII, and that the first seven members be an executive committee for the purpose of insuring the completion of the number of thirty members.

Under Article XII the Academy has effected a separate organization, but at the same time it has kept in close relationship with the Institute. On the seventh of March, 1908, the membership was increased from thirty to fifty members, and on the seventh of November, 1908, the following Constitution was adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE ACADEMY

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

The American Academy of Arts and Letters is an association primarily organized by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Its aim is to represent and further the interests of the Fine Arts and Literature.

II. MEMBERSHIP AND ELECTIONS

It shall consist of not more than fifty members, and all vacancies shall be filled from the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. No one shall be elected a member of the Academy who shall not have received the votes of a majority of the members. The votes shall be opened and counted at a meeting of the Academy. In case the first ballot shall not result in an election a second ballot shall be taken to determine the choice between the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes on the first ballot. Elections shall be held only on due notice under rules to be established by the Academy.

III. AIMS

That the Academy may be bound together in community of taste and interest, its members shall meet regularly for discussion, and for the expression of artistic, literary and scholarly opinion on such topics as are brought to its attention. For the purpose of promoting the highest standards, the Academy may also award such prizes as may be founded by itself or entrusted to it for administration.

IV. OFFICERS

The officers shall consist of a President and a Chancellor, both elected annually from among the members to serve for one year only; a Permanent Secretary, not necessarily a member, who shall be elected by the Academy to serve for an indeterminate period, subject to removal by a majority vote; and a Treasurer. The Treasurer shall be appointed as follows: Three members of the Academy shall be elected at each annual meeting to serve as a Committee on Finance for the ensuing year. They shall appoint one of their number Treasurer of the Academy to serve for one year. He shall receive and protect its funds and make disbursements for its expenses as directed by the Committee. He shall also make such investments, upon the order of the President, as may be approved by both the Committee on Finance and the Executive Committee.

V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence of the Chancellor, to preside at all meetings throughout his term of office, and to safeguard in general all the interests of the Academy. It shall be the duty of the Chancellor to select and prepare the business for each meeting of his term. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the records; to conduct the correspondence of the Academy under the direction of the President or Chancellor; to issue its authorized statements; and to draw up as required such writings as pertain to the ordinary business of the Academy and its committees. These three officers shall constitute the Executive Committee.

VI. AMENDMENTS

Any proposed amendment to this Constitution must be sent in writing to the Secretary signed by at least ten members; and it shall then be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. It shall not be considered until three months after it has been thus submitted. No proposed amendment shall be adopted unless it receives the votes in writing of two-thirds of the members.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Following is the list of members in the order of their election:

William Dean Howells
*Augustus Saint-Gaudens
*Edmund Clarence Stedman
*John La Farge
*Samuel Langhorne Clemens
*John Hay
*Edward MacDowell
Henry James
*Charles Follen McKim
Henry Adams
*Charles Eliot Norton
*John Quincy Adams Ward
Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury
Theodore Roosevelt
*Thomas Bailey Aldrich
*Joseph Jefferson
John Singer Sargent
*Richard Watson Gilder
Horace Howard Furness
*John Bigelow
*Winslow Homer
*Carl Schurz
Alfred Thayer Mahan
*Joel Chandler Harris
Daniel Chester French
John Burroughs
James Ford Rhodes
*Edwin Austin Abbey
Horatio William Parker
William Milligan Sloane
*Edward Everett Hale
Robert Underwood Johnson
George Washington Cable
*Daniel Coit Gilman
*Thomas Wentworth Higginson
*Donald Grant Mitchell
Andrew Dickson White
Henry van Dyke
William Crary Brownell
Basil Lanneau Guildersleeve
*Julia Ward Howe
Woodrow Wilson
Arthur Twining Hadley
Henry Cabot Lodge
Francis Hopkinson Smith
*Francis Marion Crawford
*Henry Charles Lea
Edwin Howland Blashfield
William Merritt Chase
Thomas Hastings
Hamilton Wright Mabie
*Bronson Howard
Brander Matthews
Thomas Nelson Page
Elihu Vedder
George Edward Woodberry
*William Vaughn Moody
Kenyon Cox
George Whitefield Chadwick
Abbott Handerson Thayer
John Muir
Charles Francis Adams
Henry Mills Alden
George deForest Brush

*Deceased.

William Rutherford Mead
John White Alexander
Bliss Perry
Francis Davis Millet
Abbott Lawrence Lowell

James Whitcomb Riley
Nicholas Murray Butler
Paul Wayland Bartlett
George Browne Post.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1911

President: MR. HOWELLS.

Chancellor: MR. SLOANE.

Permanent Secretary: MR. JOHNSON.

Finance Committee: MESSRS. SLOANE, RHODES, and HASTINGS.

PROCEEDINGS
 OF THE
 AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
 AND LETTERS
 AND OF THE
 NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
 AND LETTERS



Number V: 1912



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WILLIAM M. SLOANE,
Chancellor of the Academy, Presiding

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
American Academy of Arts and Letters
AND OF THE
National Institute of Arts and Letters

Published at intervals by the Societies

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VOL. I

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1912

No. 5

THE ACADEMY AND THE INSTITUTE

Public Meetings held at the Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, January 25-26, 1912



WILLIAM M. SLOANE
Chancellor of the Academy, in the Chair

OPENING REMARKS OF WILLIAM M. SLOANE

AT THE FIRST SESSION, JANUARY 26, PHILADELPHIA

This is the fifth public meeting held by the National Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters the proceedings of which either have been or will be published. The double name has a historical basis. Although both are one, and that one the Institute, it was thought best some years ago to select a section of it to be styled the Academy. This action has secured a very desirable clearness in the minds of all who are interested, because of the manifest parallel with the National Academy of Sciences. Both Academies desire to serve the country to the utmost of their ability through the association of men eminent in their respective spheres—men who have not only the leisure, but also

the inclination for such service. The National Institute is the child of the American Social Science Association, and when there are vacancies in its number it chooses to fill them with such artists and men of letters as apply for membership, and who are duly certified as to fitness by members of their own group. The Academy selects its members from those of the Institute.

Our association is fifteen years old. For many years its existence was that of a private club. Its meetings were fairly frequent and altogether delightful; papers were read, and discussions were held; and as time passed, it grew manifest that it must and could become a public force. Accordingly

there is now annually at least one public meeting, some years two. This year our Philadelphia members are our hosts, and we are proud to accept the gracious hospitality so kindly tendered by them by the great city itself through His Honor the Mayor and by the Franklin Inn. For many reasons we feel entirely at home in this splendid metropolis and commonwealth. Creative art and literature, criticism, music, and the drama are represented in America by a great throng of Pennsylvanians; there are no names of higher distinction on our roll than those of members born and in great measure trained in this commonwealth, and for the most part in this city. Boasting of them, we render just due to the State and the stock which produced them; indeed, the chief presiding officer last night and to-day is in the land of his birth and on his own soil.

That we are not more numerous in our attendance is because of our zeal in that for which we stand. Some of us are weaker in body than in spirit because of age; the younger absentees are overwhelmed with the labors of their professions, and cannot escape stern necessity. Were American benefactors, so wonderful in other directions, as disposed to endow creative minds as they are to support eleemosynary institutions, the two Academies of the country could render services to their members and to the nation similar to the splendid examples afforded by like bodies in other lands. So far the struggle for life by men of science and men of art has precluded in America the close-knit association which alone carries the real force of the country in matters of discovery, research, taste, and discipline. What is done by them, and it is much, is a free gift, a generous personal con-

tribution by those to whom arduous labor, unremitting industry, and small returns make such a largess as important as princely bequests of money.

You will remember that Lord Clive, when charged with enriching himself in India, retorted that in view of his opportunities he was astonished at his own moderation. Reversing this, I am amazed at the participation our association secures from the busy men who are its members. It proves that each of us values at a cost as high as that of living the stimulus we get from one another and the sympathy of those who honor us with their presence. In the course of a fairly long life I have not seen perish a single viable and valuable ideal in the world of scientific and humanistic endeavor. Simply to exist is much for such an association, and a long period of frugality in production and consumption is not only to be expected, but to be desired. This we have had, and the time seems approaching when, having displayed devotion and persistency in serving others, the world will give us the means of serving our nation and mankind proportionate to our capacity.

As a writer of history I naturally turn to those of my own profession for an example, and in this case it is that of a Philadelphian. Of those who have gone before not one has left behind him greater renown than he who as yet is by experts of the world and the nation considered the most eminent American in his combination of philosophic, literary, and scientific history. Henry Charles Lea. May I say that the interest he felt in this organization was profound; his letters bear witness to the fact, and while he lived his contributions of money and moral support were second to those of no other. What his fellow-workers owe to this fact only those aware of the drudgery

and sacrifice incident to historical work can know, and their recognition of it has been generous. What our other associates and this public owe is a debt that cannot be repaid except in the effort to emulate him, in feeling the persistent sense of his wisdom, and in enjoying the consciousness of his approval. Similar encouragement from men of his rank could be adduced, but here and now this may suffice.

It is therefore much that we are alive and active and that we are more and more widely known not as those who assume a crown, but, on the contrary, as those who volunteer for service when service is demanded. We may go further, for we may even force our services on an unwilling master, should occasion arise, and experience prove that our spoken words would help in the great decisions that are so

often committed to the inexpert for settlement. Voluntary association is the law of Anglo-Saxon society, and if we truly desire, as we assert to be the case, to get the best in art and letters for our material life, to keep the public taste at the highest standard for public instruction and reproof, we may have to cry aloud and spare not. Who has a better right? The noisy agitator for selfish purposes, the leveler, the vulgar, who are a law unto themselves? Surely not. As individuals or as groups of individuals, the members of this association have always been courageous, most certainly and successfully in the field of art and architecture, and have reaped a reward. Similar triumphs are possible in other fields, and whether as men or an association of men, we may hope to win more and more of them.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY HIS HONOR THE MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA, RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG

It is a pleasure and a privilege for me to greet you, members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and to extend to you a warm welcome to the City of Brotherly Love. Among the many conventions and meetings held here by organizations of all kinds and characters, there is hardly any that deserves greater attention and a warmer greeting than yours. In this age of materialism, when in so many phases of life the dollar is king, it is refreshing indeed to meet a body of men who are more interested in ethics, in science, in arts, and in letters than in the pursuit of worldly riches. Unfortunately, such movements for the higher aims in life are not many; yet there seems to be a new impulse of intellectual and artistic improvement that bodes good for the future and cannot fail to make a lasting impression. Let me express the hope that this impulse may increase from day to day and extend all over our country.

It can hardly be expected that I, a plain business man, should deliver to you an address on a subject in which you are so much more at home than I, but the spirit that prompts my thought is one that should prevail among all our people, leading to the promotion of higher education and higher ideals, and the encouragement of all those interested in the uplift of mankind. I shall not detain you by delivering a set speech, but I do extend to you a welcome that is all the warmer because it is real.

We all need an incentive to the higher things in life, and your organizations are specially adapted to

arouse greater and nobler aspirations. Who knows what talent or ambitious spirit may lie dormant in the breast of many an American artist? Perhaps to-day we harbor among us, unknown, but ready to display his talents, a Callicrates, an Apelles, or a Phidias. Perhaps, also, we may have a counterpart to Pericles, to whose encouragement of art and literature, perhaps more than to any other man, ancient Greece is indebted for its fame. It is possible that through meetings like this a genius hitherto undeveloped may arise and add luster to the name of our great country, which is to-day known mainly for its wonderful physical development and its progress in material wealth.

In this connection let me suggest whether it would not be wise for your institute to organize in America an Academy something like the great French Academy. This should be accomplished by national legislation that would impress upon the creation of such a body the seal of national approval. I hope to live to see the day when we shall have an American Academy equal, at least, to that which has given France its prominent place in the literary, scientific, and artistic world. France has her forty immortals living, her many times forty immortals dead and yet living. Let us follow her example and create a body equal to hers of truly American genius and spirit.

It is my sincere wish and earnest hope that your deliberations may lead to these results and that the future of your organizations may be even brighter than the past.

THEOCRITUS ON CAPE COD

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Cape Cod lies at the other end of the world from Sicily not only in distance, but in the look of it, the lay of it, the way of it. It is so far off that it offers a base from which one may get a fresh view of Theocritus.

There are very pleasant villages on the Cape, in the wide shade of ancient elms, set deep in the old-time New England quiet. For there was a time before the arrival of the Syrians, the Armenians, and the automobile, when New England was in a meditative mood. But Cape Cod is really a ridge of sand with a backbone of soil, rashly thrust into the Atlantic, and as fluent and volatile, so to speak, as one of those far Western rivers that are shifting currents sublimely indifferent to private ownership. The Cape does not lack stability, but it shifts its lines with easy disregard of charts and boundaries, and remains stable only at its center; it is always fraying at the edges. It lies, too, on the western edge of the ocean stream, where the forces of land and sea are often at war and the palette of colors is limited. The sirocco does not sift fine sand through every crevice and fill the heart of man with murderous impulses; but the east wind diffuses a kind of elemental depression.

Sicily, on the other hand, is high-built on rocky foundations, and is the wide-spreading reach of a great volcano sloping broadly and leisurely to the sea. It is often shaken at its center, but the sea does not take from nor add to its substance at will. It lies in the very heart of a sea of such ravishing color that by sheer fecundity of beauty it has given birth to a vast

fellowship of gods and divinely fashioned creatures; its slopes are white with billowy masses of almond blossoms in that earlier spring which is late winter on Cape Cod; while gray-green, gnarled, and twisted olive-trees bear witness to the passionate moods of the Mediterranean, mother of poetry, comedy, and tragedy, often asleep in a dream of beauty in which the shadowy figures of the oldest time move, often as violent as the North Atlantic when March torments it with furious moods. For the Mediterranean is as seductive, beguiling, and uncertain of temper as Cleopatra, as radiant as Hera, as voluptuous as Aphrodite. Put in terms of color, it is as different from the sea round Cape Cod as a picture by Sorolla is different from a picture by Mauve.

Theocritus is interested in the magic of the island rather than in the mystery of the many-sounding sea, and to him the familiar look of things is never edged like a photograph; it is as solid and real as a report of the Department of Agriculture, but a mist of poetry is spread over it, in which, as in a Whistler nocturne, many details harmonize in a landscape at once actual and visionary. There is no example in literature of the unison of sight and vision more subtly and elusively harmonious than the report of Sicily in the "Idylls." In its occupations the island was as prosaic as Cape Cod, and lacked the far-reaching consciousness of the great world which is the possession of every populated sand-bar in the Western world; but it was enveloped in an atmosphere in which the edges of things were lost in

a sense of their rootage in poetic relations, and of interrelations so elusive and immaterial that a delicate but persistent charm exhaled from them.

Sicily was a solid and stubborn reality thousands of years before Theocritus struck his pastoral lyre; but its most obvious quality was atmospheric. It was compacted of facts, but they were seen not as a camera sees, but as an artist sees; not in sharp outline and hard actuality, but softened by a flood of light which melts all hard lines in a landscape vibrant and shimmering. Our landscape-painters are now reporting Nature as Theocritus saw her in Sicily; the value of the overtone matching the value of the undertone, to quote an artist's phrase, "apply these tones in right proportions," writes Mr. Harrison, "and you will find that the sky painted with the perfectly matched tone will fly away indefinitely, will be bathed in a perfect atmosphere." We who have for a time lost the poetic mood and strayed from the poet's standpoint paint the undertones with entire fidelity; but we do not paint in the overtones, and the landscape loses the luminous and vibrant quality which comes into it when the sky rains light upon it. We see with the accuracy of the camera; we do not see with the vision of the poet, in which reality is not sacrificed, but subdued to larger uses. We insist on the scientific fact; the poet is intent on the visual fact. The one gives the bare structure of the landscape; the other gives us its color, atmosphere, charm. Here, perhaps, is the real difference between Cape Cod and Sicily. It is not so much a contrast between encircling seas and the sand-ridge and rock-ridge as between the two ways of seeing, the scientific and the poetic.

The difference of soils must also be

taken into account. The soil of history on Cape Cod is almost as thin as the physical soil, which is so light and detached that it is blown about by all the winds of heaven. In Sicily, on the other hand, the soil is so much a part of the substance of the island that the sirocco must bring from the shores of Africa the fine particles with which it tortures men. On Cape Cod there are a few colonial traditions, many heroic memories of brave deeds in awful seas, some records of prosperous darning in fishing-ships, and then the advent of the summer colonists; a creditable history, but of so recent date that it has not developed the fructifying power of a rich soil, out of which atmosphere rises like an exhalation. In Sicily, on the other hand, the soil of history is so deep that the spade of the archæologist has not touched bottom, and even the much-toiling Freeman found four octavo volumes too cramped to tell the whole story, and mercifully stopped at the death of Agathocles.

Since the beginning of history, which means only the brief time since we began to remember events, everybody has gone to Sicily, and most people have stayed there until they were driven on, or driven out, by later comers; and almost everybody has been determined to keep the island for himself, and set about it with an ingenuity and energy of slaughter which make the movement toward universal peace seem pallid and nerveless. It is safe to say that on no bit of ground of equal era has more history been enacted than in Sicily; and when Theocritus was young, Sicily was already venerable with years and experience.

Now, history, using the word as signifying things which have happened, although enacted on the ground, gets into the air, and one often feels it be-

fore he knows it. In this volatile and pervasive form it is diffused over the landscape and becomes atmospheric; and atmosphere, it must be remembered, bears the same relation to air that the countenance bears to the face: it reveals and expresses what is behind the physical features. There is hardly a half-mile of Sicily below the upper ridges of Ætna that has not been fought over; and the localities are few which cannot show the prints of the feet of the gods or of the heroes who were their children.

It was a very charming picture on which the curtain was rolled up when history began, but the island was not a theater in which men sat at ease and looked at Persephone in the arms of Pluto; it was an arena in which race followed close upon race, like the waves of the sea, each rising a little higher and gaining a little wider sweep, and each leaving behind not only wreckage, but layers of soil potent in vitality. The island was as full of strange music, of haunting presences, of far-off memories of tragedy, as the island of the "Tempest": it bred its *Calibans*, but it bred also its *Prosperos*. For the imagination is nourished by rich associations as an artist is fed by a beautiful landscape; and in Sicily men grew up in an invisible world of memories that spread a heroic glamour over desolate places and kept Olympus within view of the mountain pastures where rude shepherds cut their pipes:

A pipe discoursing through nine mouths
I made, full fair to view;
The wax is white thereon, the line of
this and that edge true.

The soil of history may be so rich that it nourishes all manner of noxious things side by side with flowers of glorious beauty; this is the price we pay for fertility. A thin soil, on the

other hand, sends a few flowers of delicate structure and haunting fragrance into the air, like the arbutus and the witchiana, which express the clean, dry sod of Cape Cod, and are symbolic of the poverty and purity of its history. Thoreau reports that in one place he saw advertised, "Fine sand for sale here," and he ventures the suggestion that "some of the street" had been sifted. And, possibly, with a little tinge of malice after his long fight with winds and shore-drifts, he reports that "in some pictures of Provincetown the persons of the inhabitants are not drawn below the ankles, so much being supposed to be buried in the sand." "Nevertheless," he continues, "natives of Provincetown assured me that they could walk in the middle of the road without trouble, even in slippers, for they had learned how to put their feet down and lift them up without taking in any sand." On a soil so light and porous there is a plentiful harvesting of health and substantial comfort, but not much chance of poetry.

In the country of Theocritus there was great chance for poetry; not because anybody was taught anything, but because everybody was born in an atmosphere that was a diffused poetry. If this had not been true, the poet could not have spread a soft mist of poesy over the whole island: no man works that kind of magic unaided; he compounds his potion out of simples culled from the fields round him. Theocritus does not disguise the rudeness of the life he describes; goat-herds and he-goats are not the conventional properties of the poetic stage. The poet was without a touch of the drawing-room consciousness of crude things, though he knew well softness and charm of life in Syracuse under a tyrant who did not "patronize

the arts," but was instructed by them. To him the distinction between poetic and unpoetic things was not in the appearance, but in the root. He was not ashamed of Nature as he found her, and he never apologized for her coarseness by avoiding things not fit for refined eyes. His shepherds and goat-herds are often gross and unmannerly, and as stuffed with noisy abuse as Shakespeare's people in "Richard III." Lacon and Cometas, rival poets of the field, are having a controversy, and this is the manner of their argument:

LACON

When learned I from thy practice or thy
preaching aught that's right,
Thou puppet, thou mis-shapen lump of
ugliness and spite?

COMETAS

When? When I beat thee, wailing sore;
your goats looked on with glee,
And bleated; and were dealt with e'en as
I had dealt with thee.

And then, without a pause, the landscape shines through the noisy talk:

Nay, here are oaks and galingale: the
hum of housing bees
Makes the place pleasant, and the birds
are piping in the trees,
And here are two cold streamlets; here
deeper shadows fall
Than yon place owns, and look what
cones drop from the pine tree tall.

Thoreau, to press the analogy from painting a little further, lays the undertones on with a firm hand: "It is a wild, rank place and there is no flat-tery in it. Strewn with crabs, horse-shoes, and razor-clams, and whatever the sea casts up,—a vast *morgue*, where famished dogs may range in packs, and cows come daily to glean the pittance which the tide leaves them. The carcasses of men and beasts together lie stately up upon its shelf, rotting and bleaching in the sun and waves, and each tide turns them in their beds, and tucks fresh sand under them. There is naked Nature,

—inhumanely sincere, wasting no thought on man, nibbling at the cliffy shore where gulls wheel amid the spray."

It certainly is naked Nature with a vengeance, and it was hardly fair to take her portrait in that condition. Theocritus would have shown us Acteon surprising Artemis, not naked, but nude; and there is all the difference between nakedness and nudity that yawns between a Greek statue and a Pompeiian fresco indiscreetly preserved in the museum at Naples. Theocritus shows Nature nude, but not naked; and it is worth noting that the difference between the two lies in the presence or absence of consciousness. In Greek mythology, nudity passes without note or comment; the moment it begins to be noted and commented upon it becomes nakedness.

Theocritus sees Nature nude, as did all the Greek poets, but he does not surprise her when she is naked. He paints the undertones faithfully, but he always lays on the overtones, and so spreads the effulgence of the sky-stream over the undertones, and the picture becomes vibrant and luminous. The fact is never slurred or ignored; it gets full value, but not as a solitary and detached thing untouched by light, unmodified by the landscape. Is there a more charming impression of a landscape bathed in atmosphere, exhaling poetry, breathing in the very presence of divinity, than this, in Calverley's translation:

I ceased. He, smiling sweetly as before,
Gave me the staff, "the Muses" parting
gift,

And leftward sloped toward Pyxa. We
the while

Bent us to Phrasydene's, Eucritus and I,
And baby-faced Amyntas: there we lay
Half-buried in a couch of fragrant reed
And fresh-cut vine leaves, who so glad
as we?

A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'er-
head;

Hard by, a sacred spring flowed gurgling
 on
 From the Nymphs' grot, and in the som-
 bre boughs
 The sweet cicada chirped laboriously.
 Hid in the thick thorn-bushes far away
 The tree frog's note was heard; the
 crested lark
 Sang with the goldfinch; turtles made
 their moan;
 And o'er the fountain hung the gilded
 bee.
 All of rich summer smacked, of autumn
 all:
 Pears at our feet, and apples at our side
 Rolled in luxuriance; branches on the
 ground
 Sprawled, overweighted with damsons;
 while we brushed
 From the cask's head the crust of four
 long years.
 Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian
 peaks,
 Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er
 Set before Hercules a cup so brave
 In Pholus' cavern—did as nectarous
 draughts
 Cause that Anapian shepherd, in whose
 hand
 Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the
 strong,
 Featly to foot it o'er the cottage
 lawns:—
 As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us
 All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-
 home?
 Beside whose corn-stacks may I oft
 again
 Plant my broad fan: while she stands
 by and smiles,
 Poppies and corn-sheaves on each laden
 arm.

Here is the landscape seen with a
 poet's eye; and the color and shining
 quality of a landscape, it must be re-
 membered, are in the exquisitely sen-
 sitive eye that sees, not in the struc-
 ture and substance upon which it
 rests. The painter and poet create
 nature as really as they create art,
 for in every clear sight of the world
 we are not passive receivers of im-
 pressions, but partners in that creative
 work which makes nature as contem-
 poraneous as the morning newspaper.

It is true, Sicily was poetic in its
 very structure while Cape Cod is
 poetic only in oases, bits of old New
 England shade and tracery of elms,
 the peace of ancient sincerity and con-
 tent honestly housed, the changing

color of marshes in whose channels
 the tides are singing or mute; but the
 Sicily of Theocritus was seen by the
 poetic eye. In every complete vision
 of a landscape what is behind the eye
 is as important as what lies before it,
 and behind the eyes that looked at
 Sicily in the third century, B.C.,
 there were not only the memories of
 many generations, but there was also
 a faith in visible and invisible crea-
 tures which peopled the world with
 divinities. The text of Theocritus is
 starred with the names of gods and
 goddesses, of heroes and poets; it is
 like a rich tapestry, on the surface of
 which history has been woven in beau-
 tiful colors; the flat surface dissolves
 in a vast distance, and the dull warp
 and woof glows with moving life.

The "Idylls" are saturated with re-
 ligion, and as devoid of piety as a
 Bernard Shaw play. Gods and men
 differ only in their power, not at all in
 their character. What we call morals
 were as conspicuously absent from
 Olympus as from Sicily. In both
 places life and the world are taken in
 their obvious intention; there was no
 attempt, apart from the philosophers,
 who are always an inquisitive folk, to
 discover either the mind or the heart
 of things. In the Greek Bible, which
 Homer composed and recited to
 crowds of people on festive occasions,
 the fear of the gods and their ven-
 geance are set forth in a text of un-
 surpassed force and vitality of imag-
 ination; but no god in his most disso-
 lute mood betrays any moral con-
 sciousness, and no man repents of sins.
 That things often go wrong was as
 obvious then as now, but there was
 no sense of sin. There were Greeks
 who prayed, but none who put dust on
 his head and beat his breast and cried,
 "Woe unto me, a sinner!" There
 were disasters by land and sea, but

no newspaper spread them out in shrieking type, and by skillful omission and selection of topics wore the semblance of an official report of a madhouse; there were diseases and deaths, but patent-medicine advertisements had not saturated the common mind with ominous symptoms; old age was present with its monitions of change and decay:

Age o'ertakes us all;
Our tempers first; then on o'er cheek
and chin,
Slowly and surely, creep the frosts of
Time.
Up and go somewhere, ere thy limbs are
sere.

Theocritus came late in the classical age, and the shadows had deepened since Homer's time. The torches on the tombs were inverted, the imagery of immortality was faint and dim; but the natural world was still naturally seen, and, if age was coming down the road, the brave man went bravely forward to meet the shadow.

It was different on Cape Cod. Even Thoreau, who had escaped from the morasses of theology into the woods and accomplished the reversion to paganism in the shortest possible manner, never lost the habit of moralizing, which is a survival of the deep-going consciousness of sin. Describing the operations of a sloop dragging for anchors and chains, he gives his text those neat, hard touches of fancy which he had at command even in his most uncompromising, semi-scientific moments: "To hunt to-day in pleasant weather for anchors which had been lost,—the sunken faith and hope of mariners, to which they trusted in vain; now, perchance it is the rusty one of some old pirate ship or Norman fisherman, whose cable parted here two hundred years ago, and now the best bower anchor of a Canton or California ship which has gone about her business."

And then he drops into the depths of the moral subconsciousness from which the clear, clean waters of Walden Pond could not wash him: "If the roadsteads of the spiritual ocean could be thus dragged, what rusty flukes of hope deceived and parted chain-cables of faith might again be windlassed aboard! enough to sink the finder's craft, or stock new navies to the end of time. The bottom of the sea is strewn with anchors, some deeper and some shallower, and alternately covered and uncovered by the sand, perchance with a small length of iron cable still attached, to which where is the other end? . . . So, if we had diving bells adapted to the spiritual deeps, we should see anchors with their cables attached, as thick as eels in vinegar, all wriggling vainly toward their holding ground. But that is not treasure for us which another man has lost; rather it is for us to seek what no other man has found or can find." The tone is light, almost trifling, when one takes into account the imagery and the idea, and the subconsciousness is wearing thin; but it is still there.

Thoreau's individual consciousness was a very faint reflection of an ancestral consciousness of the presence of sin, and of moral obligations of an intensity almost inconceivable in these degenerate days. There was a time in a Cape Cod community when corporal punishment was inflicted on all residents who denied the Scriptures, and all persons who stood outside the meeting-house during the time of divine service were set in the stocks. The way of righteousness was not a straight and narrow path, but a macadamized thoroughfare, and woe to the man who ventured on a by-path! One is not surprised to learn that "hysterical fits" were very common, and

that congregations were often thrown into the utmost confusion; for the preaching was far from quieting. "Some think sinning ends with this life," said a well-known preacher, "but it is a mistake. The creature is held under an everlasting law; the damned increase in sin in hell. Possibly, the mention of this may please thee. But, remember, there shall be no pleasant sins there; no eating, drinking, singing, dancing; wanton dalliance, and drinking stolen waters; but damned sins, bitter, hellish sins; sins exasperated by torments; cursing God, spite, rage, and blasphemy. The guilt of all thy sins shall be laid upon thy soul, and be made so many heaps of fuel. . . . He damns sinners heaps upon heaps."

It is not surprising to learn that as a result of such preaching the hearers were several times greatly alarmed, and "on one occasion a comparatively innocent young man was frightened nearly out of his wits." One wonders in what precise sense the word "comparatively" was used; it is certain that those who had this sense of the sinfulness of things driven into them were too thoroughly frightened to see the world with the poet's eye.

In Sicily nobody was concerned for the safety of his soul; nobody was aware that he had a soul to be saved. Thoughtful people knew that certain things gave offense to the gods; that you must not flaunt your prosperity after the fashion of some American millionaires, who have discovered in recent years that there is a basis of fact for the Greek feeling that it is wise to hold great possessions modestly; that certain family and state relations are sacred, and that the fate of *Œdipus* was a warning; but nobody was making observations of his own frame of mind; there were no

thermometers to take the spiritual temperature.

In his representative capacity as poet, Theocritus, speaking for his people, might have said with Gautier, "I am a man for whom the visible world exists." It is as impossible to cut the visible world loose from the invisible as to see the solid stretch of earth without seeing the light that streams upon it and makes the landscape; but Gautier came as near doing the impossible as any man could, and the goat-herds and pipe-players of Theocritus measurably approached this unstable position. On Cape Cod, it is true, they looked "up and not down," but it is also true that they "looked in and not out"; in Sicily they looked neither up nor down, but straight ahead. The inevitable shadows fell across the fields whence the distracted Demeter sought Persephone, and Enceladus, uneasily bearing the weight of *Ætna*, poured out the vials of his wrath on thriving vineyards and on almond orchards white as with sea-foam; but the haunting sense of disaster in some other world beyond the dip of the sea was absent. If the hope of living with the gods was faint and far, and the forms of vanished heroes were vague and dim, the fear of retribution beyond the gate of death was a mere blurring of the landscape by a mist that came and went.

The two workmen whose talk Theocritus overhears and reports in the "Tenth Idyll" are not discussing the welfare of their souls; they are not even awake to the hard conditions of labor, and take no thought about shorter hours and higher wages: they are interested chiefly in *Bombyca*, "lean, dusk, a gypsy,"

. . . twinkling dice thy feet,
Poppies thy lips, thy ways none knows
how sweet!

And they lighten the hard task of the reaper of the stubborn corn in this fashion:

O rich in fruit and corn-blade: be this field
Tilled well, Demeter, and fair fruitage yield!

Bind the sheaves, reapers: lest one, passing, say—
"A fig for these, they're never worth their pay!"

Let the mown swathes took northward, ye who mow,
Or westward—for the ears grow fattest so.

Avoid a noon-tide nap, ye threshing men:
The chaff flies thickest from the corn-ears then.

Wake when the lark wakes; when he slumbers close
Your work, ye reapers: and at noontide doze.

Boys, the frogs' life for me! They need not him
Who fills the flagon, for in drink they swim.

Better boil herbs, thou toiler after gain,
Than, splitting cummin, split thy hand in twain.

In Sicily no reckoning of the waste of life had been kept, and armies and fleets had been spent as freely in the tumultuous centuries of conquest as if, in the over-abundance of life, these losses need not be entered in the book of account. Theocritus distils this sense of fertility from the air, and the leaves of the "Idylls" are fairly astir with it. The central myth of the island has a meaning quite beyond the reach of accident; poetic as it is, its symbolism seems almost scientific. Under skies so full of the light which, in a real sense, creates the landscape, encircled by a sea which was fecund of gods and goddesses, Sicily was the teeming mother of flower-strewn fields and trees heavy with fruit, trunks and boughs made firm by winds as the fruit grew mellow in the sun. Demeter moved through harvest-fields

and across the grassy slopes where herds are fed, a smiling goddess,

Poppies and corn-sheaves on each laden arm.

Forgetfulness of the ills of life, dreams of Olympian beauty and tempered energy in the fields—are not these the secrets of the fair world which survives in the "Idylls"?

The corn and wine were food for the gods who gave them as truly as for the men who plucked the ripened grain and pressed the fragrant grape. If there was a sense of awe in the presence of the gods, there was no sense of moral separation, no yawning chasm of unworthiness. The gods obeyed their impulses not less readily than the men and women they had created; both had eaten of the fruit of the tree of life, but neither had eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Anybody might happen upon Pan in some deeply shadowed place, and the danger of surprising Diana at her bath was not wholly imaginary. Religion was largely the sense of being neighbor to the gods; they were more prosperous than men and had more power, but they were different only in degree, and one might be on easy terms with them. They were created by the poetic mind, and they repaid it a thousand-fold with the consciousness of a world haunted by near, familiar, and radiant divinity. The heresy which shattered the unity of life by dividing it between the religious and the secular had not come to confuse the souls of the good and put a full half of life in the hands of sinners; religion was as natural as sunlight and as easy as breathing.

There was little philosophy and less science in Sicily as Theocritus reports it. The devastating passion for knowledge had not brought self-consciousness in like a tide, nor had the

desire to know about things taken the place of knowledge of the things themselves. The beauty of the world was a matter of experience, not of formal observation, and was seen directly as artists see a landscape before they bring technical skill to reproduce it. So far as the men and women who work and sing and make love in the "Idylls" were concerned, the age was delightfully unintellectual and, therefore, normally poetic. The vocabulary of names for things was made up of descriptive rather than analytical words, and things were seen in wholes rather than in parts.

From this point of view religion was as universal and all-enfolding as air, and the gods were as concrete and tangible as trees and rocks and stars. They were companionable with all sorts and conditions of men, and if one wished to represent them, he used symbols and images of divinely fash-

ioned men and women, not philosophical ideas or scientific formulæ. In this respect the Roman Catholic Church has been both a wise teacher and a tender guardian of lonely and sorrowful humanity. Homer was not a formal theologian, but the harvest of the seed of thought he sowed is not even now fully gathered. He peopled the whole world of imagination. Christianity is not only concrete but historic, and some day, when the way of abstraction has been abandoned for that way of vital knowledge, which is the path of the prophets, the saints, and the artists, it will again set the imagination aflame. Meantime Theocritus is a charming companion for those who hunger and thirst for beauty, and who long from time to time to hang up the trumpet of the reformer, and give themselves up to the song of the sea and the simple music of the shepherd's pipe.

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ACTOR

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is one of the most curious coincidences of literary history that the two greatest dramatists of modern times, Shakespeare and Molière, should have begun their connection with the theater by going on the stage as actors, without having at first, so far as we can guess, any intention of becoming playwrights. After having acquired practical experience as performers, both of them ventured modestly into dramatic authorship, starting in the most unpretending fashion by adapting the popular pieces of older contemporaries, and then essaying themselves in imitation of the more successful playwrights of the time. At first it was only tentatively that they developed their own individuality and revealed their own originality after continual practice had given them a more assured skill. But to the very end of their careers in the theater they continued to act; Shakespeare ceased to appear on the stage only when he left London and retired to Stratford to live the life of a country gentleman, and Molière was stricken fatally while taking part in the fourth performance of his last play.

Molière certainly, and quite possibly Shakespeare also, was better known to the playgoers of his own day as an actor than as an author. Molière was the foremost comedian of his day, and there is no dispute about his supremacy as an impersonator of humorous characters. Indeed, his enemies were wont to praise his acting and to disparage his

writing. They affected to dismiss his plays as poor things in themselves, owing the most of their undeniable success to the brilliancy of the author's own performance of the chief parts. As actor, as author, and as manager, Molière was the center of his company. Can as much be said of Shakespeare? Great as Molière is as a dramatist, we cannot but feel that Shakespeare is still greater. When we note that Molière was preëminent among the players of his age in France, we naturally wonder whether Shakespeare was also foremost among the performers of his time in England. Molière is the master of modern comedy, and it was by the impersonation of his own comic characters that he won his widest popularity with the playgoers of Paris. Shakespeare is the mightiest of tragic authors. Was he also chief of the tragedians who held spellbound the gallants and the groundlings thronging to London theaters in the spacious days of Elizabeth?

That the leader of English playwrights was also the leader of English actors is what we should like to believe in our natural desire to give to him that hath. This desire has led Sir Sydney Lee to remark that when the company of the Globe accepted the royal summons to appear before the queen at Christmas, 1594, Shakespeare was then "supported by actors of the highest eminence in their generation." And yet Sir Sydney is frank in expressing his own opinion that the great dramatist "was never to win the

laurels of a great actor." He honestly admits that Shakespeare's "histrionic fame had not progressed at the same rate as his literary repute"; and he informs us that when the officials of the court invited the company to perform before Elizabeth, "directions were given that the greatest of the tragic actors of the day, Richard Burbage, and the greatest of the comic actors, William Kemp, were to bear the young actor company." And he adds that "with neither of these was Shakespeare's histrionic position then, or at any time, comparable," since "for years they were leaders of the acting profession."

This forces us to the conclusion that in his pardonable longing to glorify Shakespeare, Sir Sydney has been led into giving us a wrong impression. The queen did not summon Shakespeare to appear before her; she summoned her whole company, to which Shakespeare belonged, and almost certainly it was Burbage and Kemp whom she wanted to see on the stage rather than Shakespeare. Burbage and Kemp were the chief ornaments of the company, and although Shakespeare was also a member, his position in the ranks of the company does not afford any warrant for the assumption that Elizabeth gave any special thought to him as an actor. What she was desirous of witnessing was a series of performances by a famous company of which Burbage and Kemp were the most famous members. And in this series of performances at court it was Shakespeare who supported Burbage and Kemp.

It must be noted also that we do not know the program of those performances at court in the last week of 1594, and we are left in doubt whether Shakespeare was the author of any one of the plays then pre-

sented. Perhaps it is as well to point out further that he had up to that time produced no one of the major masterpieces on which his fame as a dramatist now rests securely.

While Molière composed the chief character in almost every one of his plays for his own acting, Shakespeare wrote the chief serious parts in his pieces for Burbage and the chief comic parts for Kemp, until that highly dowered comedian left the stage. For himself he modestly reserved characters of less prominence; in fact, in many of his plays, perhaps even in a majority of them, it is difficult to discover any part which seems to be specially adjusted to his own capacity as an actor. It is well known that Burbage appeared as *Hamlet* while Shakespeare humbly contented himself with the subordinate part of the *Ghost*. Who the original *Orlando* may have been has not yet been ascertained, but tradition tells us that the author of "As You Like It" impersonated *Adam*, the faithful old servitor of the hero. And in Ben Jonson's comedy of "Every Man in his Humor," which is believed to have been accepted for performance by the company owing to Shakespeare's influence, the part of the elder *Knowell* is said to have been taken by Shakespeare himself; and this seems quite probable, since it was a character which might very well be assumed by the performer of *Adam* and of the *Ghost*.

These are the only three parts which tradition, not always trustworthy, has ascribed to Shakespeare as an actor. All three of them belong to the line of business which is technically known as "old men." And this is the solid support of Sir Sydney Lee's assertion that Shakespeare "ordinarily confined his efforts to old men of secondary rank."

Shakespeare, so Sir Sydney believes, was twenty-two when he left his wife and his three children at Stratford and trudged up to London to seek his fortune, and he was probably about twenty-five before his first piece was performed. We have no information as to the means whereby he supported himself when he first arrived in the capital. He may have held horses at the door of the theater, as one tradition has it, or he may have been able to attach himself at once to one of the half-dozen companies of actors in London, since he might have won friends among their members when one or another of them had appeared at Stratford in the summers immediately preceding his departure from his birthplace. Malone recorded a tradition "that his first office in the theater was that of prompter's attendant"—that is to say, call-boy, as the function is now styled. This may be a fact, of course, but it seems a little unlikely, since a man of twenty-two would be rather mature for such work, easily within the capacity of a lad of fourteen.

If Shakespeare left Stratford in 1586, he had already established himself in London as an actor six years later, when he was twenty-eight. It was in 1592 that Chettle, the publisher, apologizing for having issued Greene's posthumous attack on Shakespeare, declared that he was "excellent in the quality he professes"—that is to say, excellent as an actor.

This is high praise for so young a performer; but Chettle's testimony does not carry as much weight as it might, since he is here seeking by frank flattery to make amends for the attack he had previously published. Yet this praise may be taken as evidence that Shakespeare by that time had succeeded in achieving a recognized position on the stage as an actor. A tra-

dition, that was first recorded in 1699, declared that he was "better poet than player."

Whether or not he began his career in the theater as a call-boy, he seems very early to have made choice of the "line of business" which he wished to play. He may have chosen it because he believed himself to be best fitted for parts of that kind, or he may have drifted into the performance of "old men" because there happened at that moment to be a vacancy in the company for a competent performer of these elderly characters. Although the impersonator of these parts is said to play "old men," the characters he is to assume are not all of them stricken in years, even if they are grave and sedate, lacking in the exuberant vivacity of youth. The *Ghost*, for example, and *Adam* also, are technically "old men." So are many of the dukes and other chiefs of state, personages of noble bearing and of emphatic dignity. That Shakespeare appeared in characters of this type in more than one of his own plays is more than probable. In fact, one John Davies of Hereford recorded that Shakespeare "played some kingly parts in sport." Just what the words "in sport" may mean must be left to the imagination.

That these austere and lofty characters are known in the theater to-day as "old men" does not imply that the actor who has chosen this line of business is himself elderly. On the contrary, young actors have often deliberately decided to devote themselves to the performance of "old men." The late John Gilbert, for example, long connected with Wallack's Theater in New York and celebrated for his unrivaled rendering of *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Sir Anthony Absolute*, began to impersonate elderly characters before

he was twenty. If Shakespeare played the *Ghost* and *Adam*, and if Gilbert also undertook these characters, as he did, then it is possible that certain of the other Shakespearian parts assumed by the American actor as the "old man" of his company may have been originally written by Shakespeare for his own acting. And this leads us to the plausible supposition that Shakespeare may have been the original performer of *Ægeon* in the "Comedy of Errors," of *Leonato* in "Much Ado About Nothing," *Baptista* in the "Taming of the Shrew," *Friar Lawrence* in "Romeo and Juliet," the *King of France* in "All's Well that Ends Well," the *Duke* in "Othello," the *Duke* in the "Merchant of Venice," and possibly also the *Duke* in "Measure for Measure," although in this last somber comedy it may be that the part which Shakespeare performed was one or the other of the two *Friars*.

The ascription of these characters to Shakespeare as an actor may be only a hazardous guess, but it is a guess in accordance with the customs of the theatrical profession, which are as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is a guess which is supported by all the known facts. A minute investigation of all his plays by an expert in theatrical history and in histrionic tradition would greatly increase the number of the parts which we have fair warrant for assuming to have been written by Shakespeare with an eye to his own acting.

The parts that have been here listed tentatively, and those that may be added to the catalogue, will be found to have certain general characteristics. They are all of them important and they are none of them prominent. The demands they severally made upon the actor who undertook them

are not few and not insignificant. For their proper representation most of them required a dignified presence, a courtly bearing, an air of authority, and a large measure of elocutionary skill. But the qualities these parts did not necessitate are equally significant. They called primarily for intelligence and only secondarily, if at all, for any large exhibition of emotion. Now, it is by the power of expressing passion at the great crises of existence and by the faculty of transmitting his feeling to his audience that the born actor is revealed. If he has not this native gift of communicable emotion, he can never be intrusted with the moving characters of a play. And apparently this native gift was denied to Shakespeare, who had so many others. An actor could acquit himself admirably in the *Ghost* and in *Adam* and in all the other "old men" which may have been performed by Shakespeare, he could have performed them to the entire satisfaction of the most critical spectators, without revealing the possession of the vital spark which illuminates the creative work of the truly great actor. In other words, these parts do not demand that the performer of them shall possess more than a moderate share of that mimetic faculty, that fullness of feeling, that amplitude of passion, which is the essential qualification for histrionic excellence.

To say this is not to suggest that Shakespeare had not a keen understanding of the fundamental principles of the art of acting. Such an understanding was his beyond all question, since that is a matter of the intelligence, of intellectual appreciation. To be assured of this we have only to recall the rehearsal of *Bottom* and his fellows, and to read again Hamlet's pregnant advice to the *Players*. This

understanding of the art of acting a playwright must always have or he will fail to get the utmost out of his actors. It is a condition precedent to his success as a writer of stage-plays; and it is possessed by every successful dramatist, by Racine and by Sheridan, by Sardou and by Bronson Howard, by Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. The playwrights must know what can be done with every part in every play of theirs, and they can then help the performers to attain this. They know what can be done, but it does not follow that they can do it themselves. Their grasp of the principles of the art does not imply that they themselves could act any one of their best parts as they would wish to have this acted. They may be the most skilful of trainers, and yet lack the histrionic gift themselves.

And not merely dramatists, but stage-managers—"producers," as they are now styled—may have this faculty of directing and guiding and inspiring performers to achieve their utmost without themselves being capable of doing as actors what they feel ought to be done. Any one at all familiar with stage history can cite men who have not been eminent as actors and yet who were able to suggest to others how to get the best out of themselves. It was little *Bowes* who taught the *Fotheringay* the effects which so impressed the youthful *Pendennis*. It was *Samson*, a withered comedian of limited range, but of keen artistic intelligence, who suggested to *Rachel* many of her broadest and boldest strokes in tragedy.

When we set *Hamlet's* speech to the *Players* over against the remarks which Molière made in his own person in the "Impromptu of Versailles," we cannot help seeing that these great dramatists were alike in abhorring ar-

tificiality in acting, in abominating violence, in detesting rant, and in relishing simplicity and apparent naturalness. Both of them inculcated the necessity of truth in the portrayal of character and of passion. Molière attained also to the highest levels of the histrionic art; Shakespeare did not, probably because he was lacking in some one of the several physical qualifications which the actor of dominating parts must have. Apparently he was a well-proportioned man, even if not positively good-looking. But his body may have been rebellious to his will, with the result that his gestures, however well intentioned, would be ineffective and even awkward. It may be that it was his voice which was at fault, and a noble organ of speech is almost indispensable to a great actor. In one of his papers on "Actors and the Art of Acting," always full of insight into the principles of that little-understood art, George Henry Lewes considered this possibility:

I dare say he declaimed finely, as far as rhythmic cadence and a nice accentuation went. But his non-success implies that his voice was intractable or limited in its range. Without a sympathetic voice, no declamation can be effective. The tones which stir us need not be musical, need not be pleasant, even, but they must have a penetrating, vibrating quality. Had Shakespeare possessed such a voice he would have been famous as an actor. Without it all his other gifts were as nothing on the stage. Had he seen Garrick, Kemble, or Kean performing in plays not his own he might doubtless have perceived a thousand deficiencies in their conception, and defects in their execution; but had he appeared on the same stage with them, even in plays of his own, the audiences would have seen the wide gulf between conception and presentation. One lurid look, one pathetic intonation, would have more power in swaying the emotions of the audience than all the subtle and profound passion which agitated the soul of the poet but did not manifestly express itself: the look and the tone may come from a man so drunk as to be scarcely able to stand; but the public sees only the look, hears only the tone, and is irresistibly moved by these intelligible symbols.

A little earlier in this same suggestive discussion of "Shakespeare as an Actor and Critic," Lewes asserted:

Shakespeare doubtless knew—none knew so well—how Hamlet, Othello, Richard, and Falstaff should be personated; but had he been called upon to personate them he would have found himself wanting in voice, face, and temperament. The delicate sensitiveness of his organization, which is implied in the exquisiteness and flexibility of his genius, would absolutely have unfitted him for the presentation of characters demanding a robust vigor and a weighty animalism. It is a vain attempt to paint frescos with a camel's hair brush. The broad and massive effects necessary to scenic presentation could never have been produced by such a temperament as his.

Probably it was because Shakespeare had the delicate sensitiveness with which Lewes credited him that he had also a distaste for acting, if we may interpret any of the lines of his sonnets as lyric revelations of his own sentiment. The intrigue which we think we can disentangle by a minute analysis of these poems may be feigned and unreal, a mere compliance with a literary fashion of the moment; but there is a sincerer note of personal feeling in the sonnets in which Shakespeare seems to be expressing his dislike for the calling by which he made his living. In the hundred-and-tenth sonnet he confessed:

"Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view."

And in the hundred-and-eleventh, which links itself logically with its predecessor, he appealed for a more tolerant consideration of his character contaminated by the stage:

"O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not for my life provide

Than public means what public manners
breeds.

Thence comes it that my nature receives a
brand;

And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd."

If Shakespeare is here speaking of himself as an actor, if this lyric is

really wrung from the bottom of his heart, then we have an ample explanation for his failure to attain to the higher summits of the histrionic art. He did not like his profession, he did not enjoy acting, and we may take it as certain that no man ever won to the front in a calling which he did not love, just as no man ever despised the art in which he excelled. Shakespeare's dislike of acting may have been the consequence of this or it may have been the cause of it. Of course it is dimly possible that we are reading into these sonnets more than Shakespeare meant to put into them, and that the quoted lines do not represent his own feelings. And even if they do, they may voice what was only a fleeting disgust for that personal exhibition which is the inseparable condition of acting and from which the practitioners of all the other arts except oratory are exempt—a personal exhibition doubly disagreeable to a poet of Shakespeare's "delicate sensitiveness."

Perhaps it is not fanciful to find in "As You Like It" itself evidence in behalf of the contention that Shakespeare was not greatly interested in himself as an actor. *Adam*, who is a character of some importance in the first half of the comedy, most unexpectedly disappears out of it in the second half. Now, if the author had been anxious for ampler histrionic opportunity, it would not have been difficult for him to bring on *Adam* again toward the end of the play, that he might impress himself more securely on the memory of the audience.

It was probably in 1598 that Shakespeare first appeared as *Adam* and as the elder *Knowell*, and it was probably in 1602 that he first personated the *Ghost*, being then thirty-eight years old. He was to remain on the

stage ten or twelve years longer; but there is no reason to suppose that the parts he played in later life were any more important. We do not know what characters he undertook in the plays which he wrote after "Hamlet," nor do we know what parts he assumed in the many pieces by other authors which made up the repertory of the company. That he continued to act we need not doubt; for instance, he was one of the performers in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," probably produced in 1602 or 1603. But the absence of specific information on this point is evidence that he did not impress himself upon his contemporaries as an actor of power. As Lewes declared, "the mere fact that we hear nothing of his qualities as an actor implies that there was nothing above the line, nothing memorable to be spoken of." The parts which we believe him to have played did not "demand or admit various excellencies." Shakespeare may have had lofty histrionic ambitions, but probably he was not allowed to gratify his longings, and certainly we have no tradition or hint that he ever failed in what he attempted in the theater. Perhaps we are justified in believing that he had gone on the stage merely as the easiest means of immediately earning his living, that he did not greatly care for acting, and that he was satisfied to assume the responsible but subordinate parts for which he was best fitted.

This view of his capacity as an actor is sustained by another consideration. Whatever Shakespeare's position as a performer may have been, his later popularity as a playwright is beyond dispute; indeed, his appeal to the playgoing public was so potent that it tempted more than one unscrupulous publisher to put Shakes-

peare's name to plays which were not his. And his position as a member of the company was equally solidly established. All his plays, with one possible and unimportant exception, had been written for this company, to which he had been early admitted and of which he soon became one of the managers who had the responsibilities and who shared the profits of the enterprise. He ranked high in the company, and when King James took it under his direct patronage shortly after his accession in 1603, Shakespeare's name is the second on the list of actors as it appears on the royal warrant, and Burbage's is third. There is ample evidence that he was held in high esteem by his comrades of the theater. That he had a warm regard for them is shown by the fact that in his will he left money to Burbage, Condell, and Heming for the purchase of memorial rings. That they cherished his memory is proved by the publication, seven years after his death, of the folio edition of his complete plays, due to the pious care of Condell and Heming. Shakespeare had the gift of friendship and he bound his fellows to him with hooks of steel. Outside of the theater also he was widely liked; and the personal references to him which have been gleaned from contemporary writers, however inadequate they may seem to us nowadays in appreciation of his genius, are abundant in expressions of regard for the man for his gentleness and his courtesy.

Now, if Shakespeare was popular with his fellow-actors, with the playgoing public, with those he met outside the theater, there is no other possible explanation of the fact that he did not take the chief parts in at least a few of his own plays except that he was either incapable of so doing or

not desirous of attempting it. We have only to consider the history of the theater to discover that every actor-playwright, from Molière to Boucicault and Mr. Gillette, who had both ambition and ability, composed the central characters of his own plays for his own acting. This is what has happened always in the past, and it is what must happen whenever a gifted actor takes to writing or whenever a gifted writer takes to acting. If, therefore, Shakespeare did not himself undertake *Richard III* or *Hamlet* or *Lear* or any other of those overwhelming parts, but devised them rather for the acting of Burbage, we are forced to the conclusion that he knew himself incapable of them and that his comrades in the theater, his fellow-managers, knew this also. In other words, Shakespeare appeared as *Adam* and as the *Ghost* and he confined his acting to "old men," because these parts were well within his physical limitations. This conclusion, that the greatest of dramatists was not also great as an actor, may be unwelcome, but there is no escape from it.

For Shakespeare himself, however, if not for his modern admirers, there was one obvious compensation. He may not have been fond of the art; he may even have disliked the practice of his profession, and he may not have revealed himself as a performer of more than respectable ability, but he owed to acting the solid foundation of his fortune. He went to London in his youth with no visible means of support, although already burdened with a wife and three children; and he went back to Stratford not only well-to-do, but probably better off than any other resident of the little town. Even if Shakespeare was not a great actor, it was as an actor that he gained entrance into the theater, that

he acquired that intimate familiarity with stage technic which is evident in his masterpieces, and that he was able to get his successive plays swiftly produced by the very actors for whose performance he had specially devised them. It is because he was an actor that he was able speedily to make his way as a playwright, and it was because he was valuable to the company as actor and playwright that he was admitted partner in the undertaking. If he had not become an actor, he might or he might not have written "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar" and "As You Like It," but he probably would never have been able to buy New Place, to get a grant of arms for his father, and to spend the final years of his life in easy leisure. And we may rest assured that Shakespeare himself recognized all the advantage it was to him to be an actor, even if he did affect in one or another of his sonnets to rail against the disadvantages. Great poet as he was, he was also a good man of business, with a keen eye to the main chance.

Shakespeare had three sources of income, as an actor, as an author, and as one of the managers. Sir Sydney Lee has calculated that in the earlier years of Shakespeare's connection with the theater he received at least a hundred pounds a year as a performer and at least twenty pounds more as a playwright, with possibly some slight additional income from the sale of his poems, which were repeatedly reprinted. Allowing for the greater purchasing power of money in those days, we may assume that this gave Shakespeare an annual income about equivalent to five thousand dollars today. Later the price paid for plays rose, and by that time Shakespeare had become one of the partners in the

theater. There is a likelihood that Shakespeare took upon himself a portion of the labor of stage-management and of producing new plays; and although the customs of the Elizabethan theater made this task less burdensome

than it is to-day, still it was worthy of some remuneration. That Shakespeare in his youth had gone on the stage as an actor proved to be as profitable to his pocket as it was helpful to his mastery of stagecraft.

ROUSSEAU, GODWIN, AND WORDSWORTH

BY GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

Wordsworth's early life presents a remarkable parallel to the position of magnanimous youth to-day. His world, like ours, was a scene of conflict between discredited institutions and a new spirit, which sent men back to first principles. He had not himself experienced the worst that the old order could inflict, but he perceived its injustice and sympathized with its victims. He studied with an open mind the new philosophy, which rehabilitated the doctrines of human perfectibility and equality, and the doctrine of the supreme claim of reason over habit. Yet he was fully conscious of the danger not only to public tranquility, but to culture, which was involved in abandoning settled courses. It is true he came, or seemed to come, at last to a conviction that the old ways were best; but he never really gave up the sympathies and still less the intellectual method of his young manhood.

He is most interesting, and to our newly awakened age most instructive, as he stood in the last decade of the eighteenth century, with the light of social hope beaming in his eyes. As he was then most courageous, perhaps, too, he was then nearest the truth; for of that fair lady it may certainly be affirmed that faint-heart never won her. These years of Wordsworth's personal history had all the charm of adventure and romance, together with a spice of danger; and furthermore he touched, as with his bare hand, the mighty coils that were generating light and heat for a world that was

to move faster than ever before and through clearer spaces. His poetry yields sustenance to old and young, to the ignorant and the well-informed, but can be really appreciated only by those who have entered into its spirit in two ways, by natural sympathy with his mode of thought and by knowledge of his life.

One of the most decisive periods of that life was the thirteen or fourteen months of his second visit to France. From the seclusion of Hawkshead, the sheltered luxury of Cambridge, the slow pace and quiet tone of English and Welsh parsonages and country-houses, he stepped, literally in a single day, into the brilliancy, the hardness, the externality, and peril of revolutionary France. The contrast between the two countries would have been stimulating to him at any time; in 1791 it was overpowering. His sojourn in France enabled him to gather into the solidity of a system those faint impulses of love for humanity which were stirring in him already. His doubts of the religion in which he had been brought up were now confirmed. His implicit republicanism was strengthened into an explicit political creed. His faith in the paramount excellence of his own country was shaken. Thus was immensely widened the scope of his "civism," to use a word more current then than now.

Had those months of his life been spent at Cambridge or in London or in the Lake Country, he could never have written the "Prelude"; there would have been no "Excursion," no

fragment of a "Recluse," and from all his best poetry we should miss the deepest note. Not only so, but the underlying principle, which is profoundly philosophical, which is political, which is democratic, would be lacking.

Wordsworth was not in his youth a browsing reader. Books to him were even then "a substantial world," very real, as real almost as living persons, and therefore not to be treated lightly. Amid their pressure, as amid the unremitting urgency of friends, he still preserved his independence. He rather neglected reading during his months of leisure after leaving college. One author, however, he almost certainly read before the close of 1791, and, curiously enough, this was a writer who had himself been completely indifferent to books. Rousseau it is far more than any other man of letters either of antiquity or of modern times whose works have left their trace in Wordsworth's poetry. This poor, half-educated dreamer, just because he was poor, half-educated, and a dreamer, found his way to the center of his age—the center of its intellectual and emotional life. And here all original and simple souls met him. They were drawn thither by the same force that drew him, by a desire to return to nature. Exaggeration apart, and thinking not so much of his systematic working-out of his views, which was generally too abstract and speciously consistent, as of their origin, purpose, and spirit, one must perceive their truth. They are as obviously true now as they were startlingly true when first uttered.

They could not have seemed novel to Wordsworth, who was prepared for them by having lived with lowly people of stalwart intelligence and

worthy morals in the village of Hawkshead. Originality often consists in having remained unconscious of perverse departures from simple and natural ways of thought. A person who has been brought up to know and speak plain truth appears original in perverse and artificial society. We can imagine Wordsworth becoming, without the aid of Rousseau, very nearly what he did become. Nevertheless, the points of agreement are too numerous to be the result of mere coincidence. Had Rousseau been less occupied with general ideas, had he been dominated by a poet's interest in what Blake called "minute particulars," it is not too fanciful to suppose that he would have chosen subjects like those which Wordsworth took from "familiar life"; and an examination of Rousseau's language shows the same tendency to use the diction of common speech. Wordsworth's earliest poems, composed before he had read Rousseau, reveal little of this tendency. It is quite likely that he owes more in this respect to Rousseau than has yet been acknowledged. And in that case the debt should be shared by Coleridge. Whether it was he or Coleridge who took the initiative in the metrical and rhetorical reform which found its first marked expression in "Lyrical Ballads" has often been discussed. There can be no doubt that Coleridge would see more quickly than Wordsworth the theoretical consequences and implications of what they had done, and would be the first to suggest formulating a theory. But it may be that certain philosophical principles derived from Rousseau were already lodged in Wordsworth's mind. For, after all, Coleridge's native bent was towards the uncommon, the mystical, the abstruse, the splendid. He adapted

himself with cordial sympathy to the new idea, of which he perceived the importance. But affection, love of fellowship, and zeal to confer kindness may have carried him much further than he would have ever dreamed of going alone in the direction indicated by "Lyrical Ballads" and the critical expositions which form so large and noble a part of "Biographia Literaria."

What, in fine, are the distinctive elements in Rousseau? In the first place, we recognize in him the prevalence of reverie as a mode of thought. Reverie is an inactive, unsystematic kind of meditation, distinguished from logical processes of discourse by the absence of consciously perceived steps. It is in so far unsatisfactory that the results cannot be determined beforehand and the movement cannot be retraced backward, as one would "prove" a result in arithmetic. It has, however, an advantage over the ordinary kind of philosophic speculation—ordinary at least in the Occidental world—in that it involves a more complete merging of the thinker in his thought, engaging his sentiment and giving him a spiritual rather than a corporal approach to objects of sensation. In reverie a person seems to touch, taste, smell, hear, and see by a reflex disturbance of the organs, or physical reminiscence. Reverie is thus almost sensuous. Furthermore, it is not discursive; it does not characteristically tend to movement; it is static. It discloses to the mind what the mind already contains, but discovers no new subjects of thought. It arouses, arranges, unifies the elements of one's soul, and the dreamer may emerge from his dream with a truer knowledge of himself and a more definite purpose. External events and objects are not primarily essential of this

state, though they may induce or stimulate it. This is truly the poetic process, and Rousseau, in all his most original, vital, and characteristic passages, is a poet. We are reminded when we read them of Wordsworth's remark, "Poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity."

A second element in Rousseau is his desire to simplify, to reduce the number and complexity of experiences and ideals. The mode of reverie itself tends to concentrate and unite the multitude of concepts which have come into the dreamer's mind from many and diverse sources. To one who contemplates in this way, all dispersion of energy is painful and repugnant. So it was with Rousseau. The tragedy of his life and the cause of his madness was an abnormal shrinking from being torn asunder, as all men must be continually torn asunder, by the demands of other people. Contrast with this Voltaire's joy of combat, his enthusiastic readiness to give his time and talents to others, his radiant sociability. The danger that besets a poetic temperament, the danger of excessive introversion, of shrinking from the expense of spirit in a waste of external reality, was absent in Voltaire's case, but lurked in the very heart of Rousseau. Nevertheless, when applied to things outside himself, to the social problem, the domestic life, the politics, the religion of his age, Rousseau's desire to simplify gave him the master touch. He laid his finger on the racked nerves and prescribed quiet, concentration, and simplicity.

But this meant revolution. For the habits and laws of society had been made on a different principle. "The impulse to shake off intricacies is the mark of revolutionary generations," says John Morley, "and it was the

starting point of all Rousseau's mental habits and of the work in which they expressed themselves. * * * Simplification of religion by clearing away the overgrowth of errors, simplification of social relations by equality, of literature and art by constant return to nature, of manners by industrious homeliness and thrift—this is the revolutionary process and ideal, and this is the secret of Rousseau's hold over a generation that was lost amid the broken maze of fallen systems." Rousseau's discourses, "Whether the Restoration of the Arts and Sciences has tended to purify Manners," and "On the Sources of Inequality Among Men," show by their very titles the sequence of his thought, and how the idea of simplification leads to the idea of equality.

Now, inequality is a sign and a cause of unstable equilibrium. Where inequality exists there is constantly a pressure to restore the balance. He therefore who desires that life shall be simple, and that men shall attain as nearly as possible a level of opportunity, loves permanence and is the true conservative. Moreover, one who thinks by means of revery is by this peculiarity inclined to prefer permanence to change. The ruminative process is slow. Its objects are lovingly retained and caressed. Self as an active agent seems to the dreamer to be of less consequence than self as a receptive, passive organ, inwardly transforming and assimilating what comes to it. By this persistent association of self with the objects of contemplation, the latter become infused with life from the former. They lose their difference. They become humanized. Harmony is thus established between the poet as dreamer and the world which has so long been *his* world. He endows it with his own

consciousness. He sympathizes with it, after first projecting himself into it. And by a dangerous turn the world, or rather so much of it as he has thus appropriated, may become his accomplice, his flatterer. We have here perhaps the clue to that practice which Ruskin termed "the pathetic fallacy"—the practice of reading into nature feelings which are not properly nature's, but man's. Possibly, too, we have here an explanation of the calm egoism of many poets.

But, to continue our attempt to analyze Rousseau, it must be apparent that the permanent is the natural, the truly permanent, I mean, which in the long run holds out against all artifice. And the natural qualities of human beings are common to nearly all. To the many, then, and not to the privileged or the perverted few, must he go who would understand life. This conviction, proceeding from his habit of revery and his love of simplicity, is the third characteristic of Rousseau. Being a child of the people, knowing their soundness and vigor, he felt no surprise in connection with such a principle and set it forth as self-evident in his books. But it surprised Europe. To him it was a matter of course that wisdom should be justified of *all* her children: *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. There was nothing new in this conviction. It has no doubt been held always by nine tenths of the human race. But it was new in a man of letters. It was not the opinion of cultivated people. To culture as a process of distinction Wordsworth, too, showed repugnance at Cambridge and in his London life. He who was to write "of joy in widest commonalty spread" scarcely needed the formulas in which Rousseau stated the instinctive faith that was in them both. The social aspect of the

French Revolution, its glorious recognition of equal rights and common brotherhood, seemed to him, so gracious had been the influences of his boyhood, only natural, and he consequently sings:

If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
Less than might well befit my youth, the
cause

In part lay here, that unto me the events
Seemed nothing out of nature's certain
course,

A gift that was come rather late than
soon.

A fourth quality of Rousseau is his intense individualism. Men in a state of nature, in close contact with the earth, with animals, and with other men not overpoweringly different from themselves, have to rely on their own resources. A brooding, introspective person in such circumstances is liable to form a very high, if not an exaggerated, estimate of his own consequence. He is more likely to acknowledge the dependence of man upon nature than the solidarity of men with one another. The political views of Rousseau, as stated, for example, in "The Social Contract," are extremely individualistic. They are based on the assumption that society was originally anarchical, a collection of independent persons or families. And the individual, not having been a coördinate part of a preëxisting harmony, still retains, as it were, the right of secession. He has merely entered into a pact with other free and independent beings, and his surrender of some of his liberty may be only for a time. As has often been pointed out, this conception would hardly have been possible in a Catholic. It was ultra-Protestant. It was Calvinistic. Wherever the influence of the Geneva republic has been strongest, the spirit of independence has been most active. The histories of the Nether-

lands, of Scotland, of the North of Ireland, of England in the seventeenth century, of the American Revolution, and of the American Civil War, have their beginnings in Geneva. Considering Rousseau's origin, it is easy to understand his restiveness under restraint, his horror of patronage, his association of human strength not with union among men, but, with the wild and stern aspects of nature.

Wordsworth, with his Anglican training, never went to extremes in his love of liberty. Even when most rebellious against the spirit of his bringing up and his environment, he still felt that social ties had something of the naturalness and permanence of the external world. He thus acted the mediating part of a true Englishman, and even, one might say, of a true Anglican, by trying to preserve historic continuity without surrendering the right of private judgment. Rousseau reasoned more trenchantly. But trenchant reasoning in the complex field of social relations is seldom sound. The natural, which is permanent, is also rational, and the rude popular way of arguing from analogy and precedent is therefore, after all, a sort of reasoning. Thus Wordsworth was not less rational than Rousseau, though in him pure reason was steadily counterbalanced by instinct. In Rousseau there was rarely an equilibrium between the two. He was alternately swayed by the one or the other. He at times surrendered himself to revery and earned the name of sentimentalist; and again he was seduced by the speciousness of abstract reason, and has therefore, perhaps not undeservedly, been called a sophist. Wordsworth, as became a poet, did not thus separate his mental processes. His revery was more like reflection; it had more of a rational.

discursive quality than Rousseau's; and his reasoning was less abstract; it never lost touch with things and events. As Edward Caird, using the method and language of Hegel, puts the case, Wordsworth "transcends" Rousseau, reconciling his contradictions in a higher plane.

He who believes that tillers of the soil and those in walks of life but little removed from them—that is, the majority of mankind—are leading natural and therefore rational lives, and that their social laws are permanent, and therefore not wanting in authority, is not likely to be made unhappy by the outbreak of a revolution which promises to restore the artificially disturbed balance of human power and happiness. Rousseau's message, notwithstanding the final gloom of his life, was one of gladness. More than any other feature of the Revolution, Wordsworth felt its joy.

It is needless at this time to narrate how public events in France disappointed him. Suffice it to say that modern readers who take their tone from Burke are liable to overlook the fact that the most generous souls in England felt exalted where Burke was depressed, and downcast where Burke began to revive. In Wordsworth's case the discouragement was profound, for his hopes had been very high. But he stubbornly refused to abandon the republican cause. Through five or six years, in the face of bad news and the martial rage of his countrymen, he clung to his principles, mastering his gloom as best he could.

In truth, he rose above the storm of circumstance by establishing his life, for a time, upon the principles of William Godwin. This is a fact which no biographer of the poet has ventured to deny, though many attempts

have been made to minimize its importance. I am acquainted with no account of Wordsworth's life that does justice to the strength and attractiveness of the philosophy upon which he disciplined his powerful reasoning faculties and to which he yielded a brave and obstinate allegiance from his twenty-third to his twenty-eighth year. When one considers that, in the lives of nearly all poets, the third decade stands pre-eminent as a formative and productive period, it seems impossible to exaggerate the value of Godwin's ideas to Wordsworth. Wordsworth is admitted to be a great philosophical poet. Yet all his biographers have termed Godwin's system "preposterous." Wordsworth, on the other hand, even when he renounced it, fully appreciated how formidable was its character.

Godwin's "Enquiry concerning Political Justice" would have been an epoch-making work if it had been published in a year less unpropitious to radical speculation than 1793. But books have their fates, and this remarkable treatise has fared ill, for it was from the beginning covered with obloquy, and probably no literary or philosophical work of equal value has been so little read in proportion to its merit. Such is the force of organized prejudice. The "patriotic" party were not content with crushing the democratic movement in England; they did their best to smother even the memory of it. Not only did they promptly check overt acts of a revolutionary tendency; they entered into a century-long conspiracy to suppress a number of noble intellectual works. Contemptuous disapproval was the means employed, and it succeeded. It seems to me the poet Blake was right when he declared that to clip the wings of genius was to sin against the Holy Ghost.

The share of Godwin's "Political Justice" in the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century was not at all considerable, if we set aside its influence on Wordsworth and Shelley and the Utilitarian school of philosophy. No other fact so strikingly suggests the reactionary character of political theory in that century. The twentieth seems to have linked itself more directly to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth, which lies between its neighbors like a great confused parenthesis. More carefully stated, the truth may be that, of two eternally opposed and equally indispensable types of thought, one, represented by Locke and Hume and Godwin, enjoyed towards the close of the eighteenth century a degree of general acceptance which it has until lately not enjoyed since; while the other, eloquently preached by Burke and Carlyle, and always more openly, more officially, more popularly held, has been for a much longer time dominant. There should be no illusions as to the comparative attractiveness of these two systems. It is enough to observe that their merits have seldom been fairly contrasted.

Wordsworth, while still seeing man and nature very much as Rousseau saw them, became a disciple of Godwin. This did not mean the acceptance of his master's political theory alone, but of his system as a whole. Godwin has this at least in common with Locke, that his philosophy is integral. It is rigorously deduced from a few chief principles. Thus its ethics cannot be held separately from its metaphysics, nor can its politics be detached from its psychology. The largest and the soundest parts of the "Enquiry concerning Political Justice" are devoted to ethical and political considerations, which can indeed

hardly be distinguished from one another, as it is his dearest purpose to show they should not be.

Godwin insists that his conclusions in these departments of practical conduct depend on his doctrines of knowledge and will. He is a determinist, and the only weak element of his book is his unsubstantial argument for necessity. The many pleas in favor of free-will which suggest themselves even to philosophers, as well as to humbler thinkers, he almost wholly fails to take into account.

Equally dogmatic, though not so audacious, because more widely shared, is his belief that experience is the source of all knowledge. "Nothing can be more incontrovertible," he asserts, "than that we do not bring pre-established ideas into the world with us."

Justice, he contends, is the whole duty of man. And it seems that his criterion of justice is the greatest good of the greatest number; he says, "Utility, as it regards percipient beings, is the only basis of moral and political truth." Reason is the only organ whereby men can discover what is just. "To a rational being, there can," he says, "be but one rule of conduct, justice, and one mode of ascertaining that rule, the exercise of his understanding." Intuition, and every form of mystical illumination, together with all authority, whether of numbers, antiquity, institutions, or "inspired words," are calmly set aside. Morality is a matter of knowledge. "The most essential part of virtue," he says, "consists in the incessantly seeking to inform ourselves more accurately upon the subject of utility and right."

We see that, however individualistic some of Godwin's doctrines may look, his system is not individualistic

at all when one comes to apply it practically. For to construe justice as that which secures the greatest good of the greatest number is to nourish another leviathan. It is Wordsworth's great distinction as a philosophical poet to have made a synthesis of the views presented to his mind successively by Rousseau and Godwin. He indeed "reconciled them in a higher plane." With Rousseau and Godwin he had looked before and after and pined for what was not; and he saw absolute perfection neither in the past nor in the future. He read deeply in books of travel which told of primitive races; he dreamed with philosophers who predicted a new golden age, and in neither case did he find what he sought. But looking home to men as they are, to life as it may be and often is, here and now, he found,

A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.

He perceived "the unappropriated good" in natural beauty, in the language of every day, in the souls of plain people; and he sang triumphantly

Of moral strength and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her
own

Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence, which governs all.

Let us not forget that to this reconciled mood the poet came by way of what is common to Rousseau and Godwin, their trust in human nature, their belief in equality. Joy is not joy which is not shared by all. For a longer time than has been generally admitted Wordsworth retained his reverence for reason. In his young manhood he clung with passionate fervor to the pure word of the Revolution.

Godwinism soon fell into deep and undeserved disrepute. This was not

due wholly to its peculiar features, some of which were beyond the comprehension of pragmatical minds, and others objectionable on the very grounds of general utility to which Godwin sought to refer his thinking. It was due chiefly to the inherent unattractiveness of the whole philosophy of the Enlightenment, and to the inauspicious character of the times. Pure rationalism can perhaps never be expected to win the favor of more than a small minority even among reflective men. Its voice is in no age altogether silent, but the echoes nearly always come back mingled with alien notes, the note of classicism, the note of transcendentalism, the note of romanticism. That Godwin's system did, through Bentham and Mill, for a while, at all events, and in a limited degree, *faire école*, is indeed remarkable. The age, moreover, was not propitious. The passion of patriotism, lately starved by the disapproval with which thoughtful Englishmen viewed the conduct of their government before and during the American war throughout the period of state trials between its disastrous conclusion and the opening of the new French war, in 1793, the passionate desire to justify the past of England and her present course, made men very impatient of Godwin's imperturbable criticism. This was no time, they thought, for reform.

Wordsworth, one of the first, as he was the greatest, of its converts, adhered to the Godwinian system for six years. He met the passion of the hour with his own deep inward passion. He conquered love of country with love of mankind. He rebuked with a reasoned hatred of war the elemental instincts of a people in arms. For six years his tenacious and inwardly energetic nature held fast its own religion.

MUSICO-DRAMATIC PROBLEMS

BY EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY

The opinion is sometimes expressed that Shakespeare's plays were intended to be read, not acted. Certain connoisseurs maintain that a higher degree of enjoyment is derived from a perusal of one of his works than is afforded by a stage performance. A similarly ascetic view is maintained by those music-lovers who prefer the contemplation of the silent page of a Beethoven symphony to the complete rendition by full orchestra.

In defense of these Platonic pleasures, it may be urged that it is better to rely on our imaginations for the action, scenery, tone color, and other accessories, than to permit our senses to be harrowed by imperfect productions. But whosoever deliberately absents himself from worthy presentations of these masterpieces misses much. Shakespeare himself more than once assures us that the world is a stage, and, furthermore, claims that "the play is the thing." Concerning the musical phase of the question, Richard Wagner is equally emphatic. In a letter to Liszt, thanking him for his newly published symphonic poems, he writes: "That they are beautiful I can see from the scores. Nevertheless, I long to *hear* them, for, after all, the living tone is the real salt, without which all music is flavorless."

In spite of the austere sentiments entertained by purists, it is a significant fact that the longing to win the sympathy and affection of the general public by means of a dramatic appeal in theatrical form has been experi-

enced by many of the proudest poets and most aristocratic composers. This desire was felt by Milton, Byron, Tennyson, Browning, Poe, and Longfellow, whose names are chiefly associated with forms of art far removed from the stage. Chopin, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, composers identified with abstract or absolute music, sought in vain for satisfactory opera librettos. Chopin early abandoned the project, but Schumann and Mendelssohn struggled with poor texts. As a matter of fact, all three possessed dramatic talent. Chopin was a gifted amateur actor; Schumann, in supplying music to Byron's "Manfred," gave utterance to some of his most inspired strains; while Mendelssohn's greatest spontaneity is shown in his setting of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Notwithstanding the fact that numerous composers of the first rank have devoted themselves to the elaboration of operas, many denounce this art form as a jumble of effects, and claim that abstract, absolute, or un-mixed music is the only worthy species of the art of tones. Undoubtedly music, like others of the divine sisterhood, should be able to express herself independently, but the ultra-partizans of absolute music forget that some of their favorite composer heroes were guilty of mixing arts whenever they wrote for the voice. Now, the moment we combine poetry with music, neither art appears in its essential purity. Certain critics have censured Beethoven for introducing bird-notes in the "Pastoral Symphony."

And yet these same writers listen to the "Eroica" with satisfaction despite the fact that the first movement may mean conflict, while the second certainly denotes the hero's passage to the grave. Strictly speaking, the moment music suggests definite action, emotion, or even the psychological processes of a given character, it is no longer absolutely absolute.

That the imaginative composer should be fired with enthusiasm by a good play or novel is only natural. Witness the numerous opera texts based upon the dramas and romances of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Scott, Bulwer, and Victor Hugo. On the other hand, the dramatists seem to have derived no special impetus to speak of from the symphonies or other instrumental works of Mozart or Beethoven, and few authors desire to have their finished plays disintegrated and recast for operatic treatment. True, Scribe, who possessed a specifically theatrical genius, produced *ad libitum* plays or opera librettos, and even Goethe drafted a second part of Mozart's "Magic Flute," which he annotated with friendly suggestions to the composer. But Victor Hugo bitterly resented the employment of his dramas for opera texts, and despised the trivial melodies with which some of his most impressive scenes were decorated. And yet one morning at a rehearsal he heard the orchestra play something that appealed to him as beautiful and suggestive. He demanded its title. The answer was, "The andante from a Beethoven symphony." This and similar incidents tend to prove that there exists a stronger bond of sympathy between the truly dramatic dramatists and the genuinely creative composers than they perchance may be aware of.

In impartially reviewing the more important attempts to solve the problem of joining music with the drama, we shall find that special stress is laid now upon this element, now upon that, as in theology and philosophy, a given truth may at one time be overlooked, ignored, or forgotten. Presently it is rediscovered, revived, and acquires such prominence that complementary truths of equal importance are thrust aside, and in turn fall into desuetude, until the inevitable reaction brings them again to the fore. This is the familiar history of the rise and fall of sects and schools, of religion, philosophy, and art.

The series of solutions of the musico-dramatic problems which I now venture to submit are not arranged in the chronological order of their appearance in history, but rather according to the importance attached to the union of the respective arts, beginning with the least intimate relationship.

When the composer provides each act or scene of a play with an appropriate instrumental prelude, we have the simplest combination of music with the drama. In this alternation of activities, each art is independent, the music gives the mood, while the text and action define what music can only suggest. But, no matter how satisfactory the result, we have as yet no genuine art fusion. This attempt resembles, rather, a mere mechanical mixture as compared with a true chemical union.

A step toward a closer connection of the arts is taken when portions of the text of a play assume the forms of songs and choruses, and are treated by the composer. This phase of music and drama was known for centuries in Germany as the *Singspiel*, and

from this unpretentious beginning was evolved the German opera.

Before proceeding, it will be well to consider the advisability of joining even words to music. When this is effected with skill, not only is the emotional power of the text enhanced, but the very meaning is sometimes intensified. Thus, in Schumann's setting of Chamisso's series of poems known as "Frauenliebe und Leben," the composer imparted to the words a depth of feeling which the author himself may not have experienced. This is also true of Schubert's version of the "Ave Maria" from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," while the same composer certainly keeps equal pace with the poet in Goethe's "Erl King," and Shakespeare's "Hark, hark! the lark."

Up to this point we are in favor of musical settings. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the best of composers are sometimes forced, when following a melodic outline, to indulge in a false quantity or give undue accent to a weak syllable. Robert Franz once wrote me that he endeavored to follow the meaning of each word in order to avoid this evil, and let the melody be shaped by the text throughout. Again, a familiar specific difficulty, which militates against the happy union of text and music, is found in the fact that the music demands variety in its dynamic effects, and, in the forte passages, the text, together with its meaning, is often wholly lost. Concerning the multitude of unworthy versions of noble poems where the original ideals are given the semblance of platitudes I need not speak.

Another means of applying music to the drama is the so-called melodrama, in which the text is spoken through music. Although in vogue

among the Chinese for thousands of years, and employed by the great Greek poets in connection with their dramas, the first instance of an entire play thus treated was in 1774, when Benda's "Ariadne" created such a sensation that Mozart himself determined to write in this form. Beethoven has employed melodrama with true dramatic insight in the prison scene of his opera "Fidelio." Reminiscent strains of Florestan's aria pathetically indicate the prisoner's longing to see his wife once more. Were this dialogue sung instead of spoken, the effect would be ruined. The lugubrious supernatural mood of the Wolf's Glen in "Der Freischütz," and the fairy incantation of *Oberon* in "Midsummer Night's Dream," have been far more effectively suggested through the melodramatic treatment of Weber and Mendelssohn than by means of the spoken text unaccompanied or by intoned recitative.

Like all other forms of art, however, melodrama has its limitations as well as its mission, and its value is often questioned. When a long melodic phrase accompanies the text, our attention is curiously distracted. We either listen to the music and neglect the text, or we follow the latter and ignore the music. This doubtless led Wagner to regard melodrama as a hybrid, neither opera nor play. But we must not forget that Wagner, in many of his declamatory passages, has given the actors such unmelodious intervals to recite that they frequently employ speech pure and simple, so that in the "Nibelungen" itself we hear considerable melodrama, especially in the speeches of the more grotesque characters.

As a relief from these various attempts to solve the problem of blending music with the text of the play,

we may turn for an instant to the opera without words. This we meet with under the names of ballet or pantomime, familiar instances of which are Delibes's "Coppelia," and Tschaikowsky's "Lake of the Swans." This art form has the advantage of being equally intelligible to auditors of all nationalities, although the finer shades of meaning often escape one. Nevertheless, pantomime, too, has a worthy place in our group of arts.

There are moments in the opera where pantomime, accompanied by appropriate music, becomes a more powerful agent in conveying the thoughts and emotions of the actors to the auditor than text spoken or sung. Beethoven felt this when he planned the close of the first scene in the second act of "Fidelio." Wagner still further developed its possibilities in Act I of "Tristan and Isolde," where the hero and heroine drink the love-potion, action and music telling of the potency of the philtre, and the change from the anticipation of death to the transport of love. A still more elaborate instance is the scene in the last act of "Die Meistersinger," where *Beckmesser* recalls the mishaps of the previous evening. Wagner had a great advantage over all other composers of pantomime, because his audiences were aware of the import of his leading motives, of which more later. These themes enabled him to suggest with great exactness the meaning of the action. He has even created significant episodes in the "Ring" and in "Parsifal," where music illuminates moving scenery.

In the construction of the grand opera, the poet, the composer, and the executive artists confront the most complex of all the musico-dramatic problems. Here the entire series of subordinate problems are involved; namely, the union of music

with action, the union of music with moving scenery, the union of music with poetry, and the union of speech with action. Having reviewed the difficulties encountered in solving these individual problems, we can readily understand that many who appreciate each and every art separately should view with disfavor the attempt to group them all together. Indeed, the timid might be easily frightened into a belief that a partnership of the arts can lead only to deterioration of the various members and bring no compensating advantages whatever.

In the numerous solutions of this manifold problem, racial traits and the influence of environment show themselves as in other lines of activity. In Italy, where beautiful voices abound, it was only natural that the vocal element should predominate; hence the aria, with its florid cadenzas, which often impeded the action of the drama. In France, where the opera was an evolution from the ballet, plot and action formed interesting features, while the music, light, and lyric were never symphonic. In Germany, when the naïve *Singspiel* began to assume a more serious character, composers felt the growing possibilities of harmonic richness and orchestral coloring, and their music evinced a leaning toward dramatic characterization. At length Wagner appeared, and he pushed this dramatic quality of the music to an unprecedented extreme. In his solution of the musico-dramatic problem, he seized the opportunity of welding the arts to a degree of perfection possible only to a master of all.

In order properly to estimate the value of Wagner's solution of the musico-dramatic problem, it will be necessary to call attention to his career as poet and dramatist as well as

musician. It is owing to the unfortunate circumstance that Wagner is catalogued with the specifically musical men of genius that neither he nor his creations are appreciated at their full value. His works doubtless are convincing to the multitude who are impressed with their marvelous emotional and intellectual power, but, wherein his true greatness lies, wherein he has succeeded, and wherein he has failed, can be revealed only when he is studied as a poet, then as a playwright, then as a musician, noting his achievements in each capacity independent of the others.

That Wagner has proved his right to be ranked with the great poets there can be no doubt. The lofty sentiment, the stately lines, and the curious alliteration of the "Ring of the Niebelung" create a wonderful mood without the aid of music. The "Tristan" poem, with its idealized pessimistic philosophy, combines rhyme with alliteration in a fascinating manner, while in "Die Meistersinger" Wagner shows his genius for the lighter vein of verse. Happily characterizing the various persons of the play, the tender lyrics contrast strongly with those expressing the heroic and the grotesque. In the humorous choruses in the last act, where the guides assemble, he proves himself a juggler with words unsurpassed by W. S. Gilbert in the "Mikado."

As a dramatist, Wagner showed such consummate mastery of stagecraft that throughout all Europe his influence is now seen not only in the mounting of operas other than his own, but in the setting of plays where the text is spoken. His musical gifts led him to devise one invaluable expedient, the above mentioned leading motive, by means of which the auditor is made cognizant of the actor's emotions and intent. This enabled

him to dispense with the conventional "aside," where the actor talks up his sleeve for the benefit of the public.

Concerning Wagner as a musician, few realize that he was a complete master of all the phases of tonal structure, even those that are associated with the older classical or scholastic methods. Thus in "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," and the "Ring" are to be seen splendid examples of counterpoint (simple, double, and quadruple), imitation, canon, fugue, rondo, and sonata. But his most remarkable achievements were in the creation of harmonic designs and modulating themes, together with their development. This is a phase of modern music which only men of the order of Chopin, Schumann, Grieg, and Tschai-kowsky have successfully grappled with and conquered.

I beg permission at this point to employ the terminology of those estheticians who contrast the *moving* arts—music, poetry, and *orchestrique*, or pantomime—with the *static* arts—architecture, painting, and sculpture.

Of all attempts to unite the moving arts, from the days of Æschylus and Sophocles to the present time, that of Wagner is the most remarkable. There is no other triple genius of his dimensions in the realm of poetry and music. To find his prototype, we must search in the domain of the static arts for an artist whose mind showed a similar three-fold function. Michaelangelo, architect, sculptor, and painter, was so abundantly endowed that it lay within his power to build a church, adorn it with paintings, and decorate it with sculpture of his own creation.

It is obvious that the greater the number of component factors presented by a given work of art, the greater will be the difficulty experi-

enced by the beholder or auditor in comprehending the purpose of the artist. Thus the inspection of the cathedral at Ulm is now a far more complicated matter than formerly, owing to the additions of the stained-glass windows and carvings. If this be true of the static arts, where one can study the details of a work at his leisure, how much greater will be the nerve-strain involved when eye and ear are forced to seize on the instant the fleeting features of the moving arts? In the more elaborate music-drama, so great at times is the accumulation of details that no mortal being can grasp them in their entirety. Numerous instances of this demand of the impossible upon the capacity of the auditor are afforded by "Tristan und Isolde." In the remarkable duo in Act II we are expected to follow, aside from scenery and action, passages in which the subtle thought is expressed in finely wrought verse, characterized by a liquid, rhythmic flow and a unique combination of rhyme and alliteration. Simultaneously the music assumes even more rarely original forms. The potent themes suggesting Love, Death, and Nirvana are so carefully introduced that they fit the text to a nicety. More than this, they belong, for the most part, to that difficult and involved class of motive known as the harmonic design. If we are to do full justice to this masterpiece, we must follow intelligently the unusual orchestration, in which the lines of the melodies and counter-melodies are so interwoven that the printed page looks like lacework. But despite our consciousness of this wealth of beauty surrounding us, to grasp it in its entirety is as hopeless a task as that of the child who endeavors to follow all that takes place in a three-ringed hippodrome. In order to en-

joy thoroughly passages of such hyper-complexity, we must memorize entire pages of the score, a procedure for which few have the time or inclination.

Not long ago, when "Tristan" was given in the Prinz-Regenten Theatre in Munich, an attempt was made to ameliorate the above mentioned difficulties. In order the better to preserve the integrity of the text, the orchestra was greatly subdued. The beauty of the diction was indeed more apparent, but the power of the music, the significance of the leading themes, and the dramatic character of the orchestration, were reduced to a minimum, and the result was far from satisfactory. The failure of all attempts to tamper with Wagner's solution of the musico-dramatic problem shows that we must take his works as we find them, with their unsurpassed qualities in certain respects, along with their less desirable features.

But these unparalleled masterpieces, with their almost supernatural glow of exalted human passion, that take us to realms of which the older poets had merely dreamed—these very masterpieces contain the seeds of discord and the elements of dissolution. In his very enthusiasm for the noble, the beautiful, and the ideal, Wagner experienced a horror for the commonplace and the conventional, forgetting that certain esthetical conventions are as indispensable to art as are the ethical conventions to society. In his disgust for the customary cadence-formulas and the trite recitatives of old Italian opera, Wagner formed the habit of modulating more and more rapidly, whether the situation demanded it or not. He avoided full cadences, those punctuation-marks of musical sentences, in order to give

greater continuity to the flow of his thought. In many, perhaps most, instances, this was effective, but often one wishes he would come to a full close that we might take breath and that elsewhere we might be really deceived by a deceptive cadence; for when the unexpected always occurs, we grow to expect it. This feature has become greatly exaggerated by those who adopt Wagner's style, so that a simple cadence is a great rarity. No wonder, then, that the multitude long for a genuine, clear-cut melody, in which the harmony is not trite, but tangible.

Wagner's vocal style, while homogeneous with the rest of his work, and often wonderfully effective, is very wearing on the voice, especially where the accompaniment is full and heavy. One can usually note the influence of his operas upon singers when they give song-recitals, unless they chance to be especially robust. A friend of mine who greatly admired Wagner said that the story, music, scenery, and orchestration enchanted him until the actors began to sing. "That," said he, "was like a crack in the china." Tschaiikowsky, too, speaks of Wagner's peculiar manner of shaping the vocal part, "now doubling the first violin, then again the third horn, and so on."

Without doubt the constant surge of the tide of harmony, unrelieved except at rare intervals by truly lyric moments, engenders a feeling of unrest. Composers who have made a specialty of magnifying Wagner's mannerisms might well consider Edgar Poe's axiom, that "after a period of exaltation, the poem should descend to the commonplace"; that is, to the simple or naïve.

Hanslick, usually bitterly unjust toward Wagner, made one point wor-

thy of our consideration. In reviewing the scene between *Hans Sachs* and *David* in Act III of "Die Meistersinger," he wrote: "On the stage they speak of sausage and bread, in the orchestra we hear gallows and wheel. When such discords are employed to express the sentiments of peaceful burghers, with what shall we describe the French Revolution?" Although the limit seemed to have been reached, later writers have devised new dynamic agents, so that where Wagner drives tacks with a sledge-hammer, others employ a pile-driver; where Wagner mixes a love-potion of absinthe and opium, others prepare a nepenthe of gin and sulphuric acid.

The influence of Wagner upon his contemporaries and successors has possibly never been better expressed than by Carl Schurz in his "Reminiscences," where we find the following tribute: "How long Wagner's works will hold the stage as prominently as they do now will of course depend upon what may follow him. So far, they are proving an embarrassing, if not positively oppressive, standard of comparison. If a new composer adopt Wagner's conception of the music-drama, he will be liable to be called an imitator. If he adhere to old models or strike out on new lines of his own, his music will be in danger of being found thin and commonplace."

From the futility of following in the footprints of Wagner it is obvious that the Bayreuth solution of the musico-dramatic problem is not the final one. The great master's series of music-dramas stand forth with monumental impressiveness, but to demand, as he did, that all operatic expression should take that form, and that composers must write their own texts, is as absurd as to claim that all churches should be modeled after St. Peter's

and all architects provide their own decorations.

The static arts did not die with Michaelangelo, nor have the moving arts passed away with Richard Wagner. It is no discredit to Sir Christopher Wren that he did not fresco the interior of St. Paul's; nor do we think less of Titian, Tintoretto, or Rubens, because they did not build the churches that they beautified.

It may well be doubted whether the world will ever see Wagner's equal in the triple rôle he played, but when kindred talents unite, they may yet produce music-dramas of merit and magnitude. Thus the libretto of "Carmen" involved the labors of four men, Prosper Mérimée, Meilhac, Halévy, and Bizet himself. Nevertheless, the result was worth the effort, for, combined with the rare music of Bizet, it has become one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the stage. By preserving a greater proportion of purely musical features—lyric forms, subtle returns from foreign tonalities to the main key, refined orchestration so humanely planned that the singer has a living chance—Bizet has done the world of art a service of inestimable value. Its influence is heard in the charming "Lakme" of Delibes, "Pique Dame," and "Eugene Onegin" by Tschai-kowsky, and many of the more refined works of the French, Italians, and Russians.

But the joining of music to poetry and action is not the only instance of troublesome art combination. A parallel case may be found in the domain of the static arts. In contemplating a classic temple, a Gothic cathedral, or a truly artistic modern public building, we are impressed by the symmetry of the architectural design and the homogeneity of its various

members; we enjoy the composition and coloring of the mural decorations and the grouping of the sculptures. We admire the manner in which these details blend with one another, seeming an outgrowth of the architectural plan rather than so many separate creations. But while the totality contributes to our esthetic pleasure, we rarely think of the many struggles that it cost not only the architect, but the sculptors and painters, to fuse all these elements into a harmonious whole. The sculptor, in planning a group for the pediment of a classical structure, must conceive the composition in which the central figures rise to the apex of the triangle, while those to the right and left are appropriately adapted to the sloping sides. The painter, in like manner, must fill in spaces of peculiar and obstinate shape, irregular ovals, triangles, quadrangles, etc. Sometimes these complex problems are happily solved, but, again, the exigencies of the case preclude the possibility. Witness the group of the Muses in the New York Metropolitan Opera House, where the classic number nine is reduced to the practical number eight, four on one side of Apollo and four on the other.

In concluding the rehearsal of these attempts to unite the various arts, we are forced to admit that the demands of each will conflict; that the clashing of interests will develop friction, and valuable features will be disintegrated, now from this art, and again from another, as a result of this attrition. But in spite of all these difficulties, it must be conceded that, under favorable conditions, the union may create moods far more powerful than would be possible to the same arts acting individually. Furthermore, that certain results may be ob-

tained impossible to effect in any other manner.

The writers of opera or music-drama at the present day have at their command scenic decorations, properties, lighting, costumes, and orchestral apparatus never before equaled. The potentialities of melody, rhythm, and harmony are doubtless promising. There are still new possibilities of contrasting the dramatic episodes, symphonically treated, with lyric moments, when the smaller song forms and dances may be appropriately introduced. To what ex-

tent the dramatic element shall pre-dominate, and in how far the lyric or tuneful shall become the main feature—all this will depend upon the individuality of the author and composer. In order, then, to produce a work of art that shall worthily express the spirit of the age, the writers of the new music-dramas should absorb all those fundamental principles that have vitalized the standard works. There then remains, as Taine says, only one thing needful; that is, "that they be born geniuses."

THE TRENT AFFAIR

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

As doubtless all of us have had frequent occasion to observe, there are few occurrences which in their relative connection with other occurrences or with things at large do not assume with the lapse of time aspects strangely different. The passage of fifty years is a great dissolvent and clarifier. The international incident, still memorable, known as the affair of the *Trent* and the seizure by Captain Charles Wilkes, then commanding the *San Jacinto*, of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the two Confederate envoys, occurred on the eighth of November, 1861, and the fiftieth recurrence of that date has accordingly been reached.

The course of events, briefly stated, was as follows: Immediately after the firing upon Fort Sumter, Jefferson Davis, President of the then newly organized Confederate States, had sent out to Europe agents to forward the interests of the proposed nationality. These agents had there spent some seven months, accomplishing little. Disappointed at their failure, Davis determined upon a second and more formal mission. The new representatives were designated as "Special Commissioners of the Confederate States of America, near the Government," whether of Great Britain or of France, as the case might be. James Murray Mason of Virginia and John Slidell of Louisiana were selected, the first named for London, the second for Paris. Both, it will be remembered, had recently been senators of the United States, Slidell having withdrawn from the Senate

February 4, 1861, immediately after the passage of the Ordinance of Secession by the State of Louisiana; while Mason, having absented himself about March 20th, during the session of the Senate for executive business, did not again take his seat. Virginia seceded April 17, and Mason, together with several other Southern senators, was in his absence expelled by formal vote (July 11) at the special session of the Thirty-Seventh Congress, which met under the call of President Lincoln, July 4, 1861. Probably no two men in the entire South were more thoroughly obnoxious to those of the Union side than Mason and Slidell. The first was in many and by no means the best ways, a typical Virginian. Very provincial and intensely arrogant, his dislike of New England, and especially of Massachusetts, was pronounced, and exceeded only by his contempt. It was said of him at the time that when trouble was brewing, and he was invited to make a speech in Boston, he had replied that he would not again visit Massachusetts until he went there as an ambassador. Slidell, on the other hand, was considered one of the most astute and dangerous of all Confederate public characters. An intriguer by nature, unscrupulous in his political methods, he was credited with having fraudulently defeated by secret manipulations the Clay ticket in Louisiana in the 1844 Presidential election, and was generally looked upon as the most dangerous person to the Union the Confederacy could select for diplomatic work in Europe.

The first object of the envoys was to secure the recognition of the Confederacy. The ports of the Confederate States were then blockaded, but the blockade had not yet become really effective. The new envoys selected Charleston as their port of embarkation, and October 12 as its date. The night of the twelfth was dark and rainy, but with little or no wind, conditions altogether favorable for their purpose. They left Charleston on the little Confederate steamer *Theodora*, evaded the blockading squadron, and reached New Providence, Nassau, two days later, the fourteenth. It had been the intention of the envoys to take passage for Europe at Nassau on an English steamer; but, failing to find one which did not stop at New York, the *Theodora* continued her voyage to Cardenas in Cuba, whence the envoys and those accompanying them proceeded overland to Havana. Arriving at Havana about the twenty-second of October, Messrs. Mason and Slidell remained there until the seventh of November. They then embarked on the British steamer *Trent*, the captain of the *Trent* having full knowledge of their diplomatic capacity as envoys of an insurgent community, and giving consent to their embarkation. The *Trent* was a British mail-packet, making regular trips between Vera Cruz, in the Republic of Mexico, and the Danish island of St. Thomas. She was in no respect a blockade-runner, was not engaged in commerce with any American port, and was then on a regular voyage from a port in Mexico, by way of Havana, to her advertised destination, St. Thomas, all neutral ports. At St. Thomas direct connection could be made with a line of British steamers running to Southampton. The envoys, therefore, when

they left Havana, were on a neutral mail-steamer, sailing under the British flag, on a schedule voyage between neutral points.

At just that time the United States war-steamer *San Jacinto*, a first-class sloop mounting fifteen guns, was returning from a cruise on the western coast of Africa, where for twenty months she had been part of the African squadron engaged in suppressing the slave trade. She was commanded by Captain Wilkes, who had recently joined her. Returning by way of the Cape Verd Islands, Captain Wilkes there learned from the newspapers about the last of September of the course of public events in the United States, and rumors reached him of Confederate privateers, as they were then called, destroying American vessels in West India waters. He determined to make an effort at the capture of some of these "privateers." On October 10 the *San Jacinto* reached the port of St. Thomas, and subsequently touched at Cienfuegos, on the south coast of Cuba. There Captain Wilkes learned, also from the newspapers, that the Confederate envoys were at that very time at Havana, and about to take passage for Southampton. Reaching Havana on the twenty-eighth of October, the commander of the *San Jacinto* further learned that the commissioners were to embark on the steamer *Trent*, scheduled to leave Havana on the seventh of November. Captain Wilkes then conceived the design of intercepting the *Trent*, exercising the right of search, and making prisoners of the envoys. No question as to his right to stop, board, and search the *Trent* seems to have entered the mind of Captain Wilkes. He did, however, take into his confidence his executive officer, Lieutenant Fairfax,

disclosing to him his project. Lieutenant Fairfax entered, it is said, a vigorous protest against the proposed action, and strongly urged on Captain Wilkes the necessity of proceeding with great caution unless he wished to provoke international difficulties, and not impossibly a war with Great Britain. He then suggested that his commanding officer consult an American Judge at Key West, an authority on maritime law, which, however, Captain Wilkes declined to do. Leaving Key West on the morning of November 5, Captain Wilkes directed the course of the *San Jacinto* to what is known as the Bahama Channel, through which the *Trent* would necessarily pass on its way to St. Thomas, and there stationed himself. About noon on the eighth of November, the *Trent* hove in sight, and when she had approached sufficiently near the *San Jacinto*, a round shot was fired athwart her course; the United States flag was run up at the mast-head at the same time. The approaching vessel showed the English colors, but did not check her speed or indicate a disposition to heave to. Accordingly, a few instants later, a shell from the *San Jacinto* was exploded across her bows. This had the desired effect. The *Trent* immediately stopped, and a boat from the *San Jacinto* proceeded to board her. It is unnecessary to go into the details of what then occurred. For present purposes it is sufficient to say that the two envoys, together with their secretaries, were identified and forcibly removed, being taken on board the *San Jacinto*, which, without interfering with the mails or otherwise subjecting the *Trent* to search, then laid its course for Fort Monroe. Arriving there on the fifteenth, news of the capture was immediately flashed over

the country. The *Trent*, on the other hand, proceeded to St. Thomas, where her passengers were transferred to another steamer, and completed the voyage to Southampton. They arrived, and the report of the transaction was made public in Great Britain November 27, twelve days after the arrival of the *San Jacinto* at Fort Monroe and the publication of the news of the arrest in the United States.

Such were the essential facts in the case, and, while a storm of enthusiastic approval was sweeping over the northern part of the United States in the twelve days between November 15 and November 27, a storm of indignation of quite equal intensity swept over Great Britain between November 27 and the close of the year. Most fortunately there was no ocean cable in those days, and the movement of the Atlantic steamers was comparatively slow. Accordingly the first intimations of the commotion caused in Great Britain by the action of Captain Wilkes did not reach America until the arrival of the *Hansa* at New York, December 12. Strange as it now seems, therefore, almost an entire month had elapsed between the arrival of the *San Jacinto* at Fort Monroe (November 15) and the receipt in America (December 12) of any information as to the effect of the seizure of the envoys on the British temper, a most important fact to be now borne in mind.

Such being the facts of the "affair" and the dates of the occurrences in its development, it is of interest now, and certainly not without its value as matter of experience, to consider the courses then possible to have been pursued by the United States and to contrast them coolly and reflectively with that which was actually pursued.

And in so doing the thought which first suggests itself is one not conducive in us to an increased sense of national pride. What an opportunity was then lost! How completely our public men, and through them our community, failed to rise to the height of the occasion! For, avowed in the perspective of history, it is curious, and for an American of that period almost exasperating, to reflect upon what a magnificent move in the critical game then conducted would have been made had the advice of Montgomery Blair been followed to the letter and in spirit.

Montgomery Blair, it will be remembered, was then Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of President Lincoln. According to Secretary Welles, in his work subsequently (1874) published, Montgomery Blair alone in the Cabinet "from the first denounced Wilkes's act as unauthorized, irregular, and illegal," and even went so far as to advise that Wilkes be ordered to take the *San Jacinto* and go with Mason and Slidell to England, and deliver them to the British Government. In view of the excitement and unreasoning condition of the public mind, such a disposition of the question was perhaps virtually impossible, though even this admits of question. Nevertheless, seen through the vista of half a century, this would clearly have been the wisest as well as the most dignified course to pursue, far more so than that ultimately adopted; for, as Secretary Welles a dozen years later wrote, "the prompt and voluntary disavowal of the act of Wilkes, and delivering over the prisoners, would have evinced our confidence in our own power, and been a manifestation of our indifference and contempt for the emissaries, and a rebuke to the alleged intrigues between the reb-

els and the English cabinet." Mr. Welles might have further remarked that such a disposition of the matter, besides being in strict consistency with a long-proclaimed international policy, would have afforded for the navy a most salutary disciplinary example.

To revert to the chess simile, by such a playing of the pieces on the board as Blair here suggested, how effectually a checkmate would have been administered to the game of both the Confederates and their European sympathizers! In the first place, the act of Wilkes, as was subsequently and on better reflection generally conceded, was ill considered, improper, and in violation of all correct naval usage. It should have been rebuked accordingly, and officers should have been taught by example and at the beginning that they were neither diplomatic representatives nor judicial tribunals administering admiralty law. It was for them to receive instructions and implicitly to obey them. A reprimand of much the same nature was almost at this very time administered to General John C. Frémont, when in Missouri he undertook by virtue of martial law to proclaim the freedom of the slave throughout the military department under his command. His ill-considered order was revoked, and he was officially instructed that he was to confine himself to his military functions, and that the administration reserved to itself all action of a political character. So much for Captain Wilkes and the reprimand he should have received because of his indiscreet and unauthorized proceeding.

Next, such a line of conduct would have been on the part of the Government a severe and manly adherence

to the past contentions of the United States. It would have recognized in the action taken by Wilkes an attempt to carry the right of search and power of impressment far beyond any precedent ever established by the British Government even in the days of its greatest maritime ascendancy and consequent arrogance. In the strong and contemptuous language of Mr. Adams, America, in sustaining Wilkes, was consenting "to take up and to wear [Britain's] cast-off rags." If, instead of so bedizening itself, the United States had now boldly, defiantly, and at once adhered to its former contentions, its attitude would have been simply magnificent; and, as such, it would have commanded respect and admiration.

Nor was this aspect of the situation wholly unseen by some at the time; for, writing from his post in London to J. L. Motley in Vienna on the fourth of December, 1861, the date at which the tension between the United States and Great Britain was at the breaking-point, Mr. Adams thus expressed himself: "It ought to be remembered that the uniform tendency of our own policy has been to set up very high the doctrine of neutral rights, and to limit in every possible manner the odious doctrine of search. To have the two countries virtually changing their ground under this momentary temptation would not, as it seems to me, tend to benefit the position of the United States. Whereas, a contrary policy might be made the means of securing a great concession of principle from Great Britain. Whether the government at home will remain cool enough to see its opportunity, I have no means of judging." And a few days later (December 7, 1861), John Bright, writing to Charles Sumner, expressed himself to the same effect:

"You may disappoint your enemies by the moderation and reasonableness of your conduct, and every honest and good man in England will applaud your wisdom. Put all the fire-eaters in the wrong, and Europe will admire the sagacity of your Government." "Sagacity of your Government!" That phrase expressed exactly what the situation called for, and got only in a very modified degree.

Taken immediately and openly in the presence of the whole world, the position advised by Blair would have indicated, as Secretary Welles later pointed out in the words I have just quoted, the supreme confidence we felt in our national power, and the pronounced contempt in which we held both those whom we called "rebels" and those whom they termed their "envoys." If reached and publicly announced after mature deliberation during the week which followed the announcement of the seizure from Fort Monroe (November 23), as transatlantic communication was conducted in those days the news would scarcely have reached England before the third of December, just three days after the peremptory and somewhat offensive despatch of Earl Russell demanding the immediate surrender of the arrested envoys was beyond recall or modification and well on its way to America. A situation would have resulted almost ludicrous so far as Great Britain was concerned, but, for the United States, most consistent, dignified, and imposing. Excited, angry, arrogant, bent on reparation or war, Great Britain would have been let down suddenly and very hard and flat. Its position would, to say the least, have been the reverse of impressive. But for us it would have established our prestige in the eyes of foreign nations, and once for all silenced the numerous emissaries who

were sedulously working in every part of Europe to bring about our undoing through foreign interference. In particular, the immediate delivery of the envoys, in advance of any demand therefor and on the very ship which had undertaken to exercise the right of search and seizure under the command of the officer who had thus exceeded his authority and functions, would, so to speak, have put the Government of Great Britain thenceforth under bonds so far as the United States was concerned. Thereafter any effort either of the "envoys" thus contemptuously surrendered or of other Confederate emissaries would, so far as this country was concerned, have been futile. Reciprocity would from that moment have been in order, and all question of foreign recognition would have ceased. The whole course of international events in the immediate future would probably have been far different from what it was; for with what measure we had used, it would necessarily have been measured to us again.

Such a line of conduct, immediately decided on and boldly declared, would have been an inspiration worthy of a Cavour or a Bismarck; but, though actually urged in the Cabinet meetings by Montgomery Blair, its adoption called for a grasp of the situation and a quickness of decision which very possibly could not reasonably be expected under conditions then existing. It also may even yet be urged that, if then taken and announced, such a policy would have failed to command the assent of an excited public opinion. That it would have failed to do so is, however, open to question; for it is more than possible, it is even probable, that American intelligence would even then have risen at once to the international possibilities presented, and in that crisis of stress and anxiety would

have measured the extent to which the "affair" could be improved to the public advantage. The national vanity would unquestionably have been flattered by an adherence so consistent and sacrificing to the contentions and policies of the past. The memories of 1812 would have revived. However, admitting that a policy of this character, now obviously that which should have been pursued, was under practical and popular conditions then prevailing at least inadvisable, it remains to consider yet another alternative.

Assuming that the course pursued remained unchanged an entire month after the seizure, and up to the twelfth of December, when the news arrived in America of the excitement occasioned by the seizure in Great Britain and the extreme seriousness of the situation resulting therefrom—assuming this, it is now obvious that the proper policy then and under such conditions to have been adopted, although it could not have produced the results which would have been produced by the policy just considered if adopted and announced ten days earlier, would still have been consistent and dignified, and, as such, would have commanded general respect. It was very clearly outlined by Mr. Adams in a letter written in the following month to Cassius M. Clay, then the representative of the country at St. Petersburg. He expressed himself as follows: "Whatever opinion I may have of the consistency of Great Britain, or of the temper in which she has prosecuted her latest convictions, that does not in my judgment weigh a feather in the balance against the settled policy of the United States which has uniformly condemned every and any act like that of Captain Wilkes when authorized by other nations. The extension of the

rights of neutrals on the ocean and the protection of them against the arbitrary exercise of mere power have been cardinal principles in the system of American statesmen ever since the foundation of the Government. It is not for us to abandon them under the transient impulse given by the capture of a couple of unworthy traitors. What are they that a country like ours should swerve one hair from the line of its ancient policy, merely for the satisfaction of punishing them?"

If the advisers of Mr. Lincoln had viewed the situation in this light when his Secretary of State sat down to prepare his answer to the English demand, with a bold sweep of the hand he would at once have dismissed as rubbish the English precedents and authorities, reverting to the attitude and contentions uniformly and consistently held during the earlier years of the century by the Government for which he spoke. The proceeding of Captain Wilkes would then have been pronounced inconsistent with the traditions and established policy of the United States, and the line of action by it to be pursued in the case immediately presented would have been dictated thereby. The course to be pursued on the issue raised was clear, and the surrender of the envoys must be ordered accordingly, and this in no degree because of their small importance, as suggested by Lord Palmerston in his talk with Mr. Adams, though unquestionably the fact would have secretly exercised no little influence on the mind of the Secretary, and still less was it ordered because of any failure of Captain Wilkes to seize the *Trent* as prize on the ground of alleged breach of neutrality; but exclusively for the reason that the seizure in question was unauthorized, in direct disregard of the established policy of the United States and

its contentions in regard to the rights of neutrals, clearly and repeatedly set forth in many previous controversies with the Government represented by Earl Russell. From that policy, to quote the language of Mr. Adams, "this country was not disposed to swerve by a single hair's breadth." In accordance with it, delivery of the so-called "envoys" was ordered.

Again an opportunity was lost. Such an attitude would have been dignified, consistent, and statesmanlike. It would have had in it no element of adroitness and no appearance of special pleading. It could hardly have failed immediately to commend itself to the good judgment as well as pride of the American people, and it would certainly have commanded the respect of foreign nations.

Of the elaborate and in many respects memorable dispatch addressed by Secretary Seward to Lord Lyons in answer to the categorical demand for the immediate release of the two envoys, it is not necessary here to speak in detail. It is historical, and my paper has already extended far beyond the limits originally proposed. Of this state paper I will therefore merely say that, reading it now, "clever," not "great," is the term which suggests itself as best descriptive. Much commended at the time, it has not stood the test. In composing it, the writer plainly had his eye on the audience; while his ear, so to speak, was in manifest proximity to the ground. Indeed, his vision was directed to so many different quarters, and his ear was intent on such a confusion of rumblings, that it is fair matter for surprise that he acquitted himself even as successfully as he did. In the first place, it was necessary for him to persuade a President who had "put his foot down," and whose wishes inclined to a quite

different disposition of the matter. In the next place, the reluctant members of a divided Cabinet were to be conciliated and unified. After this, Captain Wilkes, the naval idol of the day, must be justified and supported. Then Congress, with its recent commitments as respects approval, thanks, gold medals, etc., had to be not only pacified, but reconciled to the inevitable; and, finally, an aroused and patriotic public opinion was to be soothed and gently led into a lamb-like acquiescence. The situation, in the aspect it then bore, was, it cannot be denied, both complicated and delicate. Accordingly, in reading the Secretary's communication to Lord Lyons of December 26, 1861, one is aware of a distinct absence therein of both grasp and elevation. That "bold sweep of the hand" before suggested is conspicuous for its absence. The English and British precedents were by no means dismissed as antiquated "rubbish"; while, on the contrary, our own earlier and better contentions were silently ignored. In their stead, British principles were adopted as sound and of established authority; and thus the final action of the United States in delivering the so-called envoys was rested on what the Duke of Argyll presently, and most properly, characterized in his letter to Mr. Adams as "a narrow and technical ground." Captain Wilkes, it was argued, while acting in strict accordance with law and precedent, had failed to seize the *Trent* as lawful prize, and as such, send her into an American port for adjudication. It was a complete abandonment of the traditional American contentions in favor of the arrogant and high-handed policies formerly pursued by Great Britain, but now by her silently dismissed as antiquated and inconvenient—"her cast-off rags!"

It can, therefore, now hardly be denied that there was more than an element of truth in the criticisms passed upon the Secretary's momentous reply to Lord Russell's demand by Hamilton Fish, in a letter to Charles Sumner, written at the time. Mr. Fish, then in retirement, not impossibly entertained feelings of a nature not altogether friendly toward Mr. Seward, whose colleague he had been in the Senate, and whom later he was to succeed in charge of the Department of State. They were both from New York, and had been contemporaneously active in New York politics. Those also whose attention has been called to the grounds of comparison will perhaps hardly be disposed to deny that for natural grasp of the spirit and underlying principles of international law, Hamilton Fish was better endowed than either Seward or Sumner. Fish now wrote: "In style [the letter] is verbose and egotistical; in argument, flimsy; and in its conception and general scope it is an abandonment of the high position we have occupied as a nation upon a great principle. We are humbled and disgraced, not by the act of the surrender of four of our own citizens, but by the manner in which it has been done, and the absence of a sound principle upon which to rest and justify it. . . . We might and should have turned the affair vastly to our credit and advantage; it has been made the means of our humiliation."

The ultimate historical verdict must apparently be in accordance with the criticism here contemporaneously expressed. The Seward letter was inadequate to the occasion. A possible move of unsurpassed brilliancy on the international chessboard had almost unseen been permitted to escape us.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT

BY BIRGE HARRISON

During a recent visit to America, Mr. Henry James, the novelist, was lunching with a party of friends at one of the well-known New York clubs. One of the company having asked him if his present trip had resulted in any particularly fresh and vivid impression of things American, he replied: "Had your question been put to me yesterday, I should probably have been obliged to answer it in the negative. But this morning I had an extraordinary experience, and received an impression so compelling and unexpected as almost to fill me with terror. I had been invited to visit the immigration station at Ellis Island. Five huge ocean liners were discharging their human freight simultaneously, and more than three thousand immigrants were to pass inward during the day. They were a strange and picturesque lot, comprising specimens of almost every nation in Europe, and of not a few of the tribes of Africa and Asia.

"While I stood there studying the curious human types as they filed past in endless procession, a feeling of uneasiness gradually crept over me. It seemed to me that there was something hostile, threatening, almost appalling about this slow-moving, murmuring, never-ending throng; and finally it burst upon me that this was *an invasion*—silent and furtive, but nonetheless sinister, formidable, and irresistible. It is a disaster, gentlemen; a flood, a human inundation, which, if unchecked, is destined to submerge the old Anglo-Saxon stock,

to engulf and utterly destroy the fine old Anglo-Saxon civilization. In the West we have closed our doors to the Asiatic, but in the East we have thrown them wide open to the off-scourings of Europe and the Mediterranean. Is not this white peril of the East as dangerous—as much to be feared and deprecated—as the yellow peril of the West? What is to become of all our cherished Puritan ideals and traditions? Where are we to look for our future Emersons and Thoreaus? In my opinion we are face to face with a genuine racial tragedy."

"But," said Marble, "this tragedy began long ago—long before the tide of European immigration assumed any serious proportions. By that time the decadence of our old Anglo-Saxon stock was far advanced. If you knew as well as I do the hinterlands of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, to say nothing of the mountain regions of the Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, you would welcome this influx of new blood as a life-saving strain. Why, there are counties in our own State of New York where one third of the inhabitants can neither read nor write, where ninety-five per cent of the vote is purchasable, and where the offer of a free public library would be regarded as a huge and ineffable joke. To some of us it seems that our old American stock is distinctly 'on the toboggan,' and that it is sadly in need of just such fresh blood as Europe is providentially sending us. Isn't this the history of nations? Has not every

truly great and vigorous people grown out of some such graft of one race upon the stock of another—some tribal overflow resulting in a specially happy racial blend? Was it not so with Greece, with Rome, with Anglo-Saxon England even, with—”

“Softy, softly, Marble,” interrupted the chairman. “Your lecture on ancient history will be in order at the next monthly meeting of the club”; then turning to the pedagogic member he inquired, “What is your view of the question, Ellison?”

“Well,” replied the latter, “it is at least curious that this very morning while Mr. James was observing the future American on his first arrival, I was studying his children at a great public school down in one of the worst of our East Side slum districts. In this school I found nearly two thousand pupils, nine tenths of whom were aliens. In age they ranged from six to twelve years, and they represented some twenty-seven different nationalities. Nevertheless, the instruction was given exclusively in English, and in spite of this handicap, the principal assured me that the alien pupil was as far advanced in his studies as the American boy or girl of a like age. When asked in what order he would be inclined to class the two great racial divisions as regards the question of general intelligence, he replied that the main difference between them appeared to be that of the point of view, which was certainly divergent enough. The alien child was simply voracious for knowledge; for him the hours of study were never sufficiently long, while the American lad hailed the sound of the closing gong with unfeigned joy. To the alien this new country of ours, with all its wonders, was a fairy-land of untold possibilities; while to the American it was the

old workaday world where he would one day succeed dad or Uncle Tom or Uncle Joe as a huckster, an iceman, or a ward heeler. It was evident that my friend, the principal, was inclined to be optimistic in regard to his foreign-born charges. Their keen ambition, their lively imagination, and their industry were all in their favor; and as future citizens he believed that more might reasonably be expected of them than of the average American scholars.”

“That,” said the artist member, “reminds me of a recent experience of my own. Last Sunday morning I dropped in at the music-school settlement of David Mannes, down in East Third Street, and spent an hour listening to his wonderful little orchestra of East Side children. They played the ‘Tannhauser’ overture, a Brahms sonata, and something by Grieg; and they played those things with almost as much technical ability, and fully as much musical comprehension, as the Philharmonic up in Carnegie Hall. After the performance I asked Mr. Mannes how many Americans he had in his band. ‘Not a blessed one,’ he replied. ‘The American children who have temperament enough for this sort of thing live in upper Fifth Avenue. You won’t find them in the slums. Rather curious, isn’t it?’ he added. ‘For the children of well-to-do Americans are temperamentally as sensitive to music and all other artistic influences as any in the world.’”

Here, it seemed to me, was the key to the whole problem under discussion, a solution which explained and offered a reasonable basis for either of the two widely divergent opinions which had been advanced.

During Mr. James’s visits to America he had come into contact mainly

with the cultivated classes, the cream of the old civilizations of New England and the South. Marble had had a wider experience and had touched our varied American life at many points. Ellison had first-hand knowledge of the crude material out of which the future American was to be evolved, but Mr. Mannes alone had touched upon both sides of the question. If his statement was to be accepted, we must admit the apparent anomaly of a people one half of which is advancing in the intellectual scale, while the other half is declining. And this, I think, is precisely what we shall be forced to admit. But in order to comprehend fully the seeming paradox, we must inquire somewhat closely into the nature of this thing called temperament, without the coöperation of which no great artistic creation is possible; for, much as the *word* is bandied about, the *quality* is one of the least understood attributes of the human mind. This lack of comprehension is clearly shown by the numerous words which have been invented to describe its functions, all of which leave its true nature as much as ever enshrouded in mystery. Leaving out the word temperament we have genius, inspiration, intuition, imagination, etc., all of which are virtually synonymous and interchangeable terms, but none of which does more than hint at a vague and apparently supra-normal *something*, to which the words God-given and heaven-sent are frequently enough prefixed as elucidating and explanatory adjectives.

And, indeed, at first sight temperament is certainly a most contradictory quality, for while it often accompanies the most perfect physical and mental health, it is quite as likely to appear in the mentally abnormal and unsound. and its function seems to be

nearly, if not quite, independent of the pathologic condition of the upper consciousness of the thinking, reasoning, directing ego. We find it producing great work, for instance, in such undoubted neurasthenics as Heine and Byron, and even in incipient paranoiacs like Blake and Goya; while in other cases, of which Shakespeare, Burns, and Emerson may be cited as examples, the temperamental artist walks hand in hand with the normal man. It is evident, therefore, that in attempting to elucidate the true character of temperament we attack one of the most elusive of all psychological phenomena, the interrelations of conscious and unconscious cerebration, of reason and intuition; in a word, of the conscious and the subconscious intelligence. Now, there can be absolutely no question that temperament resides wholly in the subconscious mind; it might almost be claimed that it is the subconscious mind, and that the quality and amount of our genius, our inspiration, our imagination, our intuition, depends upon the activity and wide-awakeness of our subconscious selves.

That there is a very distinct line of demarcation between these two principal divisions of the brain hardly admits of discussion. It even seems demonstrable that one division may be seriously affected by illness while the other portion remains in sound and perfect health. And in these cases it is the so-called reasoning and controlling faculty which is most susceptible to disturbance, while the deeper-lying subconscious ego retains all its powers unaffected and undiminished.

I have known personally one artist of distinction who became insane as the result of a great and overwhelming sorrow. He was very wisely permitted to continue the practice of his art

in the enforced seclusion of the asylum, and his pictures show none of the effects of the brain-storm which destroyed his conscious intelligence. They are just as simple, just as sane, just as lovely as ever.

This line of demarcation is so clear-cut and so sharply defined that according to one of the latest theories of advanced psychology the subconscious never sleeps, but, like a watchful sentinel, ever stands guard over the slumbering master mind, which alone needs the recuperative balm of sleep. In support of this theory there are well-authenticated cases where the solution of some knotty problem which had been long and unsuccessfully studied by the conscious intelligence was found clear-cut and perfect in the mind on awakening from sound sleep. In these cases the presumption is clear that the subconscious had been at work on the problem during the hours of slumber and had solved the difficulty which had proved too much for the conscious mind.

Recently I had a personal experience which may be worth citing here, for it does at least prove definitely and beyond question that the subconscious mind *may* be wide-awake while the conscious mind sleeps soundly.

One cold and windy evening, on returning from a walk, I seated myself before the open fire and began reading aloud to my wife. The comfortable glow of the fire, succeeding the sharp cold without, produced its usual effect, and shortly I fell into a very deep and heavy slumber. From this I was presently awakened by a startled exclamation from my companion. "What *is* the matter, dear?" she cried. On regaining consciousness I found that my eyes were still scanning the pages of the book and my

lips still forming and enunciating the printed words. My wife assured me that I had not for a moment ceased reading, but that for some minutes my voice had taken on a strange, uncanny intonation, and that my sentences were poured forth in a monotonous stream without the slightest inflection or expression. I perused again the chapter which I had been reading and found that the point at which I had lost consciousness—that is, gone to sleep—was about four pages back. During the time which was occupied by the reading of these four pages, therefore, the whole of the work *must* have been done under the direction of the subconscious part of my brain, which was certainly wide-awake, while the conscious part of me slept soundly. Now, a little consideration will show what a very complicated process of mental and physical action and reaction had been carried through without any assistance from the conscious mind. In the first place the sensitive nerves of the eyes had correctly received the impression of the letters and words, and had correctly transmitted their message to the brain, whence again the message had been forwarded to the vocal organs, with directions to form and enunciate the sounds which the brain knew to correspond with the printed characters; and, finally, the vocal chords under this brain direction had correctly performed their office. Here were four distinct actions, each dependent on the preceding movement, which had been carried through without a slip or failure of any kind. It would be difficult to maintain that this complicated process had been carried through without intelligent control of some kind, and as the conscious brain in this case was most certainly asleep, there seems no escape from the conclusion

that the work was done wholly under the direction of the subconscious intelligence. This little incident should be sufficient to prove to even the most hardened non-believer in the duplex nature of the human consciousness the possibility of independent cerebration on the part of the subconscious mind. It seems rather a pity that it should also dispose of the clever aphorism of a certain famous professor of psychology who, when asked to describe in a few words the nature of the subconscious brain, replied, "There is none."

Of course we can have no knowledge of the more exalted activities of the subconscious brain save through a study of its intellectually tangible results. But these results are so apparent in every work of creative art that it may be stated as an axiom that art is not, and cannot be, the work of the reasoning faculties alone and unassisted. Any creative artist will tell you that his best thoughts, his "inspirations," his happiest phrases are not reasoned out. They simply "come" to him, are thrust at him from he knows not where; and he is often as much surprised as any one at the completeness of the idea, the beauty of the color scheme, the charm of the musical phrase which is thus handed to him out of the void like a gift from heaven. And this is true not only of the artist, the writer, the musician, but of any man of true creative genius working in any line of human endeavor. Even in so exact a science as mathematics the great discoveries have been first *divined*, and afterward proved by weeks and months of laborious calculation. But the great mathematician *knew* the result long before he had proved it with figures. The great man is always a seer; he sees things in advance. The proved

conclusion is for him a foregone conclusion.

Now, just what is the nature of this obscure cerebral action by virtue of which the man of genius is enabled to grasp in an instant some great certainty, or to group together into some conception of perfect artistic beauty floating sounds or colors or words which had in themselves no special or transcendent worth—in other words, "what is temperament?"

It is best described, I think, as an extremely sensitive organization of the subconscious ego, that portion of the brain where the automatic or intuitive reasoning process goes on free from all interference on the part of our conscious selves. Operating at the very center and fountain-head of being, its so-called "instinctive" conclusions may very well be the result of a finer and more perfect form of reasoning than is possible to the more or less mechanical and blundering conscious ego; and the "flash of genius" represents an instantaneous correlation and organization of ideas in that perfect adjustment to one another which could be achieved only by the subconscious intelligence.

But we must remember that temperament is, after all, only a tool, and although a very perfect implement, it is worthless unless it have at its command the crude material out of which the great conception is to be evolved or the great masterpiece is to be fashioned. The poet, the painter, the musician, the mathematician must be able to call at any moment upon a well-stored memory for all the facts that may be needed in the elaboration of his work, and these facts must previously have been gathered by the physical senses of sight and hearing, and stored away in the brain like so many negatives and records, all ready

for instantaneous use whenever they are called upon; for the senses are the feeders of the mind. A brain as finely organized as that of Shakespeare would remain forever a blank if its owner were blind and deaf and devoid of the sense of touch. For as nothing can come out of a barrel that has not been previously put into that barrel, so nothing can come out of an empty mind. And the artist who attempts to evolve a work of art out of nothing will produce nothing. The "mute, inglorious Milton" is doubtless a far more usual phenomenon than most of us realize.

Possession of temperament, therefore, is not the only essential for a creative artist. He must love nature and study her constantly, and he must report his impressions with absolute and disinterested honesty; for art is the one human profession in which there can be no success without sincerity. The reason for this is not far to seek. Art, to be in any way distinguished, must be original; and originality presupposes sincerity—the naïve and fearless presentation of the artist's own *personal* vision of nature. Indeed, in the final analysis art and personality are synonymous terms. Here we have the secret of all creative art: it is the intimate expression of the personality of its creator; and as no two brains were ever made alike, so no two genuine artists could possibly produce an exactly similar picture or poem or symphony, even where they used the same theme or motive as the basis of their work. Here also we have the reason why no combination of lenses, no mechanical device, can ever be expected to produce a genuine work of art. Even in the so-called art photography the quality of the production depends upon how much of his own personality the artist

photographer has been able to infuse into his work; and if color photography should ever attain to mechanical perfection, it would be found to be mainly valuable as an adjunct to the artist's equipment.

But although temperaments vary vastly in different men, they do nevertheless fall into certain large racial groups, each with distinct characteristics of its own. The Germanic temperament differs essentially from the Spanish, and that again from the English. This is so obvious that it calls for no special pleading. It shows clearly in the painting, the literature, and the music of the countries mentioned. An English glee, a Spanish *ronda*, and a German *lied* require no label to tell the nationality of their composers; and we know whether a picture is of Dutch, Spanish, or English origin without inquiring the name of the artist who painted it.

It is this unfailing law, assuring to each nation its own racial temperamental characteristics, which gives to the art of Japan its peculiar and distinctive charm, which makes the art of Persia just what it is, and which says that each people shall express through its art its own special ideals. Now, admitting as we needs must, that the American nation has finally developed a distinct racial type of its own, we at the same time recognize the American temperament, and concede to it qualities and characteristics which differentiate it from those of any other race.

Before inquiring as to the exact nature of these peculiarly American traits, it will be well to devote a moment to a survey of the general conditions which have produced them, the sequence of forces and events which have gradually molded and evolved the American type as it stands to-day.

If history teaches any one thing with special clearness, it is that civilizations closely resemble individuals in their manner of growth. Both have their periods of childhood, of adolescence, of full maturity, and of senile decay. It shows us also that every great nation has its blossoming time, when with an irresistible impulse it bursts forth into art, and in one glorious and reckless impulse expends its stored-up energy in the effort to put into permanent form its own particular ideals of beauty. This period invariably follows the day of conquest, of great physical and material prosperity, and precedes the final and inevitable decline which is the fate of races as it is of individuals. The sequence is so unvarying that we can predict with certainty the approaching end of any nation which has just given birth to a great art movement. I think, for instance, that we are witnessing this phenomenon in France at the present moment. The madness of their "post-impressionists" is simply one of the aberrations to be expected of a decadent people in whom the love of nature and of simple beauty has been replaced by a morbid craving for strange mental and artistic stimulants. In England, on the contrary, the dawn of art is only just beginning. The sturdy old Anglo-Saxon race has retained its youthful vitality longer than most modern nations, and the nervous strain and tension which invariably accompany the birth of temperament in a people are with them only just beginning to show themselves. But slow as has been this movement in England, it is safe to predict of a nation physically and mentally as sound and vigorous as the British that it will finally develop one of the greatest schools of art that the world has ever seen.

How is it with us in America? We are of the same old Anglo-Saxon stock; but three centuries ago this stock was transplanted into a wilderness where it was placed in strange surroundings and face to face with hitherto untried conditions. In this new environment all of its old social props were suddenly withdrawn, and it had not only to subdue the wilderness to its physical needs, but to evolve a new social order and to build up a new state that would suit the new conditions. At the same time it was subjected to the strain of a changeable, trying, nerve-racking climate. Under the stress of these strenuous conditions the American offshoot seems to have come to maturity more rapidly than the parent stock; for there is, I think, overwhelming evidence that the American civilization which is founded upon the old English stock is approaching its high-water mark, and that the period of its great artistic production is near at hand. I am very much mistaken if America does not in the near future assume the lead in all matters pertaining to art; and it will be interesting, therefore, to inquire in what particulars the new American art will differ from the art which has preceded it. This, I think, it is possible to forecast with reasonable exactitude; for we have already advanced far enough upon the road to indicate the direction in which we are going. In the first place, American art will probably be marked by great clarity and directness of vision, a forceful and at the same time refined simplicity; for our sense of humor as a nation will be sure to eliminate and preclude any tendency to fad or peculiarity. It will also be an art in which beauty and delicacy of color will count for much, and this strong racial tendency will show even

in its sculpture. In regard to the question of design and decorative arrangement, it is more difficult to predicate. In general the Germanic and Scandinavian races of the North, with their strong underlying strain of mysticism, have tended more to color and to sentiment in their art than to design; while the Southern races have shown that marked predilection for form which has given us the sculptures of the Parthenon and the arabesques of the Alhambra. Nevertheless, there are indications in some of our recent mural paintings of a very marked feeling for decorative balance and arrangement of form. It may be that the long scientific training which has preceded the art expansion in America has tuned us to demand correct balance and accurate adjustment of forms, and that this will be reflected in our art.

In some respects it seems to me that the American art of the future will more nearly approximate the great art of the Italian Renaissance than any more recent art development. Its sanity, its loving fidelity to nature and to nature's beauty certainly point in that direction; and its own original qualities of delicacy and fine opalescent color will only add a new grace and

charm to the old approved and beloved art of the past. Any art which is to last must be built upon the broad basis of sane and wholesome human nature. However much its outward manifestations may vary, its fundamental laws must remain the same so long as the human race endures.

Finally, let me say that in my opinion America in one respect holds a position absolutely unique in the history of the world. When the art movement which is just now beginning has reached its end, there is every probability that our country may look forward at some later date to another and still greater renaissance; and if this occurs, we shall owe it to that very foreign invasion which Mr. James so deeply deplored. Out of the admixture of so many and such diverse race units, grafted upon the old Anglo-Saxon stock, there should develop during the next century or two a new people—a people more powerful perhaps than any the world has heretofore known. And in due season these new Americans, following the universal law, would develop an art of their own which would be brilliant and forceful and beautiful in proportion to the force, the brilliancy, and the love of beauty in the race itself.

SOME OF THE CONDITIONS OF ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

BY WALTER COOK

The Institute of Arts and Letters, which might perhaps be more properly called the Institute of Arts including that of Letters, is composed, it is true, of various kinds of artists; but all its members are supposed to be artists in the broad and true sense of the word. Whether a man is working as a poet or a novelist or a historian, as a painter, a musician, a sculptor or an architect, his claim to be a member of this body rests upon the fact that he has been adjudged to be an artist. But the conditions under which we exercise our various arts differ very widely. The writer sits down and composes his poem or his essay or his novel pretty much as he pleases and sees fit, and prays Heaven for an enlightened publisher and an appreciative public; and the same is true in a way of the musician. The painter and sculptor have set before them problems of which at least the initial statement is of great simplicity; they are asked in each case to produce a beautiful object, and if they succeed in doing so, their mission is fulfilled. But with us architects, while we, too, strive toward the same goal, the conditions are in many ways so different that it seems interesting to consider some of them today.

It is hardly worth while, however, to dwell in any detail on what we may call the material difficulties of our art, the ever present necessity of uniting the *utile* and the *dulce*. Everyone knows that we are called upon to produce something which shall in the

highest degree fulfil many and complicated material requirements, and at the same time satisfy the highest esthetic ones. Perhaps this may not be an unmitigated misfortune, and that it is only another example of Théophile Gautier's oft-quoted sentiment:

Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
D'une forme au travail
Rebelle,
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.

Certain it is that some of the materials we have to contend with—some of our clients, for example—are at least as hard as marble or onyx, and as complicated as the most elaborate verse that has been evolved since the prosody of the Greek chorus.

But even if the poet's verse be accepted as a literal truth, we may be pardoned for hoping devoutly that nobody will ever make any further inventions destined to make the lot of man in general happier, and that of the architect more miserable. For each of these is one more stumbling-block in the path that leads to beauty.

Of course every architect begins his study with the plan of his building. Now, it is difficult to explain to the man on the street exactly what an architect means when he talks of a beautiful plan; for to him the plan seems nothing more than a diagram which shows how certain requirements are to be met and how certain conveniences are to be obtained. But this is not the architect's conception of it, or only partly so; for in it he sees at every point the possibility of beautiful effects and artistic com-

positions, and knowing and realizing these, his plan becomes in itself a thing of beauty, which only the specially trained eye can recognize and appreciate. So that in this part of his artistic work he is speaking a language which is quite unintelligible to the world at large, and can be entirely understood only by a chosen few. How many of you who are here to-day, and to whom the beauty of the great buildings of the world is a familiar word, have even heard of the wonderful plan of the Baths of Caracalla, in antiquity—a plan which has been said to contain all the elements of all the plans made before or since, or, in modern times, that of the opera-house in Paris? For the architect there is no part of any important plan where he is not continually asking himself how will this look when the walls are built upon its lines, and how can this or that motive be treated inside and outside. And these possibilities he learns to recognize instinctively from the aspect of the plan,—call it diagram if you will,—which becomes to him as distinctively beautiful or un-beautiful in itself as though it were a picture of the Virgin, a statue of Apollo, or an ode of Keats.

And then when he comes to the study of his exterior, already more or less distinct in his mind before a line has been drawn, he remembers rapturously that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." And then in the twinkling of an eye he is assailed by doubt, and begins to question the poet's words except in the broadest sense. For in architecture, as in life in general, there are a large number of unpleasant truths, and if we are to be compelled to proclaim them from the housetops, we shall have to revise all our preconceived notions of beauty. If, for instance, we are compelled

by truth in regard to the water-pressure of our cities to place a large tank upon the roof of a building, we cannot be blamed if we use all the means in our power to conceal the fact; or if we are unable to do so, to erect such a monumental tower to contain it that no one suspects the painful reality. No, we can carry this principle only to a certain point. We try to suggest in the exterior of our building whatever we think significant or interesting in the interior. But there may easily be an excess of outspokenness in our architecture, as we often find to be the case with our friends. Even sincerity may become a vice; and one has only to look at some examples of the present worship of the so-called practical and utilitarian to be convinced of it. After all, if we are really architects, we are like the other artists in that we strive to create the beautiful, and to tell all pleasant truths in our work. Architecture at its best should be in all ways an expressive art, and that is sometimes the hardest part of it. If we are building a house for some one, we ought, paradoxical though it may seem, to try to express in some way or other the tastes and the personality of our client. After all, a house is really a kind of frame for the picture made up of the people that live in it, and all the painters will agree that the most beautiful frame is not suited to every picture. Really we ought to study our man quite as carefully as the physician does his patient, the father confessor his penitent, or as the portrait-painter who seeks to read the character of the face he is depicting. It is a matter of almost secondary importance to know whether he prefers brick or stone, Tudor rooms or those of Louis XVI. These points we can easily inform ourselves about; the

burning questions are whether he is a devotee of Beethoven or of Debussy, whether he reads Shakespeare or Alexandre Dumas, and what his convictions are on the question of the trusts. If we could really get an insight into real character, we might perhaps be able to build a house which would reflect not only the individuality of the architect, but that of the people who are to live in it.

And of course this imperative desire for a particular expression, apart from our own, a particular appropriateness, we feel as much in our other work as in the dwelling-house; and the problem is perhaps even more difficult, for here we are seeking for some ideal to express, whether the case be that of a church or a museum, a court-house or a bank; and it is not always easy to formulate the ideal in our own minds. Some time ago a certain foreigner, who was here on a visit, criticized with some severity what he saw in New York, and particularly the new Pennsylvania Station, taking the ground that as a railway station was a place of much hurry and bustle, its architectural expression should above all be that of unrest—*quot homines, tot sententiæ*.

Every important building which has been erected for a specific purpose tends, if it is an artistic success, to establish a type for those which succeed it. And it is only once in a while that some new and original wonder appears, the old monarch is dethroned and a new régime begins. And as the ideals are varied and the individualities different, we are forced to speak or to try to speak various languages; we must, if a literary parallel may be used, turn from a Sapphic ode to a history of banking in the nineteenth century, from Pelléas and Mélisande to a life of Gladstone.

The art of any period, we are told, always reflects the life of the period itself, and always should do so. How far this is a universal truth may perhaps be questioned. Oscar Wilde in his most amusing effusion, called "The Decay of Lying," in which there is contained a good deal of truth as well as of amusement, causes his essayist to say: "Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life. We have all seen, in our own day in England, how a certain curious and fascinating type of beauty, invented and emphasized by two imaginative painters, has so influenced Life, that whenever one goes to a private view or an artistic salon one sees, here the mystic eyes of Rossetti's dream, the long ivory throat, the strange square-cut jaw, the loosened shadowy hair that he so ardently loved; there the sweet maidenhood of 'The Golden Stair,' the blossom-like mouth and weary loveliness of the 'Laus Amoris,' the passion-pale face of Andromeda, the thin hands and lithe beauty of the 'Vivien' in 'Merlin's Dream.' And it has always been so. A great artist invents a type, and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in a popular form, like an enterprising publisher. Neither Holbein nor Van Dyck found in England what they have given us. They brought their types with them, and Life with her keen imitative faculty set herself to supply the master with models."

Whatever we may think in our more analytical moments of this theory, it is certainly an inspiring idea that the artists are not merely picturing the life of our epoch, but are actually in a measure creating it, and if we could only be convinced of its truth, a particularly inspiring one to the architect. For his creations, his pictures, are not shut up in galleries where only the art-lovers, those who

are least in need of esthetic teaching, go to see them, but are set forth in full view of every passer-by in the street, who has to look at them whether he will or not, and is, let us hope at least, more or less affected by them for good or evil. But unfortunately for us, Mr. Wilde in a later page modifies his dictum and says: "The more abstract, the more ideal an art is, the more it reveals to us the temper of its age. If we wish to understand a nation by means of its art, let us look at its architecture or its music." So that it appears that we must after all be content to interpret, to reflect, as it were, one age and one country, in company with the musicians; that we cannot help doing so, in the first place; and that, if we try to do otherwise, we are working in defiance of natural laws, and that our efforts are predestined to failure.

"Whoever demands of an architect a style not in keeping with the spirit of his time," said Mr. Hastings in his paper read before you last year, "is responsible for retarding the normal progress of the art. We must have a language if we would talk. If there be no common language for a people, there can be no communication of ideas, either architectural or literary. I believe that we shall one day rejoice in the dawn of a modern renaissance; and as has always been the case, we shall be guided by the fundamental principles of the classic."

This is the particular reflection which one of our distinguished men sees in the mirror which he holds up to nature. But there are a good many different kinds of mirrors, and the reflections seen in them differ accordingly. I have in mind another of my professional brethren, who holds that the Renaissance—that which began in the fifteenth century—

was in no sense a natural development, but should properly be thought of as a hideous calamity, a sort of universal earthquake which shook the mind of the world and left it in ruins; that only in the present age are we beginning to recover from this dreadful day of wrath, and that we must do our utmost to forget and ignore it, to treat it as a hideous nightmare. We should, he says, imagine what the world would have done if it had proceeded on its way peacefully and normally; for, Heaven be praised, we are finally awakening to the truth; and an art which takes up the old story, the only true story, not archæologically, but with the earnest endeavour to continue and to develop according to our present conditions the great ideas of the past, shattered though they were by insane delusions, is really reflecting in the truest sense the best life of our time.

And there are yet others among us who declare that when they hold up their mirrors they see nothing which reminds them in any way of the past, and that if we really had any grandfathers, the best thing we can do is to forget all about them. This is an age of originality, they say, and only of originality; and so they evolve an architecture which we look upon with unmixed wonder, uncertain in our minds as to whether it pictures the civilization of the twenty-fifth century before Christ or the twenty-fifth after.

Now, if we look at other phases of life as we see it to-day, do we not see various states of mind corresponding in a measure with these divergent ideas of the architects? In literature, the realistic novel, the one written for that important person, the "tired business man," and the psychological romance, glare at each other

defiantly; the French successors of the English Preraphaelites, Maeterlinck and Stephane Mallarmé, sound quite another note from—Mr. H. G. Wells, let us say. In religion, one can never be certain whether one is talking to a stanch churchman or to an esoteric Buddhist. And in the field of politics, even if we assume that we are all Socialists, we have to begin as Pontius Pilate did, and ask "What is socialism?" with small chance of agreeing upon an answer.

So it may well be that a certain incoherence in the architecture of today, as we may call it, when viewed as a whole, is in reality the most genuine expression of our life and our time. No one of us can be condemned as false to the truth of his art because his expression of it is quite different from that of his neighbour.

The individuality of the designer, if he be fortunate enough to possess one, he cannot well get away from, even if he try to do so; and this individuality leads him to a preference for certain forms, for a certain style. But, as has already been said, the architect must speak various languages; one of them will always remain his mother-tongue, and the others will be spoken with some little accent, some reminiscence of the land native to his particular expression. *Tamen usque recurret.* And it sometimes happens that the adoption, even unwillingly, of a style which the conditions impose on him, influenced as it is by his personal predilections, results in something which possesses a special charm of its own, and may even be the beginning of something new; just as the French architects of the sixteenth century, starting with the to them novel ideas of the Italians, and being still saturated with their own medieval style, evolved one of

the most charming and picturesque mixtures that we know—a style of its own, one possessing a true originality, as all of us who have seen the castles of Touraine will acknowledge.

I have kept for the end of this perhaps rather desultory paper that condition of architectural design which differs most from those of the other arts, and which would seem to show that, of all the artists, imagination is most necessary to the architect. Alone among all, the architect never sees what he has created until it is too late to change it. We make our drawings, we study everything about them from every point of view we can think of. We wonder, we question, we criticize, we change; we have models made of certain details, of certain motives, even sometimes of the whole exterior of our building. Unfortunately we are unable to make a real man of the same relative size, who from his Lilliputian point of view can give us a true artistic appreciation. The thing itself, the real thing we create, remains the creature of our imagination, and we never see it as we have conceived it until the fatal words have been spoken, "No change is possible." We never see for the first time what we have made without a certain feeling of surprise—of elation when our expectations are realized, of sadness when we note how this motive is too important or that one too little so; how the attic is too heavy, or the whole composition looks forced.

Now, consider one by one the conditions existing in the other arts.

When a book is written, the author continually rewrites, and improves and corrects. He labors over certain parts of it again and again until he is satisfied. And when the book

is finished, he lays it aside for a while and then comes back to it fresh and almost as another person, and perhaps recomposes parts of it entirely. And it is not without having seen and considered it as a whole, without having studied each part and its relation to the other parts, that he finally sends it forth to the world.

The painter proceeds in the same way; he finishes, as he supposes, his picture, and then wipes out and repaints sometimes a part, sometimes the whole. And when what seems to be the final result is reached, he still returns and adds an effect here, an accent there, even though it be on varnishing day. The sculptor is equally fortunate. He, too, sees and criticizes; he, too, changes and modifies at will. And the musician is the most fortunate of all. He composes his symphony or his opera, hears all the rehearsals, and has abundant opportunities to judge of his own work as though he were an outsider. And then a year or two later he writes entirely anew a movement or an act which dissatisfies him, or composes a new overture to his opera. Beethoven wrote three different ones for "Fidelio."

"Ah, you who are without pity for the mistakes of the architect, have you ever thought of this," says M. Garnier in his book on the Paris opera-house—a book in which he frankly points out and discusses his own mistakes and his own successes—"that alone perhaps among the artists and the producers they have to

succeed the very first time? Everything in this world is only done through tryings-on: your boots and your clothes are tried on before they are sent home to you; the cook tastes his sauces before he serves them at your table; only the architects have to work without feeling their way, and without any hesitation they must hit the bull's-eye with their first shot!

"For my part, I have shot sometimes wide of the mark. Never mind. In spite of it, I look back on my record as a marksman, and do not blush too deeply on account of my misses."

Happy those of us who can say as much!

Why is it, then, may be asked, that we all glory in our special art, when so many of its conditions seem fraught with difficulties? Why did Brunelleschi, beginning as a sculptor and winning no small renown in his work, forsake it and devote his whole life to the Cathedral of Florence? We who are in the midst of the fray can easily answer this in the light of our own experience. The joy of victory is in proportion to the perils of the combat. We have not only the exultation which every artist has in making something that is all his own, but whenever we achieve any measure of success, we remember the stones that beset our path, and rejoice that, despite all, we, too, have set up something in the light of day, to be seen of all men, which may perhaps add something to the beauty of the world.

THE INSTITUTE MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Institute is annually awarded to any citizen of the United States, whether a member of the Institute or not, for distinguished services to arts or letters in the creation of original work.

The conditions of the award are these:

(1) "That the medal shall be awarded for the entire work of the recipient, without limit of time during which it shall have been done; that it shall be awarded to a living person or to one who shall not have been dead more than one year at the time of the award; and that it shall not be awarded more than once to any one person.

(2) "That it shall be awarded in the following order: First year, for Sculpture; second year, for History or Biography; third year, for Music; fourth year, for Poetry; fifth year, for Architecture; sixth year, for Drama; seventh year, for Painting; eighth year, for Fiction; ninth year, for Essays or Belles-Lettres,—returning to

each subject every tenth year in the order named.

(3) "That it shall be the duty of the Secretary each year to poll the members of the section of the Institute dealing with the subject in which the medal is that year to be awarded, and to report the result of the poll to the Institute at its Annual Meeting, at which meeting the medal shall be awarded by vote of the Institute."

The medal was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, of the Institute, in 1909.

The first award—for sculpture—was to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The medal was presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens at the meeting held in memory of her husband Nov. 20, 1909.

The second medal—for history—was awarded to James Ford Rhodes.

The third medal*—for poetry—was awarded to James Whitcomb Riley.

On January 25, at 7.30 P.M., the Thirteenth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the National Institute of Arts and Letters was held at the University Club, Philadelphia, when the third Gold Medal of the Institute was awarded in the department of Poetry to

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

On January 26, the sessions of the Academy and Institute were opened by an address of welcome (10.30 A.M., Clover Room, Bellevue-Stratford) by

HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG

At the close of the morning session a luncheon at the Franklin Inn was given to the members of the Academy and the Institute

BY

Mr. HARRISON S. MORRIS

At the close of the afternoon session a Reception was given to the members of the Academy and Institute at the Bellevue-Stratford through the courtesy of Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL and the members of the Franklin Inn Club

* The third medal was to have been awarded for Music, but though several polls were taken in the Department of Music, none of the nominees received a sufficient proportion of votes. It was therefore regrettably necessary to pass over the award of the medal for Music until its turn recurs in due course.

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

(Founded 1898 by the American Social Science Association)

I. ORIGIN AND NAME.

This society, organized by men nominated and elected by the American Social Science Association at its annual meeting in 1898, with a view to the advancement of art, music and literature, shall be known as the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

II. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Qualification for membership shall be notable achievement in art, music or literature.
2. The number of members shall be limited to two hundred and fifty.

III. ELECTIONS.

The name of a candidate shall be proposed to the Secretary by three members of the section in which the nominee's principal work has been performed. The name shall then be submitted to the members of that section, and if approved by a majority of the answers received within fifteen days may be submitted by a two-thirds vote of the council to an annual meeting of the Institute for formal election by a majority vote of those present. The voting shall be by ballot.

IV. OFFICERS.

1. The officers of the Institute shall consist of a President, six Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, and they shall constitute the council of the Institute.
2. The council shall always include at least one member of each department.

V. ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, but the council may fill a vacancy at any time by a two-thirds vote.

VI. MEETINGS

1. The annual meeting of the Institute shall be held on the first Tuesday in September, unless otherwise ordered by the council.*
2. Special meetings may be called by the President on recommendation of any three members of the council, or by petition of at least one-fourth of the membership of the Institute.

VII. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Institute and of the council.
2. In the absence of the President, the senior Vice-President in attendance shall preside.

* For convenience the annual meeting is usually called for January or February.

3. The Secretary shall keep a minute of all meetings of the Institute and of the council, and shall be the custodian of all records.

4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all funds of the Institute and shall make disbursements only upon order of the council.

VIII. ANNUAL DUES

The annual dues for membership shall be five dollars.

IX. INSIGNIA

The insignia of the Institute shall be a bow of purple ribbon bearing two bars of old gold.

X. EXPULSIONS

Any member may be expelled for unbecoming conduct by a two-thirds vote of the council, a reasonable opportunity for defense having been given.

XI. AMENDMENTS

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the Institute upon the recommendation of the council or upon the request, in writing, of any five members. The Secretary shall be required to send to each member a copy of the proposed amendment at least thirty days before the meeting at which such amendment is to be considered.

XII. THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of membership of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; PROVIDED that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and PROVIDED that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTE

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Adams, Brooks
Adams, Charles Francis
Adams, Henry
Ade, George
Alden, Henry M.
Aldrich, Richard
Allen, James Lane
Baldwin, Simeon E.
Bates, Arlo
Bridges, Robert
Brownell, W. C.
Burroughs, John
Burton, Richard
Butler, Nicholas Murray
Cable, George W.
Carman, Bliss
Cawein, Madison J.
Chambers, R. W.
Channing, Edward
Cheney, John Vance
Churchill, Winston
Connolly, James B.
Cortissoz, Royal
Croly, Herbert D.
Cross, Wilbur L.
Crothers, Samuel McChord
de Kay, Charles
Dunne, Finley P.
Egan, Maurice Francis
Fernald, Chester Bailey
Finck, Henry T.
Finley, John Huston
Ford, Worthington C.
Fox, John, Jr.
Furness, Horace Howard, Jr.
Garland, Hamlin
Gildersleeve, Basil L.
Gillette, William
Gilman, Lawrence
Gordon, George A.
Grant, Robert
Greenslet, Ferris
Griffis, Wm. Elliot
Hadley, Arthur Twining
Hamilton, Clayton
Hardy, Arthur Sherburne
Harper, George McLean
Herford, Oliver
Herrick, Robert
Hitchcock, Ripley
Howe, M. A. De Wolfe
Howells, William Dean
Huntington, Archer M.
James, Henry
Johnson, Owen
Johnson, Robert Underwood
Kennan, George
Lloyd, Nelson
Lodge, Henry Cabot
Long, John Luther
Lounsbury, Thomas R.
Lovett, Robert Morss
Lowell, Abbott Lawrence
Lummis, Charles F.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright
Mackaye, Percy
Mahan, Alfred T.
Markham, Edwin
Martin, Edward S.
Matthews, Brander
McKelway, St. Clair
McMaster, John Bach
Miller, Joaquin
Mitchell, John Ames
Mitchell, Langdon E.
More, Paul Elmer
Morris, Harrison S.
Morse, John Torrey, Jr.
Muir, John
Nicholson, Meredith
Page, Thomas Nelson
Payne, Will
Payne, William Morton
Peck, Harry Thurston
Perry, Bliss
Perry, Thomas Sergeant
Phelps, William Lyon
Pier, Arthur S.
Rhodes, James Ford
Riley, James Whitcomb
Roberts, Charles G. D.
Robinson, Edward Arlington
Roosevelt, Theodore
Royce, Josiah
Schelling, Felix Emanuel
Schouler, James
Schuyler, Montgomery
Scollard, Clinton
Sedgwick, Henry D.
Seton, Ernest Thompson
Sherman, Frank Dempster
Shorey, Paul
Sloane, William M.
Smith, F. Hopkinson
Sullivan, Thomas Russell
Tarkington, Booth
Thayer, A. H.
Thayer, William Roscoe
Thomas, Augustus
Tooker, L. Frank
Torrence, Ridgely
Trent, William P.
van Dyke, Henry
Van Dyke, John C.
Wendell, Barrett
West, Andrew F.
White, Andrew Dickson
White, William Allen
Whiting, Charles G.
Williams, Jesse Lynch
Wilson, Harry Leon
Wilson, Woodrow
Wister, Owen
Woodberry, George E.

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Adams, Herbert
 Alexander, John W.
 Babb, George F.
 Ballin, Hugo
 Barnard, George Gray
 Bartlett, Paul W.
 Beckwith, J. Carroll
 Benson, Frank W.
 Bitter, Karl
 Blashfield, Edwin H.
 Brooks, Richard E.
 Brown, Glenn
 Brush, George de Forest
 Bunce, William Gedney
 Carlsen, Emil
 Chase, William M.
 Cole, Timothy
 Cook, Walter
 Cox, Kenyon
 Crowninshield, Frederic
 Dannat, William T.
 Day, Frank Miles
 De Camp, Joseph
 Dewey, Charles Melville
 Dewing, Thomas W.
 Dielman, Frederick
 Donaldson, John M.
 Dougherty, Paul
 Duveneck, Frank
 Foster, Ben
 French, Daniel C.
 Gay, Walter
 Gibson, Charles Dana
 Gilbert, Cass
 Grafly, Charles
 Guerin, Jules
 Hardenbergh, Henry J.
 Harrison, Alexander
 Harrison, Birge
 Hassam, Child
 Hastings, Thomas
 Henri, Robert
 Howard, John Galen
 Howe, William Henry
 Howells, J. M.
 Isham, Samuel
 Jones, Francis C.
 Jones, H. Bolton
 Kendall, W. Sergeant
 La Farge, Bancel
 Low, Will H.
 MacMonnies, Frederick
 Mac Neil, Hermon A.
 Marr, Carl
 McEwen, Walter
 Mead, William Rutherford
 Melchers, Gari
 Metcalf, Willard L.
 Mowbray, H. Siddons
 Ochtman, Leonard
 Parrish, Maxfield
 Peabody, Robert S.
 Pearce, Charles Sprague
 Pennell, Joseph
 Platt, Charles A.
 Post, George B.
 Potter, Edward Clark
 Pratt, Bela L.
 Proctor, A. Phimister
 Redfield, Edward W.
 Reid, Robert

Roth, Frederick G. R.
 Ruckstuhl, F. W.
 Ryder, Albert P.
 Sargent, John S.
 Schofield, W. Elmer
 Shrary, Henry M.
 Simmons, Edward
 Smedley, William T.
 Taft, Lorado
 Tarbell, Edmund C.
 Tryon, Dwight W.
 Vedder, Elihu
 Walden, Lionel
 Walker, Henry Oliver
 Walker, Horatio
 Warren, Whitney
 Weinman, Adolph A.
 Weir, J. Alden
 Wiles, Irving R.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Bird, Arthur
 Brockway, Howard
 Chadwick, George Whitfield
 Converse, F. S.
 Damrosch, Walter
 De Koven, Reginald
 Foote, Arthur
 Gilchrist, W. W.
 Hadley, H. K.
 Herbert, Victor
 Kelley, Edgar Stillman
 Loeffler, Charles M.
 Parker, Horatio W.
 Shelley, Harry Rowe
 Smith, David Stanley
 Van der Stucken, F.
 Whiting, Arthur

DECEASED MEMBERS

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey
 Bigelow, John
 Clemens, Samuel L. (Mark Twain)
 Conway, Moncure D.
 Crawford, Francis Marion
 Daly, Augustin
 Dodge, Theodore A.
 Eggleston, Edward
 Fawcett, Edgar
 Fiske, Willard
 Ford, Paul Leicester
 Frederic, Harold
 Furness, Horace Howard
 Gilder, Richard Watson
 Gilman, Daniel Coit
 Godkin, E. L.
 Godwin, Parke
 Hale, Edward Everett
 Harland, Henry
 Harris, Joel Chandler
 Harte, Bret
 Hay, John
 Herne, James A.
 Higginson, Thomas Wentworth
 Howard, Bronson
 Howe, Julia Ward
 Hutton, Laurence
 Jefferson, Joseph
 Johnston, Richard Malcolm

Lea, Henry Charles
 Lodge, George Cabot
 Mitchell, Donald G.
 Moody, William Vaughn
 Munger, Theodore T.
 Nelson, Henry Loomis
 Norton, Charles Eliot
 Perkins, James Breck
 Schurz, Carl
 Scudder, Horace
 Shaler, N. S.
 Shirlaw, Walter
 Stedman, Edmund Clarence
 Stillman, William J.
 Stockton, Frank R.
 Stoddard, Charles Warren
 Thompson, Maurice
 Tyler, Moses Coit
 Viélé, Herman K.
 Warner, Charles Dudley

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Abbey, Edwin A.
 Bierstadt, Albert
 Blum, Robert Frederick
 Burnham, Daniel Hudson
 Carrère, John M.
 Collins, Alfred Q.
 Homer, Winslow
 La Farge, John
 Lathrop, Francis
 Loeb, Louis
 Millet, Francis D.
 McKim, Charles Follen
 Porter, Benjamin C.
 Pyle, Howard

Remington, Frederic
 Saint-Gaudens, Augustus
 Twachtman, John H.
 Vinton, Frederick P.
 Ward, J. Q. A.
 White, Stanford
 Wood, Thomas W.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

Buck, Dudley
 MacDowell, Edward
 Nevin, Ethelbert
 Paine, John K.

OFFICERS

President

John W. Alexander

Vice-Presidents

Arthur Whiting
 Brander Matthews
 Hamlin Garland
 Robert Underwood Johnson
 Hamilton W. Mabie
 Harrison S. Morris

Secretary

Jesse Lynch Williams

Princeton, N. J.

Treasurer

Samuel Isham

471 Park Avenue, New York

[November, 1912]

SKETCH OF THE ACADEMY AND LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

The American Academy of Arts and Letters was founded in 1904 as an interior organization of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which in turn was founded in 1898 by the American Social Science Association. In each case the elder organization left the younger to choose the relations that should exist between them. Article XII of the Constitution of the Institute provides as follows:

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of members of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; *provided* that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and *provided* that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

The manner of the organization of the Academy was prescribed by the following resolution of the Institute adopted April 23, 1904:

Whereas, the amendment to the Constitution known as Article XII, providing for the organization of the Academy of Arts and Letters, has been ratified by a vote of the Institute,

Resolved: that the following method be chosen for the organization of the Academy—to wit, that seven members be selected by ballot as the first members of the Academy, and that these seven be requested and empowered to choose eight other members, and that the fifteen thus chosen be requested and empowered to choose five other members, and that the twenty members thus chosen shall be requested and empowered to choose ten other members,—the entire thirty to constitute the Academy in conformity with Article XII, and that the first seven members be an executive committee for the purpose of insuring the completion of the number of thirty members.

Under Article XII the Academy has effected a separate organization, but at the same time it has kept in close relationship with the Institute. On the seventh of March, 1908, the membership was increased from thirty to fifty members, and on the seventh of November, 1908, the following Constitution was adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE ACADEMY

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

The American Academy of Arts and Letters is an association primarily organized by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Its aim is to represent and further the interests of the Fine Arts and Literature.

II. MEMBERSHIP AND ELECTIONS

It shall consist of not more than fifty members, and all vacancies shall be filled from the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. No one shall be elected a member of the Academy who shall not have received the votes of a majority of the members. The votes shall be opened and counted at a meeting of the Academy. In case the first ballot shall not result in an election a second ballot shall be taken to determine the choice between the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes on the first ballot. Elections shall be held only on due notice under rules to be established by the Academy.

III. AIMS

That the Academy may be bound together in community of taste and interest, its members shall meet regularly for discussion, and for the expression of artistic, literary and scholarly opinion of such topics as are brought to its attention. For the purpose of promoting the highest standards, the Academy may also award such prizes as may be founded by itself or entrusted to it for administration.

IV. OFFICERS

The officers shall consist of a President and a Chancellor, both elected annually from among the members to serve for one year only; a Permanent Secretary, not necessarily a member, who shall be elected by the Academy to serve for an indeterminate period, subject to removal by a majority vote; and a Treasurer. The Treasurer shall be appointed as follows: Three members of the Academy shall be elected at each annual meeting to serve as a Committee on Finance for the ensuing year. They shall appoint one of their number Treasurer of the Academy to serve for one year. He shall receive and protect its funds and make disbursements for its expenses as directed by the Committee. He shall also make such investments, upon the order of the President, as may be approved by both the Committee on Finance and the Executive Committee.

V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence of the Chancellor, to preside at all meetings throughout his term of office, and to safeguard in general all the interests of the Academy. It shall be the duty of the Chancellor to select and prepare the business for each meeting of his term. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the records; to conduct the correspondence of the Academy under the direction of the President or Chancellor; to issue its authorized statements; and to draw up as required such writing as pertain to the ordinary business of the Academy and its committees. These three officers shall constitute the Executive Committee.

VI. AMENDMENTS

Any proposed amendment to this Constitution must be sent in writing to the Secretary signed by at least ten members; and it shall then be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. It shall not be considered until three months after it has been thus submitted. No proposed amendment shall be adopted unless it receives the votes in writing of two-thirds of the members.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Following is the list of members in the order of their election :

William Dean Howells
 *Augustus Saint-Gaudens
 *Edmund Clarence Stedman
 *John La Farge
 *Samuel Langhorne Clemens
 *John Hay
 *Edward MacDowell
 Henry James
 *Charles Follen McKim
 Henry Adams
 *Charles Eliot Norton
 *John Quincy Adams Ward
 Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury
 Theodore Roosevelt
 *Thomas Bailey Aldrich
 *Joseph Jefferson
 John Singer Sargent
 *Richard Watson Gilder
 *Horace Howard Furness
 *John Bigelow
 *Winslow Homer
 *Carl Schurz
 Alfred Thayer Mahan
 *Joel Chandler Harris
 Daniel Chester French
 John Burroughs
 James Ford Rhodes
 *Edwin Austin Abbey
 Horatio William Parker
 William Milligan Sloane
 *Edward Everett Hale
 Robert Underwood Johnson
 George Washington Cable
 *Daniel Coit Gilman
 *Thomas Wentworth Higginson
 *Donald Grant Mitchell
 Andrew Dickson White
 Henry van Dyke
 William Crary Brownell
 Basil Lanneau Guildersleeve
 *Julia Ward Howe
 Woodrow Wilson
 Arthur Twining Hadley
 Henry Cabot Lodge
 Francis Hopkinson Smith
 *Francis Marion Crawford
 *Henry Charles Lea
 Edwin Howland Blashfield
 William Merritt Chase
 Thomas Hastings
 Hamilton Wright Mabie
 *Bronson Howard
 Brander Matthews
 Thomas Nelson Page
 Elihu Vedder
 George Edward Woodberry
 *William Vaughn Moody
 Kenyon Cox
 George Whitefield Chadwick
 Abbott Handerson Thayer
 John Muir
 Charles Francis Adams
 Henry Mills Alden
 George deForest Brush

LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

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William Rutherford Mead
John White Alexander
Bliss Perry
*Francis Davis Millet
Abbott Lawrence Lowell
James Whitcomb Riley

Nicholas Murray Butler
Paul Wayland Bartlett
George Browne Post
Owen Wister
Herbert Adams
Augustus Thomas

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1912

President: MR. HOWELLS.

Chancellor: MR. SLOANE.

Permanent Secretary: MR. JOHNSON.

Finance Committee: MESSRS. SLOANE, RHODES, and HASTINGS.

Harvard University
OCT 11 1913
G. L.

FA 30.15

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

AND OF THE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
AND LETTERS



Number VI: 1913



NEW YORK

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Acting Chancellor of the Academy, Presiding

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
American Academy of Arts and Letters
AND OF THE
National Institute of Arts and Letters

Published at intervals by the Societies

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NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1913

No. 6

THE ACADEMY AND THE INSTITUTE

Public Meetings held at The New York Historical Society, New York
December 13, 1912



DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

Acting Chancellor of the Academy, Presiding

OPENING REMARKS OF HENRY VAN DYKE

AT THE FIRST SESSION, DECEMBER 13, NEW YORK

It is due to a double accident,—the absence of Mr. W. D. Howells on a voyage for health, and the absence of Prof. W. M. Sloane, who is lecturing to the international minds in Berlin,—it is solely on account of this accidental coincidence of *wanderlust* in the President and the Chancellor of the American Academy, that the duty of presiding at this meeting descends upon me. There is only one thing that I can do to win your indulgence: I can prevent the accident from becoming a catastrophe by refraining from a formal address. But there are a few, simple words which ought to be said upon such an occasion.

First, a word of hearty thanks to the New York Historical Society for the

use of this admirable building as a meeting-place. We have as yet no such home of our own as that which Mazarin built in Paris for his college, and Napoleon turned over in 1805 to the Institute of France. We are "landless men," wandering servants of the Muses; and while we await a day of better fortunes, we are grateful that our annual assembly finds shelter within a house so stately and so friendly as this.

The next word that must be spoken is one of fellowship and greeting to the members of the Institute and the Academy who are present.

We are all alike in this, that we all belong to the working-classes. There is not a man in these two societies

whose life has not been laborious. Since our last meeting in Philadelphia most of us have been busy along our special lines, trying to do better work in architecture and music and sculpture and painting and poetry and prose literature. Let us remember, as we come together, the secret unity of all the arts as an effort to express the inner life of man and the meaning of the world.

We are jealous, and rightly, for the independence and autonomy of that particular region of art in which we work. We would not have pictures judged from a literary standpoint, nor literature from a pictorial standpoint; we would not have sculpture measured by the standards of the moving-picture show, nor architecture considered as "frozen music." To each of the arts its own rules and methods and ideals; and yet for all the same high standard of sincerity, beauty, and significance in the finished work. Something seen or heard or felt, some voice or vision that makes the artist wish to create; and then the long toil, the loving pains of labor, to embody this inward gift in tone or color, in song or story, in statue or façade, for the joy and welfare of the world. That is the life of art, and those who share in it should feel a sense of brotherhood. They should cheer and encourage one another to do good work. They should stand together in endeavor to keep our modern world from being brutalized, our modern cities from being uglified, our modern existence from being mechanized and commercialized through the neglect and loss of the great and beautiful art of life.

The last word that needs to be spoken at this moment is one of welcome, and explanation, to our guests.

Pray do not suppose that you are with a company of men who imagine themselves "Immortals." Such a fancy name does not fit the sobriety of our thoughts. Every year we have to mourn the death of some members of this very mortal brotherhood. Every day we have occasion to reflect upon the vicissitudes of fame and the uncertain judgments of posterity.

No, this is not a company of self-appointed inheritors of immortal celebrity. Not a man in the Institute or the Academy has had any voice in his own election. Each has been chosen by the votes of his competitors and rivals, without solicitation. The bond that holds us together is respect for good work in literature and the other arts. The Institute, which is the parent body, and the Academy, which is chosen from the Institute and composed of older, not of better, soldiers, stands for the recognition of permanence and vitality in the ideals of arts and letters.

Not to encourage the trampling of our noble English language with the hooves of buffaloes, not to confuse advertisement with criticism, not to acquiesce in the vulgarizing of the fine arts or to mistake hysteria for originality, not to admit that the only way to be American is to be provincial—these are the purposes of conservation and defense which unite the members of these two societies. On the positive side their aim may be stated even more simply. To maintain a high standard with a broad taste, and always to take their work seriously, but not to take themselves solemnly—that, I think, is the ambition of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters.

A PASSION PLAY IN AMERICA

BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Should there be a passion-play in America? Would its presentation in a theater or tabernacle serve the highest purpose? Would the moving, speaking figure of the Christ bring His message to minds now closed to it? Would mental impressions now wrong or dull or dormant be made right and clearer and awake? Would the real purpose of religious teaching, the growth of the spiritual in man, be thereby furthered?

Macaulay, in his essay on Milton, says:

The great mass of men must have images. Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte. God the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshipers. It was before divinity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogues, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the portico and the fasces of the lictors, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust.

If we grant this statement of Macaulay's, for us there may be significance in the fact that this conquest, so eloquently described, occurred during centuries when every man, after the fashion of his private heart, set up in his own mind a picture of the God so walking, weeping, slumbering, and bleeding; that this conquest occurred before Italian art in its decadent period, by repetition and stencil, captured, cramped, and imprisoned free and personal concept in its convention—a convention characterized by feebleness and sentimentality and devoid of the masculine vigor that Angelo or even Titian expressed. But as "seeing is believing," as the eye is more easily persuaded than the ear, more quickly and more permanently conquered, the Christ of that declining period, by mere repetition of woodcut and chromo, has subdued imagination as the persistence

of gravity's attraction stoops the strongest shoulders.

Even though there is here not time fully to consider the question, it is pertinent to ask how far the pictured image thus set up in earlier time by hands quite as fallible as our own fails to command the modern imagination, especially in our self-reliant and vital America; how far the suggested physical weakness is out of harmony with our perhaps unconscious conception of leadership, and what discrepancy there may be between the Christ so pictured and his reported speech and action; how far, in fact, this portrait is untrue; and how far its acceptance and circulation have weakened the recruiting power of His message? Also, what value there would be in attempts to revise the popular conception?

Non-resistance in a figure incapable of successfully resisting is the virtue of necessity; but strength declining to smite back has persuasive eloquence. The peaceful carpenter of Nazareth possessed the beauty of physical power; a careful reading of the synoptic Gospels makes this the only logical deduction. He was above the usual stature; he was "more than common tall," a leader promptly recognized. Women believed him and believed him quickly. Several women of means followed his pilgrimages; "Joanna the wife of Chuza Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others, which ministered unto him of their substance." The history of the world is filled with the stories of sincere attachments of women for men of moderate stature, but they are records of attachments grown through association, and not that admiration of first sight. Women admired this man at once. That is slight ground

upon which to build an opinion as to his height, but there is other support.

▲ centurion—that is to say, an officer commanding one hundred Roman warriors—came to Jesus one day to solicit his healing office for a servant that was sick. The Master offered to accompany the centurion to his residence, and thereupon the officer replied:

Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.

For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.

This fighting Roman, quartered in a conquered province, meeting Jesus, recognized the man of authority. Again in Jerusalem, angered at the desecration of the temple by the merchants who had erected in it stands under permission from the priests, He made a whip of knotted cords and drove from the temple the money-changers, those who had sold oxen and doves and sheep for sacrifice. It is no doubt possible for a man of ordinary stature to drive one Jew from his stand of merchandise, it might even be possible for an angry man with a weapon to drive away two or three, but to drive away a number who could easily unite against him—a number tenacious of their commercial rights and who in their going would suffer financial loss, bears out this assumption. Again, on Calvary, at the close of day, the Roman soldiers, wishing to be sure of the death of the three who had been crucified, broke the legs of the thieves who were hanging there, but into the side of Jesus, whom they believed already dead, they thrust a spear. If not dead, then surely this was a quicker release than the cruel treatment for the thieves. This discrimination was not a show of disrespect, as many have accepted it, but was compassion, was only such consideration as the gladiator on guard would give a condemned man whose physical quality won his admiration.

Jesus was deep of chest, had power of lung and throat. From Cana to Nazareth is three miles up the mountain road, a climb made by Him often as a boy, a youth, a man. The dwellers in such mountain districts are deep-chested and strong-limbed.

In His ministry the multitude to which He spoke was sometimes five thousand, not counting the women and children, a total gathering of probably twice that number. In a modern auditorium, designed and constructed for the purpose, the speaker who is heard by such an audience is unusual. This one of Nazareth, listened to by ten thousand on the summer hillsides of Gallilee, was no invalid, but an orator of great vocal power. The chest was deep, the shoulders were broad, the right one, like that of most toilers, somewhat higher than the left. The throwing of stones by Jewish boys was a practice as constant as that of throwing a ball by our modern boy. There were offenses under the Jewish law punishable by death; the execution was by stoning. The Jews were stone-throwers, and they began the practice in their youth.

Much of Palestine was under cultivation. A considerable part of the crop, especially in the hill districts, was grapes. The young carpenter of Nazareth was familiar with the vineyards, with their care as to pruning and the disposal of the dead branches by fire; as to their cultivation, as to the treatment of their product, the wage of the worker, his hours. Where the vine is cultivated as a business, there is not the umbrageous product made to trail above an arbor. The treatment for the growth of the fruit is an annual cutting back of the original branches. The commercially productive vines are seldom more than four feet high. They are set so close together that when in bloom their equally spreading foliage and fruit make an unbroken deck some four feet above the field. The employment of men in the vineyards for any purpose after the pruning is seldom

profitable. The laborers are usually children. The children creep under the vines, and gather clusters without fatigue until the end of the day, and with agility, where the adult tires and is slow and destructive. A second employment for boys in the vineyards is to drive away the birds. Æschylus watched the vineyards in his day, and this first of Greek dramatic poets was often flogged in his youth for neglecting his duties while he dreamed his immortal verse.

The trade of carpenter in Nazareth was not a demanding one. Joseph's helper was not always busy; the boy would have many idle hours. Nazareth was surrounded by vineyards; there was in them work to drive away the birds. This was done by shaking a wooden clapper that made a noise, but was supplemented, when the birds were too bold, by the throwing of stones. A lad who had been encouraged to trace his lineage from David would wish to emulate his heroic ancestor. When the boys threw with fatal accuracy, they were allowed to sell the birds they killed. Two sparrows sold for a farthing, but already there had been creeping into the mind of the young Messiah the tender thought that "One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." He was, however, a stone-thrower. That exercise, as much as carpentry, develops arm and shoulder.

Jesus was right-handed; He thought always in the terms of the right-handed man: "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." Men are usually smitten on the left cheek and by the right hand of an opponent; but He was so right-handed in his thinking that in the readiness of discourse He overlooked this distinction. He said, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out; * * * if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." With Him the right hand was the doer. The hands were the hands of a carpenter, of a work-

man who had lived by the sweat of his brow. The hand of a carpenter is broad and calloused and strong. Jesus also helped the fishermen. From Nazareth or from Cana to the Sea of Gennesaret is about ten miles. The shores of the sea once reached, Capernaum was only two hours' sail in the primitive craft of that day. It is not probable, when the hostile unbelievers were asking loudly, "Is n't this who preaches to us only the carpenter?" that the two fisher sons of Zebidee left their nets and followed after Him without previous acquaintance. Christian tradition says with great probability that these men were his cousins. In the many years also preceding His ministry the probabilities are that He was often found at Capernaum, and that these young men were his friends; that their mother, Salome, had admired for years the gentle and earnest companion of her boys, whom she afterward followed to His death. It is probable that when not working at the trade of carpentry much of His young manhood was passed in the boats of James and John. This carpenter understood the casting of nets, he understood the management of boats. At one time, when pressed by the multitude, he stepped into one of these small boats belonging to Zebidee or Simon Peter and pushed from the land, using its thwart as a rostrum and keeping it in place as he addressed the congregation on the shore. Any man who has managed during the days of a few weeks' outing the smallest cat-boat knows what wet ropes do to the hand. If Jesus had not been an honest carpenter, his association with the fishermen and the help that He must impulsively have lent them working at their nets would have taken His hands out of the wax-work and manicured class.

The nails on the fingers were heavy and worn and broken; those of all carpenters are, those of all net fishermen. Often the Pharisees criticised His disciples and Him because after the day's

work, the day's walk, the day's curing of the sick, and the day's ministrations, they sat down to their evening meal without washing the hands. The washing of hands at that time was a religious rite, and the criticism was of course upon that account; but the failure to wash the hands nevertheless speaks the stalwart indifference to their appearance. When the erring woman was brought to Him in the temple at Jerusalem that He might pass judgment upon her, He "stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground." So when they continued asking Him, He "lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst."

One commentator, speaking of this occurrence, says that the Master stooped and wrote on the ground not knowing what to say. Another commentator says that this deduction is impossible and that He probably wrote on the floor of the temple to remind the Jews of a law which had been originally written upon stone. This assumption is more untenable than the other. The Jews at the moment were invoking the law, and the law read death. It is inconceivable that this man of mercy was reminding these hunters of that sanguinary code. One minister suggests that the Master probably traced some cabalistic figures which had a secret significance the occult meaning of which was read by some one in the group. There is a simpler explanation than any of these. A grandmother who, if she were alive, would be one hundred years of age, told that when she was a little girl of ten, ninety years ago, the children in the schools had no pencils and paper and slates. All of their exercises in written arithmetic were traced

in a box of wet sand with a stylus, or sharpened stick. When the sum was done, the surface of the wet sand was smoothed again for a second trial. The sand box was the ordinary tab of antiquity; the poetic allusion to a name written in the sand refers to that. Such simple computations as the carpenter of Nazareth found necessary He probably proved upon the dirt floor of His shop with a sliver of cedar. In the temple, with His marvelous intuition and tact, he knew that to continue looking into the faces of those accusers to whom He had said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," would have been to invite the natural antagonism that comes with a duel of the eyes; and just as any wholesome young man of to-day in the same position, wishing to give his auditors time for reflection, would take his pencil and mark mechanically upon the newspaper on his table, the Master stooped and wrote upon the ground with His finger as He had often written on the dirt floor of the shop in Nazareth.

He wrote on the ground with His finger.

This was a finger in strong sympathy with the ground, not the finger of idleness and vanity and shapeliness and care: it was the finger of a carpenter.

The fast in the wilderness, the fainting under the cross, the cry of agony at the last, all go to make in the story high lights that determined the sorrowful Renaissance conception, but the body of the Master was symmetrical and well nourished. He had had a boyhood of great liberty and self-reliance; He was an orphan in His early youth. Although Joseph had lived until there were eight children in the family, Jesus was called by the neighbors the Son of Mary. They said: "Is n't this the carpenter? Is n't His mother Mary, and are not His brothers James and Joses and Simon and Judas; and are not all His sisters with us?" Not His sister alone, nor both His sisters, as they

would have spoken had there been only two, but all His sisters. So that with four brothers named and at least three sisters it is indicated that He was the first of eight orphans.

This oldest of the boys had great freedom as a child. In the day He was for many hours without inquiry from the mother. This is shown by the fact that when He was twelve years old the family, returning from the feast in Jerusalem, starting on their homeward way supposing Him to be in the company, went a day's journey, and then sought him among their kinfolk and acquaintance; "and when they found Him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking Him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions."

The trust in the boy's ability to take care of himself which would let Mary dismiss Him from her mind for an entire day, and that day one of travel, indicates the freedom that we must infer. Where were these long and undirected holidays and half-days passed? There is little to be seen from the town of Nazareth itself, but above it, higher on the mountain, there is a plateau which overlooks the highest houses, and from which may be had a view of the Valley of the Jordan, and, on the west, Carmel, backed by the Mediterranean clear to the horizon. This must have been a favorite playground of the little dreamer. From there the waters gather on the rainy days and tumble through the stony gutters of Nazareth; down these little streams He must have chased His splintered boats launched from the shop of Joseph.

A mountain boy, a carpenter, a fisherman, hill-climber, worker, athlete, but well nourished. One neighbor complained that the disciples of John fasted often and made prayers, and likewise the Pharisees; but His ate and drank." At another time Jesus himself said, "John came neither eating nor drink-

ing and they say He hath a devil. The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber."

There is also an esthetic reason for the inference that he was not emaciated. Young men in the gymnasium and other places where they go semi-nude are reluctant to make a display of a body that is unattractive. The members of the group about the Master were often in scanty clothing, often half naked or entirely so. After the resurrection, when Jesus was walking on the shores of the lake and some of the disciples had returned to their old vocation, He called to them from the shore, "Children have you any meat?" "Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him, (for he was naked), and did cast himself into the sea."

In the garden of Gethsemane, upon the occasion of the arrest, "there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men laid hold on him: and he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked." There were times with that early group when a piece of linen about the waist was covering enough.

At the supper at Bethany, when Mary broke the alabaster box of spikenard and poured it on the head of Jesus, He said, "She hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial." And this statement that Mary anointed the body of Jesus, occurring in more than one account of the event, is probably a literal statement of the fact.

At that Saturday supper of an April in Judea, in the little room of this poor family of which the leper Simon was the head and in which Lazarus was a brother, a reasonable deduction is that the air was heavy and oppressive. The sun-burned shoulders of the itinerant shepherd and the members of His little flock were probably without covering. And at the last supper five days later,

during a discourse and a colloquy by no means brief, "there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved." This disciple was John, that young man of sufficient vigor to escape from those of the sheriff's party who laid hold on Him later in the garden at the time of arrest. A young man of vigor, but leaning on a stouter bosom than his own. Earlier at this supper the Master himself rose from His place, laid aside His garments, girded a towel about His loins, poured water in a basin, and washed the feet of the disciples, wiping them with the towel wherewith He was girded. The figure that took the bowl and water and knelt in turn at the feet of each was that of an athlete trained by a daily walking, by work in the boats, by mountain-climbing, by a boyhood of liberty, by life in the open air.

Speaking of John the Baptist to the multitude, he asked: "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" Nothing anemic in that tone. And in the wilderness, all the kingdoms of the earth which the devil offered were either a genuine temptation or they were the delusions of a man crazed with long

fasting, and therefore not temptations at all. If veritable, the promised kingdoms were under Roman dominion; the temptation to possess them was temptation to armed revolt. The temptation was put behind him, but its martial potentiality was written on the face.

And so with time enough we might infer even more minutely, and with fair accuracy, of the face, with its marks of oratory, of self-control, of steadfast determination, of quite military courage blended with the power of vision.

A recent writer says it was a stroke of genius to make the gymnasium the central feature of the Young Men's Christian Association. Physical culture is the recruiting idea of the most flourishing adjunct of modern Christianity; but it is an idea in diametric opposition to the traditional and unattractive presentation of the founder. The vigorous and expressive characteristics of the real man of Nazareth a proper passion-play would give; under right direction and with the coöperation and interest of the Church, its influence would be stimulating, would be wide and deep and permanent.

IN THE DEFENSES OF WASHINGTON

By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

The article which here follows was written in May, 1864. Two or three times extracts have been read from it at private gatherings; otherwise it has lain undisturbed and virtually buried all these years. Only a portion of the original, though distinctly the larger portion, is here printed. As it was written nearly fifty years ago, it naturally expresses views which I do not now entertain and says things which I should not now say. But it seemed best to leave it as it first appeared in order to give a faint conception of the way men, at least some men, thought and felt in the midst of the mighty struggle which was then going on. Accordingly, no alteration has been made save what has been rendered necessary to connect sentences where intervening paragraphs have been omitted, or where certain passages have been transposed. One instance only is an exception. In deference to the more amiable feelings which have sprung up since "the late unpleasantness," wherever the word *rebel* occurred in the original,—and it occurred pretty often,—the word *Confederate* has been substituted when I speak in my own person.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon of the third of December, 1862, that we took the cars at Alexandria for Union Mills. The precise situation of the latter place none of us knew, and it was soon evident that our scanty stock of geographical information was not to be largely increased by the answers given to our inquiries by the inhabitants. The Virginia poor white is a man of more than average intelligence, who knows where he lives himself, let alone any acquaintance with points more remote. "A right smart heap of a way, I reckon," was the reply usually made in the genuine native vernacular. This pursuit of knowledge under difficulties was, however, rewarded at last by the information that Union Mills was a station on the Orange and Alexandria Railway where the track crosses Bull Run, and was the extreme point in that direction of the defenses of Washington. From that city it was about twenty miles distant.

The turn of the road which shut out the view of the place we had left behind seemed to shut out also at the same time all the sights and sounds of civilized life. Everything bore the marks of decay. A few houses could be seen from the cars as we passed by, but most of these had long been deserted and were fast going to ruin. No plowed fields, no fences, no land-

marks of any kind, existed to show that men cared longer either to own or to cultivate the soil. The smoke of occasional fires, slowly rising from the depths of the pine forests on each side of us, and the scattered tents of the soldiers guarding the road, were almost the only evidences of life that broke the monotony of desolation. The entire region was rapidly returning to the abandonment and waste from which the labor of successive generations had rescued it. The day, too, was a cold and cheerless one, imparting an additional gloom to the scenes through which we passed. Green and gold of the autumn woods had long since departed, while occasional tufts of grass, still struggling to retain their freshness amid the general decay, seemed only to give by contrast a more leaden look to the folds of snow-clouds which hung heavy on the hills.

On we whirled through plains covered by dense thickets and between hills surmounted by impenetrable forests of pine; through Annandale, past Burke and Fairfax and Sangster's stations. The train stopped at last without any particular reason for so doing that could be gathered from anything visible in the neighborhood. Here, however, was our destination. We had reached the limit of Northern sover-

eighty. Loyalty stopped short at the little stream which rolled at our feet and only looked beyond. Before us lay the bloody debatable land on which more than on any other part of the continent had fallen the curse of war in its heaviest form. The few persons who still clung to the soil, bound to it by an iron necessity, had long given up thought or care for the morrow, and lived only the aimless, hopeless life of the inhabitants of the border. The region had become historic ground; but, like all historic ground, had become so at the price of tears and blood.

As we got off the cars, I looked for the mills which had given their name to the spot. One glance was enough to show that they were in a far more ruinous condition than the Union, after which they had been called. The building was entirely torn down, and the millstones lying alongside of the stream were the only evidences of the noisy life which they had survived. The owner had not stayed behind to save the miserable remnants of his property. While ground is getting to be historic, it loses altogether its attractions as a residence for human beings.

The line guarded by our brigade was part of the outer line of the defenses of Washington, and extended from Wolf Run Shoals on the Occoquan to Chantilly. But the whole distance was never at one time picketed by us. The outposts were stationed along the lower course of Bull Run as far up as Mitchell's Ford, at which point they left that stream, which, rising in the Manassas mountains, there turns off to the west. Whence Bull Run received its name none of the inhabitants seemed to know; but it was probably due to the same taste which called a rivulet emptying into it Cub Run, and gave to one of the most beautiful tributaries of the Potomac the name of Goose Creek. There is, however, some justice in the title, if not much poetry. For though ordinarily a quiet but always swift-

moving stream, Bull Run, under the influence of winter rains, quickly becomes a roaring torrent, rapidly rising, overflowing its banks wherever it passes through level country, and bearing down to the Occoquan in its rushing current large fragments of ice, blocks of wood, and now and then an uprooted tree. Its fall is always as sudden as its rise. Below Union Mills the scenery through which it flows is of a character so romantic as to have made its beauty felt even under the dismal circumstances under which we formed its acquaintance. The stream there rushes on through meadow-land and gorge, by sloping hillsides and under overhanging cliffs, while the path along its eastern bank, trodden by our patrols, wound its way over heights and hollows, through groves of laurel and the desolate ruins of what had once been great forests. On the opposite side, overshadowing us, were frowning ramparts of rock, sentinelled by gigantic pines, seemingly as motionless and to mortal eyes as enduring as the hills upon which they stood. These lofty parapets which nature had built were at this point the real defenses of the line; for there are few places in which Bull Run is ordinarily too deep to be fordable by infantry.

Our life was in many respects a hard one. The long line of from eight to sixteen miles, guarded by our brigade, required that officers and men should go on duty nearly every other day. The winter, too, was a cold and cheerless one, with storms of rain and snow frequent and severe. One of the heaviest of the latter occurred as late as the fifth of April. If this was the "sunny South," it was quite a general feeling that we had got on the shady side of it. On the fifteenth of March there was a thunder-storm, accompanied by a fall of snow, or, rather, of sleet, a circumstance to me somewhat surprising, and which left my meteorological ideas, never very clear, in quite a mixed state. In addition to the severe weath-

er, the whole country for three months seemed one complete sea of mud; and much as has been said of it, nothing too mean, nothing too vituperative, ever has been said or ever can be said of Virginia mud. Yet down there they call such soil "sacred."

The constant exposure either killed the men of weaker vitality or rendered their discharge a necessity in consequence of the diseases they contracted. Still, it was no harder life than many others were having at the same time and doubtless not so hard as some. We grumbled, of course; we had not been soldiers had we not. Every man in the army is apt to think that the privations he endures are far worse than those endured by any one else; that the particular ground upon which he sleeps is encumbered with much sharper protuberances, the particular stone he uses for a pillow is much harder, the particular air which surrounds him is much chillier, the particular rain which falls upon his person is much wetter, the particular mud in which he marches is much stickier, and the particular rations served out to him much fuller of animal and vegetable life, than the particular ground, stone, air, rain, mud, and rations which enter into the experience of any other individual. It is the soldier's privilege to grumble; and the deprivation of it could never be counterbalanced by any increase of pay. It is the one thing that binds him to the life he has left behind. He has surrendered his free-will. He sometimes eats, and even relishes, food which at home he would not give to any cat or dog of respectable character. He occasionally drinks water in which there he would not think of washing his hands. He goes to bed at dark, and gets up at ridiculously early hours. On the march he inhabits a dog-kennel, which courtesy and the regulations call a shelter-tent—probably because it affords no shelter. Vague memories only linger in his mind of that far-away

past, that pre-existent state, in which he ate oysters and drank wine and lounged about luxurious apartments. True, occasional delicacies do astonish his pork-oppressed stomach; bottles of wine, surreptitiously procured, do sometimes gladden his heart; and carpeted rooms, with sofas and easy-chairs drawn up before cheerful fires, do now and then refresh his frame: but such events are rare. They appeal, moreover, to the outer man only. They enervate while they delight.

Not so with the grumble. That is the natural outgrowth of his condition. Station him on the summit of the Blue Ridge amid cold and sleet and snow, and he grumbles; station him in Fifth Avenue, he will do the same. Grumbling is the safety-valve through which the bitter thoughts engendered by the manifold discomforts of his life find their way into the great universe, and there pass into vacancy. He is a fool who regards such utterances as serious; he is a greater fool, as well as a traitor, who would think to act upon them. Our hearts were always loyal, whatever our lips might say. Ours was the fault-finding of that earnest devotion which wished the Government to do more, not of that mulish opposition which wished it to do nothing. It cleared our minds for the contemplation of the happy scenes of that good time coming, when the wars would all be over, and we should have gone back from the border. Many a winter night, tired out with long patrols, with feet wet, with bodies chilled, did we sit cowering and shivering over some feeble fire on the outposts, and "indulge our sacred fury" in grumbling at the hardships we suffered, at the courage and capacity of the generals by whom we were commanded, at the inefficiency of the Government we served. Then with hearts relieved, our thoughts would wander far away, in the long hours that followed, from the barren hills and relentless skies which encircled us, to cheerful rooms in Northern

homes, curtained away from the chill December air, populous with books, radiant with the firelight, more radiant still with the light of love.

All around were visible traces of the Confederate occupation. Our camp was about a mile north of the railroad, in the direction of Centreville, and was also at an equal distance from McLean's Ford, well known as the place where a body of our troops under General Tyler suffered a severe repulse in the first advance of the army of the Potomac. In front of us was a deserted village, as it might be called, of huts built of pine logs and plastered together with earth. A collection of habitations similar in construction, though much larger in number, existed, and probably now exists, just across Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford; and farther back towards Manassas Junction these former residences of the Southern troops were still more abundant. The telegrams which used to announce during the winter of 1861-62 that the rebels were dying off in consequence of exposure and privation, must have lied even more than ordinarily; for no quarters that have anywhere been provided for our troops could have excelled in comfort these huts, when occupied by the enemy. Ruined forts, in all cases made of earth and many, doubtless, never mounted with cannon, were scattered over the country; while rifle-pits, half full of water, stretched for miles in every direction. One in particular, running along the main road from Union Mills to Centreville, was so completely hidden by the trees and dense undergrowth as to be hardly visible at the distance of a few feet. All through this region—in fact, throughout the borderland between the two armies—the houses which had been deserted by their occupants had been pretty generally burned down. Those which had been left standing were as a rule thoroughly dismantled. These last at times gave an almost ghastly look to the landscape.

Of actual fighting during the months we were in the defenses of Washington we saw little or nothing. Rumors of wars always abounded; but an occasional shot exchanged with some wandering bushwhacker or prowling guerilla from Mosby's band made up the sum total of our field operations. If, however, we were not disturbed for ourselves, Washington was for us. That city was always excited, always uneasy, perhaps necessarily so, from its comparatively exposed position, and the vast interests involved in its permanent and unbroken possession by our authorities. But confident as we were in our own safety, the reports that constantly reached us from its streets in regard to the perils by which we were surrounded aroused no other feeling than amusement. One could hardly say with truth that the solicitude felt by the city for our safety was fully returned by us. The great attraction of Washington in our eyes was that, so far as we knew, it was the only accessible place where steamed oysters could be procured. Beyond that, sentiment on our part did not go. There was never any of that regard expressed for it which we should naturally expect would be felt for the capital of the nation. Were it not for the public buildings, it seemed to be a general feeling with us that it would be much better for our cause if the city were six feet under ground. This feeling, of course, did not prevent our being alive to the disgrace, and consequences more direful still, involved in its capture.

If, however, we did not see much fighting, we heard enough of it. The hills which slope down to Bull Run from Centreville to Wolf Run Shoals are a perfect sounding-board, reëchoing the report of any artillery engagement that takes place between them and the Manassas and Kittoctan mountains, and even, when the wind is favorable, between them and the Blue Ridge itself. The bombardment of Harper's Ferry in September, 1862, was distinct-

ly heard at Union Mills, which is more than forty miles distant in an air line. No great movement was made by any portion of the army of which the artillery did not give early, if not very satisfactory, information. The sound, according as it grew fainter or louder, told usually how the day was going.

Such times were ever with us times of interest and eager expectation. The noise of a cannonade is always exciting, and always pleasant—if a good way off. I remember, in particular, how the report of the artillery opening the cavalry action at Upperville on the twenty-first of June, 1863, startled all the camps. I could not but think that beautiful Sunday morning that while thousands of mothers and sisters, both North and South, were praying, in the words of the litany, that a good Lord would deliver their sons and brothers "from battle and murder and sudden death," those same sons and brothers were at the very moment furnishing a peculiar commentary upon those petitions by striving to cut one another's throats. Our enforced inactivity, always tiresome, at these periods became hateful. I doubt whether there is any man living who really loves fighting for its own sake. The mystery of death, confronting and overshadowing the spirit, awes at such a time the most boastful and presumptuous. Yet there is a terrible fascination about a battle, in spite of the dread uncertainty and horror that attend it, which cannot be explained by any feeling of duty, of pride, still less of curiosity. These, of course, had their weight with us. We could not expect to feel at ease in our comparative safety while our fellow-soldiers were falling; and restlessly wandering about the camps, we listened eagerly for the tidings of fierce conflicts whose far-off sound reached our ears, but in whose mighty passion we could not share.

Nothing occurred during the month of December to disturb the monotonous quiet of our life except a hostile

raid, really insignificant in its proportions, but much magnified at the time by uncertainty and apprehension. Slocum's corps, in marching from Harpers' Ferry to reinforce Burnside, passed within the defenses of Washington; and the advance of a portion of that force from Fairfax Station, where it had been encamped, separated from the main body a part of Stuart's cavalry, variously estimated at from six hundred to two thousand men, and with these four pieces of artillery. To make good their escape, they were forced to go through our lines. This they did successfully, crossing, on the twenty-eighth of December, the Orange and Alexandria Railway at Burke's Station, where they captured some of the guard and telegraphed, it is said, various impudent messages to the quarter-master general. After cutting the wires and tearing up a small portion of the track, they passed on to the North. The troops in the defenses of Washington south of the Potomac were everywhere put under arms. Our brigade was ordered out, and detachments from it sent to guard different points and to close, after the most approved fashion of scientific warfare, several military stable-doors out of which the horses had escaped. The fords on Bull Run were carefully watched. Behind an extempore fortification thrown up at McLean's, a huge saw-log, blackened in the fire, was mounted by some of our officers on a pair of cart-wheels which were found near the place. This piece of artillery, pointed threateningly across the stream, had quite an imposing effect when seen from a distance, and, I doubt not, has done as good service as most of the heavy ordnance in the defenses of Washington. But no enemy ever came to try its strength. Where, indeed, that band of horsemen went to I never could find out. I fancy they must have lost themselves somewhere in that boundless North towards which, when last seen, they were heading; for though

day after day I read the newspapers with scrupulous care, never a word or hint could be found in them of the fate which befell those bold riders.

But no one could fail to be struck at the time with a feeling which seemed to be universal among our troops, that if these daring raiders would pass on without attacking or injuring us, we would be willing to reciprocate the favor. We would offer no opposition to their escape, provided they behaved themselves properly, and did not put us under that painful necessity. This is not very complimentary to our soldiers; but although it would be far from being true now, it was too true then. A general gloom hung over the army in consequence of the repulse of Burnside at Fredericksburg. But, in particular, the daring and yet successful raids of Stuart on the Peninsula and in Pennsylvania had given at that time to the arm of the Confederate service commanded by him a reputation and prestige which subsequent events have failed to confirm. Moreover, it was felt that little or no reliance could be placed upon our cavalry, which alone could properly have any hope of intercepting such flying bodies of the enemy. It was usually worsted by half of its number, or at least believed so to be; and if it chanced to be successful, seemed itself always surprised at the result. Our cavalry, indeed, was at that period an object of contempt with all of the infantry. A remark of one of the soldiers of the Pennsylvania Reserves, while undergoing punishment, expressed a feeling then very common. When he enlisted again, he said, he was going to join the cavalry; for he had been in ten battles, and had never seen a dead cavalryman yet. It is hardly necessary to say that no such feeling prevails now. The rapid rise in conduct, in reputation, and in general morale of that arm of the service, its transformation into the formidable body it has now become, is, to any one acquainted with its previous condition,

one of the most remarkable circumstances of the war.

January, February, and March were naturally the months that tried most severely the endurance of the men. A part of that time it seemed as if one half of the various regiments would be collected every morning at their respective surgeons' quarters at the bugle-call for the sick; while to the air of the same call the other half would be singing the words generally sung to it throughout our command:

Come all ye sick!
Come all ye sick!
Come and get your quinine,
Come and get your quinine,
Come and get your quinine pills!

Among so large a number there were doubtless some who feigned illness. But the triple volleys that reëchoed at the twilight of so many successive days over new-made graves proved that exposure and privation were telling fearfully upon the health and lives of the men. Their bodies were generally sent home, a fact which the soldiers with ghastly facetiousness held out to one another as the great inducement to die at that spot and time. If they fell in the coming battles, whose shadow darkened us ever from out of the future, their fate might possibly be, yes, probably would be, the fate of their comrades whose uncovered bones still whitened the plains of Manassas. Boards are always, to any large army, wherever encamped, the greatest of rarities and luxuries; and at that place and period scarcely enough of them could be found for the rude coffins of those we buried. Two members of the company to which I belonged died of smallpox, and of course their remains could not be removed. It is some consolation to know that to them, if not to those who live to lament them, it is no sorrow. I doubt not they sleep as peacefully in their solitary graves on that Virginia hillside as they would in the crowded churchyards of their Northern home.

The fact of our remaining so long in one encampment saved our men from dying to any extent of any of the United States general hospitals. Dying to the regiment, I mean. War may slaughter its thousands, but these slaughter their tens of thousands. When a soldier leaves a regiment in active service for one of the United States hospitals, he practically leaves it forever. At first, if he became well, he was detailed; if he remained ill, he was discharged. Now he is put into the invalid corps, which is a slight improvement. But so far as his own regiment is concerned, he may as well be dead. Vainly will he seek to return, vainly will his officers strive to reclaim him. The grip of the surgeon-in-charge upon him has a tenacity alongside of which the connection existing between the Old Man of the Sea and Sindbad was a tie of the most frivolous character. Military authority is far-reaching and mighty; but it is the puniest of powers when it comes face to face with quinine and calomel. One of my own men, able-bodied and thoroughly healthy, was on duty with his company three weeks; the remaining period of his service he has so far spent in a United States general hospital. Several times he made efforts to return to his regiment, but all to no effect; and at last I sent him word, if he knew when he was well off, he would stay where he was.

During the latter part of February and the beginning of March the emigration from the South began to approach to the dignity of an exodus. Men, women, and children poured into the lines of our brigade at the rate of from twenty-five to seventy-five a day. They were mostly foreigners, leaving the Confederacy, in which they could no longer find a livelihood. A very few were citizens fleeing before the Conscription Act, which was at that time said to be enforced throughout Virginia with merciless rigor. The appearance of these emigrants was sad-

dening in the extreme. Every day a silent, sorrowful procession of old men, young men, women leading little children by the hand, almost fainting with weariness, passed our camp under guard to headquarters. Their earthly possessions were usually all carried on their backs, but the household goods of some in more fortunate circumstances were packed in rickety wagons, drawn by horses so skeleton-like that it seemed as if they would fall to pieces were it not for the harness. All of these persons told the same sad story of distress and destitution in the South; and their looks would have convinced the stoutest disbeliever in the policy of starvation that they did not come from a land of universal plenty.

By an order of General Heintzelman, the commander of our corps, issued in the latter part of March, the guards were instructed not to allow any person from the Confederacy to come in. Yet for a long time afterwards many came up to our lines and sought to gain an entrance, and even stayed days and weeks in houses near by in the vain hope of at last being admitted. Their presence only added to the general distress. It was the season when the products of the previous year were nearly if not altogether used up, and the products of the new year had not as yet come on. The inhabitants could not enter our lines; they lived too far away from any sources of Confederate supply to obtain any food from that quarter. Although provisions were occasionally sent out to them, but little reliance could be placed upon a succor so precarious. All along that part of Virginia, just outside of the region occupied by our forces, the destitution in many families at that time was terrible. Women came up to the outposts, and with eyes swollen with weeping declared themselves starving, and gratefully accepted the hard fare shared with them by our soldiers. This was not common; but it actually happened.

The cold weather and the mud pre-

vented any drilling worth speaking of during January, February, and most of March. Consequently, when off duty there was nothing for either officers or men to do; and here the monotony of military life made itself most severely felt. Till a man keeps a diary, and attempts to set down in it the acts which he regards as worthy of special record, he never fully appreciates how little happens in his daily experience outside of eating, drinking, and sleeping. In our peculiar situation all of these had with us an unnatural prominence. Dinner was as much the great event of the day as to well-regulated individuals who aim to be healthy, wealthy and wise, slumber is of the night. All of the intellect and skill of the camp was constantly engaged in the effort to get up new and palatable dishes out of our somewhat limited resources; and certain of the feats of the culinary art, then and there accomplished, would have brought tears to the eyes of Soyer, Vattel, or any others who have greatly cooked. My own masterpiece was a pancake against which forks vainly struggled and knives could not prevail, the capacity of which to resist foreign impressions was only equalled by the sublime tenacity with which the separate particles of matter constituting its internal economy clung to one another. Cooking was, indeed, our pleasure in prosperity and our solace in adversity; and with ever-varying, but always remarkable and hitherto unheard-of, experiments on meats and vegetables, we whiled away many dreary hours of the long winter, and on several occasions cheated ourselves into temporary and delusive anticipations of having once, at least, a good meal.

True, there were other things to be done. Lessons were to be learned and recited in the tactics and the regulations; but in spite of their attractions, these works could not be studied all the time. The lack of reading matter was the principal want felt. Books were

not easily procured, were too heavy to be carried, and were always liable to abuse and destruction while lying about a camp; consequently, the inducements to create a large library were never very powerful. Works that anywhere else I would not have thought of looking into, there were eagerly welcomed and diligently read. I individually went through a course of Beadle's Dime Novels and Waverley Magazines, and just before we left the defenses of Washington, felt exceedingly obliged for a loan of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."

No one under such circumstances could fail to be impressed with the fact that the mental deterioration of a man long connected with the army, if stationed far away from his fellow-men, must be rapid unless his situation or his character is peculiar, or unless his position is so high as to call into requisition and develop the moral powers which react upon the mind. Any regimental officer, if he applies himself, can in a year's time learn all that is essential for him to know to perform his regimental duties. After that he may as well die for any further use his brain will be to him—of course so far as regards acquisition, not action. His knowledge will not be materially increased, though it will certainly be less liable to be forgotten, if he remains in the army fifty years. In camp there are no inducements from without to resist the tendency to be lazy when he can just as well be lazy. His pay is the same whether he be much or little informed; and his promotion depends not upon his ability, but upon his seniority or the political influence he can bring to bear. In active service he can learn nothing if he wishes. He cannot take with him books to read or to study. He cannot carry his investigations beyond the simplest elements of his profession. His individuality is lost. He is part of a great and complex machine, is called into action and assigned to duty without any consultation of his

tastes, of his opinions, and too often of his capacities. He is confined to a narrow circle of ideas, which the solitariness of his profession and its want of contact with other professions and other modes of thought prevent ever being enlarged or broken up. Of the grand movements of the times, the hopes which exalt, the fears which depress, the passions which agitate, he knows nothing. I soon ceased to wonder why some of the older officers of the regular army, who had spent their lives largely in outpost service, seemed so stupid. That was a result they could hardly help. One of our ablest corps commanders, himself a graduate of West Point, once told a friend of mine that a West Pointer knew more the day he graduated than he ever did afterwards; and the remark, however untrue even then of many, and however exaggerated of all, was unquestionably prompted by a knowledge of the necessary consequences that follow the enforced inaction of mind and body and want of contact with society which are peculiar to military life as lived in the remote stations in the Territories and on the frontiers.

II

On the twenty-fourth of March headquarters were changed from Union Mills to Centreville. With them to the latter place went all the regiments of the brigade which had been stationed at the former. During the whole of the month the air had been filled with rumors of great enterprises in which we were to have a share, and this movement looked as if our strength was to be collected for some offensive purpose. Nothing came of it, however, if anything was ever intended.

Ever since the war began I had heard of Centreville. There had been assembled the first body of Southern troops which could justly be styled an army. There the reserve of McDowell's forces, drawn up in line, had checked the advance of the enemy after

the first disastrous battle of Bull Run. There had been encamped during the winter of 1861-62 that formidable multitude, estimated by the varying shades of contempt or fear as numbering everywhere between fifty and two hundred and fifty thousand, against whose possible attack the telegraph repeated on every pretext to the waiting nation the startling and inspiring despatch that Washington was now regarded as safe. I had seen the name of the place so often and so many times in such large type, I had heard so much of the importance of its position and its reported natural and artificial strength, I had known it so long as the central point of mighty armies, that it is no wonder my conceptions of it had assumed a vastness and grandeur which its actual condition was far from realizing.

Centreville is a broken-down village which before the war had about four hundred inhabitants, but now would muster scarcely more than fifty or sixty. The houses are all old, all dirty, all dilapidated. Most have never known paint, and the few which have known it have long since forgotten it. Nearly all are built in that peculiar Virginia style which consists in flanking each side with a tremendous chimney of brick or of stone, this last appendage of Northern mansions forming in Southern domiciles a "peculiar domestic institution" by itself. Both in the village and in the neighboring country the woodwork of these buildings has in many cases been burned or torn down, leaving the lofty chimneys still standing. The place had always a thriftless, ruined appearance; and, as might be expected, has it more especially at the present time. Everything has gone to seed; for in addition to the natural shiftlessness of the inhabitants, the war forbids any extensive or expensive indulgence in modern improvements.

But miserable as the town looks so far as it is the creation of its miserable inhabitants, the scenery about it is

magnificent. As if to compensate for the failure of art, nature has been more than ordinarily bountiful in beauty. The village is situated three miles east of Bull Run on the range of hills which slope down to that stream. Right before it lies the vast plain which the conflict of two opposing civilizations has twice made a battle-field. Those desperate struggles disfigured the ground with shattered and ghastly wrecks of humanity, which man left unburied, committing to the more merciful agencies of air and water and fire the task of returning to their native earth the bodies and bones of those who have fallen. This broad tract of level country stretches to the Manassas mountains, which stand up clear against the western sky; while beyond them and the intervening valley, far away on the edge of the horizon, can be seen the misty cones of the Blue Ridge.

Naturally we had rarely come in contact with the best representatives of the people of Virginia. In the regions where active military operations had been going on, the finest mansions were fairly sure to be deserted and dismantled, and those who had occupied them had almost inevitably gone to Dixie or the deuce. But within the lines, especially well within the lines of the defenses of Washington, a number of families of all sorts and conditions still continued to dwell. To a man brought up in the North the ignorance, or, rather, the illiteracy of some of these inhabitants seemed amazing. During the last months of our stay in Centreville I was connected with the provost-marshal's department of the division. By the nature of the duty I was brought into frequent contact with the families in the neighborhood. All passes for citizens were granted at our office, and before given, the signature of each person was required to a printed oath that the pass would not be used against the interests of the United States. Nothing surprised me more at first than to have individuals whom I

knew as men of apparent respectability and possessing some landed property, confess that they could not write their own names. That, however, was too common there to be long a matter of wonder. As for loyalty, they hardly knew what the word meant. In fact, the unreal world of dreams never furnished a more intangible collection of spectres than the Union men of the South—that is, the Union men of the kind we heard so much of at the beginning of the war, and have seen so little of since. The ceaseless pressure resulting from the occupation of the soil and the lack of confidence in a failing cause has, it is true, led many within our lines to take the oath of allegiance. But I never saw in the South an actively loyal man, one who had a reason for the faith that was in him, who was not either an anti-slavery man or rapidly becoming so. There are, indeed, a few knock-kneed, blear-eyed individuals who profess themselves equally addicted to the Union and to slavery; but the earnest workers on both sides scarcely affect to hide the contempt they feel for these fossilized fragments of the old Union.

The women everywhere were naturally the most outspoken. Relying upon the protection afforded them by their sex, they often gave expression to their sentiments in a manner so violent as to cause evident uneasiness to their suspected and therefore more suspicious male relatives. These were sometimes at great pains to check the intemperance of the language used by their wives and daughters, and to explain away the meaning of their words. They might succeed in restraining the older ones; but the girls were never to be deterred by any dread of remote consequences from saying anything that could possibly annoy or irritate the Union officers or soldiers. It is but fair to state that their conduct sprang more from a love of mischief than from any other feeling. The most insulting remark ever made was the standard

reply to any observation upon the ragged condition of the Confederate troops, that Southern gentlemen did not think it necessary to dress up in order to slaughter hogs. The origin of this speech was contemporaneous with the first advance of the Union army, and from the frequency with which it is still repeated I judge it to be the culminating effort of the female mind as now found in Virginia.

The women of the families which continued to dwell within the lines of the defenses of Washington, though no less disloyal, were in other respects an improvement upon the majority of their Virginia sisters whom I had previously encountered. They were bright, lively, intelligent brunettes, and were as contrary, tantalizing, spiteful, and otherwise agreeable as girls, the world over, generally are. One of the most attractive of them, mentally, physically, and pecuniarily, professed herself exceedingly anxious to become a martyr in the cause of Southern rights. Whether sincere or not in her feelings, she had her wish to some extent gratified, as after we had taken our departure, the provost-marshal who next succeeded—a wretch evidently as hard-hearted as he was hard-headed—sent her to Washington to become an inmate, probably a temporary one, of the Old Capitol Prison.

It was at this time that the policy of employing negroes in the military service of the United States was adopted by the Government. Upon no other subject could the indignation of these damsels be sooner aroused. Language seemed powerless to express their disgust and wrath whenever the topic was brought under discussion, as we took care it should be often. One day I propounded to one of the prettiest and most pugnacious of these how near to her she would allow me to come, provided I was put in command of a negro regiment. "Not within fifty miles," was the spiteful answer. I vainly tried to reduce the number to forty-nine, but

the obdurate fair one would not come down a furlong or even a rod. The cloud-compelling Jove himself could not have moved that indomitable damsel one inch.

In spite of their constant, boastful assertions that the South would never succumb, there was in all they said an undercurrent of doubt and sadness. This was partly due to the confident tone of the Northern troops, which no defeat or disaster could ever shake. "When do you think the war will be over?" was the question always asked. "Oh, in five or six years," was the common reply, sometimes because such was really the belief, but oftener prompted by the desire to create the evident feeling of depression which invariably followed. Such an answer always made them look sadder, though doubtless in many cases unconsciously; for they, if no one else, recognized the resolution that lay behind it. Indeed, the one thing which has characterized the sentiment of the Northern soldiers during the struggle which has so long continued, has been the determination that the war shall never end until it is ended forever; that it shall go on until everywhere throughout the entire land the integrity of the nation shall be acknowledged. Whatever be the result of the mighty conflict which has already wasted so much of treasure and blood, the feeling prevails in the army as powerfully now as it did at the very beginning, that rather than have the Union broken up, better it were that the whole land should return to the desolation from which centuries of toil have reclaimed it, and the civilization of the future begin its work with a theodolite and a surveyor's chain.

One cannot help having, however, a sentiment of compassion for these girls in spite of their defiant speech, dwelling as they did within our lines in the midst of an alien and hostile soldiery. Theirs was, indeed, a dreary prospect. For them the future held out little hope and less promise. One year, two years,

had swept by, and still the mighty struggle which both parties entered upon as a mere holiday pastime seemed no nearer its end. Brothers and lovers had all gone to the wars. Rarely came any word across the lines to tell of the fate which had befallen them. Day after day dragged on slowly in their solitary lives, with only occasional messages at best from those of whose constant companionship they had been defrauded. Marrying and giving in marriage there was no more. Throughout all the borderland of Virginia that had practically ceased. Even wherever there were men, the times were too unsettled, the chances of supporting a family too doubtful, the future too full of darkness and despair, to warrant such a step. It seemed as if the growth of the population would be brought to a standstill through the want of faith and hope. Life was too wretched to be inflicted upon any one who could be saved from the curse of living. In all of my journeyings in Virginia north of the Rappahannock, I do not recollect to have ever seen a child under two years of age. Stripped as the country had been of men capable of bearing arms, babies were even scarcer. I doubt whether a general search-warrant would find fifty wherever active military operations have been going on.

With a severe snowstorm in the early part of April the winter passed away. The long-reluctant days of sunny weather came at last. Camps were decorated with pines and cedars from the neighboring woods, and the rows of white tents were half hidden in the avenues of overshadowing evergreens. With the sunny weather came also the wives and, in a few cases, the daughters of many of the officers. Crinoline swept through the company streets with as much assurance as if they were the streets of a Northern city. Picnics were planned and went off with music and dancing, very much like picnics anywhere else, except that the ladies were nearly all married, and it never

rained. Excluding the drilling, it was a lazy, happy, dreamy time. All was quiet on the Potomac, the Rappahannock, and on Bull Run. The officer of the outposts lounged on the fresh grass, watching the silent, sunny plain or the hazy outlines of the distant mountains, and wished never to be relieved. The officer of the day sat in his tent, smoked cigars, drank uninspiring lemonade, and wrote letters. The terrible bugle-call for drill was the skeleton in our closet. Had it not been for that, ours would almost have been the life of the lotus-eaters over again. Even with it, all that was needed to bring back the life we had left behind was the presence of woman; and I for one felt little disposition to blame those who sent for their wives and daughters in spite of the frowns of some of the powers that be.

For certainly to a cultivated mind the one great privation of military life is the lack of female society. Day after day to see men only; to hear nothing but their talk, often earthy and sometimes gross; to be ministered to in sickness by their clumsy hands, and in sorrow by their clumsy sympathy—all these are ever-present facts which give one a peculiarly vivid "realizing sense" of his dependence upon woman. Her absence was felt more in the comparative quiet of the garrison than in that active service, where the hurrying incidents of assault or defense, of flight or pursuit, drove from the mind all thoughts save those of the stern questions of success or failure which presented themselves for solution daily and hourly. Fortunate was she who came to us in our solitude; for in the dreary monotony of camp life our imaginations were always ready and willing to invest with the attributes of a goddess any woman whose appearance gave us the least excuse for so doing. During the winter, when our stock of beauty ran low, it was natural that she who had even very moderate pretensions to it should be rated high.

Our lady visitors ornamented the dress-parades of the various regiments through the months of April and May and even longer. It required some courage for them to stand their ground. Hints from division headquarters that they were not needed came thick and fast and threatened soon to become orders. Some retreated early in May along with Hooker; but many manfully persisted in remaining, and, subsequently being largely reinforced, bade a respectful but obstinate defiance to the military authorities. Insinuations that they were or might be in the way, that movements were in contemplation, made no impression upon these indomitable fair ones. Stay they would, and stay they did, some even late enough to part for the last time with their husbands before the march to Gettysburg.

The retreat of Hooker from Chancellorsville turned our attention to digging. It is a very fortunate thing for me that I have no military reputation, for if I had, it would doubtless be forever ruined by what I am going to say. The extensive fortifications of Centreville always seemed to me a humbug, a gigantic imposition upon the credulity of the American people. They are made up of a chain of small forts, of value only as a defense against a direct attack in front, and almost utterly powerless to resist an assault from the flank. These were the only works that cost any labor, and these could have cost but little. Rifle-pits, to be sure, covered the country for miles, but rifle-pits, as every soldier knows, are the creation of a few hours. What nature has done for the defense of the position is another question; but the elaborate fortifications, which tasked for months the military genius of Beauregard to construct, existed only in the fertile minds of newspaper correspondents. That he himself did not regard Centreville so highly as some of our civilians is clearly shown by his falling back to the line of Bull Run on the first advance of the army of the Potomac.

It may have been no object to attack these works; it probably was not. Nor do I mean to say that they could have been taken without great loss of life. Very few places are, so far as I have had an opportunity of observing. But it seems never to get through the heads of some men that the strength of a position depends not so much on its fortifications as it does on the number and spirit of the soldiers who hold it, and the ability and resolution of the officer who commands it. Our brigade spent several days in digging rifle-pits and building batteries; and as we never expected them to be used, we endeavored to make them appear as ornamental as possible. They were, when we departed, the best fortifications to be found at or near Centreville; but by this time, doubtless, Beauregard has all the credit of their construction. If any troops are now stationed at that place, they pretty certainly point them out to visitors as triumphal monuments of his ceaseless activity and engineering skill.

From the first of May to the middle of June the weather was exceedingly warm. The skies seemed made of brass, not a drop of rain falling for six weeks. Our life was more quiet, if possible, than before. We were scarcely even disturbed by rumors; bugs and flies were the only terrestrial enemies which annoyed us. The former were everywhere. You swallowed them in your food; you snuffed them up your nose; you speared them in the bottles of ink with your pen. Mosquitoes, however, were so rare as to be considered almost a curiosity. Day after day passed by unmarked by anything more impressive than the inevitable six hours of drill. But this unnatural calm ended so abruptly that a few days only constituted the transition period from it to the excitement of military life in its sternest form.

I was lying in my tent on the afternoon of Sunday, the fifteenth of June, when I saw several horsemen ride up to division headquarters, which were

on the opposite side of the road. In a little while the news went like wildfire through the camps that the eleventh corps, the advance of the army of the Potomac, was coming. It was a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Not even a rumor of any movement in progress or in contemplation had reached us previously. At first the report could hardly be believed; but a little later in the day, those standing on the forts surmounting the heights could see the rolling clouds of dust that almost hid from view the southern sky. About sundown General Howard and his staff rode in; but his command lay encamped for the night near Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run, and did not reach Centreville until the next morning. It was followed immediately by the first and the fifth corps. On Wednesday, the seventeenth, the third corps arrived; on Friday, the nineteenth, the second, and about the time we were leaving the place the sixth corps made its appearance.

From the first moment of the coming of these troops the monotonous quiet of Centreville was entirely broken up. Every day some new body of infantry, cavalry, and artillery came and went. The ceaseless march of men to the North, the long and seemingly endless trains of baggage- and ammunition-wagons, the entire ignorance that prevailed even among the highest officers as to the movements of either army, and the thousand reports to which such ignorance gave rise—all these kept the place in a constant tumult of excitement. Rumors that Lee was in Pennsylvania, rumors that he was directly in our front, rumors that he was retreating towards Richmond, rumors that he was moving up the Shenandoah valley, rumors that he held the gaps of the Manassas mountains, rumors that we held them, rumors that the occupation of the Pennsylvania border was a mere feint to draw away

our troops from Washington, rumors that it was but the beginning of a general invasion of the North, planned long ago and now carried into execution, rumors that Lee had been outgeneraled by Hooker, rumors that Hooker had been outgeneraled by Lee,—these and numberless others of a similar character followed one another in endless succession. Every man had his theory and by constantly asserting it soon became convinced of its absolute truth, and finally proclaimed it as a fact. Confused by the reports of every hour, which contradicted the reports of the hour previous, we could only wait for the development which the future would bring. We were not kept long in uncertainty. With the smoke-clouds that in a few days rose from the field of Gettysburg passed away all the mystery that veiled from us our own movements and those of the enemy.

In the rumors in regard to the destination of our own brigade we naturally had a very lively interest. As day after day the endless columns of troops marched through Centreville, it was a question eagerly asked by every one, whether we were to go or to stay. The answer came speedily. On the twenty-third of June orders were received to be ready for the field with ten days' rations. We had been transferred, we were informed, to the second corps of the army of the Potomac, commanded by General Hancock. So on the twenty-fifth of June "the band-box brigade," as our new associates styled it, with drums beating and banners flying, bade adieu to the defenses of Washington and took the road to the North. In a little more than a month afterwards it reached the Rappahannock on its southward march from Pennsylvania; but in the meantime it had left in Northern graves and hospitals more than two-thirds of its effective force.

TASTE AND TECHNIQUE

BY CARROLL BECKWITH

Mr. President, associates, ladies, and gentlemen: my distinguished predecessors are more fortunate than I, because they have spoken of things rather removed from present conditions. Mr. Thomas told us of events at the beginning of the Christian era; Professor Lounsbury, those of the War of the Rebellion.

I must apologize beforehand, perhaps, for touching on some of the questions of the present moment, on which there may be many differences of opinion. Therefore, I fear, I shall lay myself open to your disapproval. The opening words I have written here have been illustrated for me by Mr. Brockway, in his beautiful musical performance: "All art work is an expression of human emotion." We all know that art is not a fact. It is not real. It is a dream. It is an ideal. It is something that comes from within the artist and touches something within you. Its language, as I imagine, is taste and technique. Nature, in her creative thoughts, searches for a language and for a channel of expression. This channel is our taste—our technique. It is individual, it is personal, it is yourself, it is myself; and yet it is guided by tradition. It is tradition which has established standards—standards of comparison. They are arbitrary or not as you choose to interpret them; yet they are dangerous to defy. Intelligent retrospect governs the quality of present culture. It is what has passed before, what has endured the criticism, the trial, of time, and has proved worthy, which we adopt to-day as our standard. It is by the measuring-rod of an art that is past that we judge contemporary work. Now, is this just? Is it right? Does it handicap the

producer of the art of to-day? Is he shackled by the standards of the past? The sculptors of Greece, the color of the Venetian painters, the music of Mozart, have established standards to which we have all bowed. The young man in his youth feels defiant that he should be restrained by the adoption of laws that to him are arbitrary and cruel. He desires a revolution that will enable him to be free. He wishes to cast aside the old standards and create new ones. Revolutions occur, in which these standards of taste are temporarily tossed to the winds, and new guides are brought forward to be praised by the press, as the press is always in search of novelty, and is eager to put something in the head-lines, to put something or somebody in the spotlight. Therefore, before the young man invents something out of his imagination, he finds that he has gained a position in the foreground, and he thinks that the past has gone. It is only temporary, however. The standards that are cast down for the moment by these revolutions do not go to oblivion.

When, after the French Revolution, David ruled supreme in the schools of France, and was followed by Ingres, then Watteau, Fragonard, and Boucher were forgotten. Their work was turned to the wall. Nobody was interested in them any more. The last century has brought us to the point of appreciation, and justice is again meted out to them as though no revolution had occurred.

Youth and genius rebel against restraints. Was there ever a time when in the beginning youth and genius did not rebel against the art work of an earlier period? The art of the late-eighteenth century comes back, and

with it comes that school of the craftsmen. Every new movement, every attraction for which we temporarily strive, becomes, after sifting, a valuable asset or is cast aside. It goes on and on, and is cast aside again and again for the moment, and brilliant and strong men like Delacroix and Millet produce their temporary revolutions of thought. The schools that are prominent to-day must recall the fact that Millet, the peasant painter, was one of the most ingenious and skilled draftsmen, as is shown by his nudes.

Then another movement appears, and Manet comes to the center of the stage, and beauty and poetry are cast aside, and a crude *reality* is emphasized. His lack of ability in drawing, his clumsy, often awkward technique,—his lack of mastery of his trade, in other words,—were compensated for in his mind by the emphasis of the *fact*. Brilliant in personality, brilliant in color! If you will pardon me, I will tell you a little incident about him when I met him in Paris for a moment in 1875. It was a time when the now well-known skating-rink was a great novelty. The first one constructed in Paris was in the Rue Blanche, and the skating was done on roller-skates. I met a rich American, and he asked me to go to the skating-rink on the opening night as his guest. We met there at the appointed hour, and in the course of the evening he led me into the *loge* of a famous lady of the Second Empire, and there I found gathered about her a number of gentlemen. Soon there entered a man quite English in dress and style, with a square-cut, reddish beard. I asked my hostess who he was, and she turned and presented me to M. Edouard Manet. Then she asked him:

“M. Manet, qu'est que vous faites pour le Salon?”

I, from the Latin Quarter, knew from the gossip of the studios that he was regularly refused at the Salon and

wondered what his reply would be. He said: “Je fais un tas de choses.”

Values were then far more important than regard for form. To-day neither values nor form is much cared about; they are rather ignored. However, M. Manet was a little too much in evidence at that moment to endure, and although I was an enthusiast about him at that time, I wondered how long he would last.

We then come to another period, the latest revolution—that of Cézanne and Matisse, who have occupied the headlines. From my point of view, not only have values and form been disregarded, but awkwardness seems to be sought for, and the rules of skilled craftsmanship have been defied. It is now a sin to be a skilful draftsman. It is considered obnoxious in the schools of Paris to draw too well. It is not natural. Nature draws clumsily. We have a distinguished illustration of this tendency in the work of the very great sculptor Rodin. Until twenty years ago, Rodin was undoubtedly proud of his technique and skill. To-day he makes his figures heavy, ponderous, and oftentimes shapeless. This movement is strong in France. It is even stronger in Italy, where the Futurists are; but in Paris to-day the movement is like a tremendous cyclone, sweeping everything before it.

I was told that in Paris there were thirty-two different dealers in Impressionist work. While going down the Rue Lafitte one day I looked in at a window which I was passing. I said to myself, “Here is a restorer of pictures.” I looked up at the sign in front of the shop, and it was owned by one Vollard. I saw many canvasses in a rather disorderly array. It looked like a workshop. I said to myself, “It is one of those dealers in the latest Impressionists.” Out of curiosity I went in, and was met by the head of the shop; I asked to look at the picture on

the easel in the window. That picture looked like a Turkish rug cast over a chair. I asked the dealer if it was a picture of still life. He said very reverently:

"It is a portrait. Here is the hand on the chair, and here is the head."

I looked at it and thought deeply, endeavoring to define the figure, but failing in my effort. I asked:

"But *can* you see it?"

Shrugging his shoulders, he answered:

"Yes, sometimes, and sometimes not."

Only a year before certain young painters in the Latin Quarter decided that they would create a sensation. They brought a donkey and a large canvas to a studio and, tying a paintbrush to the donkey's tail, set the blank canvas behind the donkey. They mixed various paints, moved the canvas to and fro, and tickled the donkey to make him switch his tail. They thus produced a picture, and were photographed in the act, and that picture was hung on the wall at the autumn Salon! Later they came out in the public prints and said, "Here is an example of the work that goes on the line in this exhibition," and they had the photograph published to prove how the painting was produced.

I met in Rome a gentleman connected with the Futurists. He was really an advanced member. He said: "We cannot get on so long as these museums, with their false standards, exist to misguide the public. The only thing to do is to burn down the museums." Now we are being experimented upon and vivisected, and ideas and theories are being turned upside down; but we must endure the movement for a time, as it will pass, and its incoherence will soon cast it into oblivion, because the language of art cannot be gained without hard labor, and no art can exist that does not respect the past and its standards. The earliest and best art should be drilled into the minds and hearts of

the young painters so that they may know what the art of past ages is.

I am sure that in the art that Mr. Brockway represents there are those standards which are the foundation of his education and upon which he has built. Taste—taste, modest and non-combative, distinguished and refined—is now cast aside. The other night I saw in the New Theater the most beautiful modern decoration that I know of in the world, Baudry's ceiling. No one looked at it. People seemed to be indifferent to it. In Boston we have Puvis de Chavannes in the Public Library. When this decoration was painted, it was remarked that this time Puvis de Chavannes had really made gingerbread figures. I never look at that painting without thinking that they are indeed gingerbread figures; but when I go into the other room and see the Sargent, I am convinced of it.

Last winter, in Paris, there occurred a most interesting incident. A gentleman of the old school, to which I belong, rebelled against the Impressionists. M. Olivier Merson put on his hat, went out, and called on his confrères, saying: "Cannot we get up an exhibition that may be as interesting as some of the others about Paris? Let us form ourselves into a little society and adopt the name 'Les Pompiers.'" You may not be aware that in Paris an exact copy of the classic Greek helmet is used by the firemen. On the invitation-card of this society of "Les Pompiers" was a large design of the old Greek helmet. This was one of the most beautiful and brilliant exhibitions I saw abroad, combining the men of the end of the last century who are still working and the conservatives of to-day, and there were gathered together two hundred beautiful works. I urge you to bear in mind, in considering these paintings, that they grow more beautiful as time goes on, that they improve with age. Yes, we will

go back and look at them, study them, and learn to adopt and apply the lessons we learned from them in our youth. We will look at El Greco, we will look at Velasquez, and then we will come down to the modern Zuloaga and the painting from the brush of Fortuny; by the normal and the scholarly, stand the erratic and the bizarre. The way

moves up and then down, and one day we are classic and another day we are Impressionists; but it is my belief and hope that what is good in the past may always be preserved, that we shall not forget it, and that we shall keep it as one of our standards and measuring-rods by which to judge modern production.

REALISM AND REALITY IN FICTION

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

During those early years of his youth at Paris, which the melancholy but unrepentant George Moore insists he spent in riotous living, he was on one memorable occasion making a night of it at a ball in Montmartre. In the midst of the revelry a gray giant came placidly striding across the crowded room, looking, I suppose, something like *Gulliver* in Lilliput. It was the Russian novelist Turgenieff. For a moment the young Irishman forgot the girls, and plunged into eager talk with the man from the North. Emile Zola had just astonished Paris with "L'Assommoir." In response to a leading question, Turgenieff shook his head gravely and said: "What difference does it make whether a woman sweats in the middle of her back or under her arms? I want to know how she thinks, not how she feels."

In this statement the great master of diagnosis indicated the true distinction between realism and reality. A work of art may be conscientiously realistic,—few men have had a more importunate conscience than Zola,—and yet be untrue to life, or, at all events, untrue to life as a whole. Realism may degenerate into emphasis on sensational but relatively unimportant detail: reality deals with that mystery of mysteries, the human heart. Realism may degenerate into a creed; and a formal creed in art is as unsatisfactory as a formal creed in religion, for it is an attempt to confine what by its very nature is boundless and infinite into a narrow and prescribed space. Your microscope may be accurate and powerful, but its strong regard is turned on only one thing at a time; and no matter how enormously this thing may be enlarged, it remains only one thing

out of the infinite variety of God's universe. To describe one part of life by means of a perfectly accurate microscope is not to describe life any more than one can measure the Atlantic Ocean by means of a perfectly accurate yardstick. Zola was an artist of extraordinary energy, sincerity, and honesty; but, after all, when he gazed upon a dunghill, he saw and described a dunghill. Rostand looked steadfastly at the same object, and beheld the vision of *Chantecler*.

Suppose some foreign champion of realism should arrive in New York at dusk, spend the whole night visiting the various circles of our metropolitan hell, and depart for Europe in the dawn. Suppose that he should make a strictly accurate narrative of all that he had seen. Well and good; it would be realistic, it would be true. But suppose he should call his narrative "America." Then we should assuredly protest.

"You have not described America. Your picture lacks the most essential features."

He would reply: .

"But is n't what I have said all true? I defy you to deny its truth. I defy you to point out errors or exaggerations. Everything that I described I saw with my own eyes."

All this we admit, but we refuse to accept it as a picture of America. Here is the cardinal error of realism. It selects one aspect of life,—usually a physical aspect, for it is easy to arouse strained attention by physical detail,—and then insists that it has made a picture of life. The modern Parisian society drama, for example, cannot possibly be a true representation of French family and social life.

Life is not only better than that; it is surely less monotonous, more complex. You cannot play a great symphony on one instrument, least of all on the triangle. The plays of Bernstein, Bataille, Hervieu, Donnay, Capus, Guinon, and others, brilliant in technical execution as they often are, really follow a monotonous convention of theatrical art, rather than life itself. As an English critic has said, "The Parisian dramatists are living in an atmosphere of half-truths and shams, grubbing in the divorce courts and living upon the maintenance of social intrigue just as comfortably as any bully upon the earnings of a prostitute." An admirable French critic, M. Henry Bordeaux, says of his contemporary playwrights, that they have ceased to represent men and women as they really are. This is not realism, he declares; it is a new style of false romanticism, where men and women are represented as though they possessed no moral sense—a romanticism sensual, worldly, and savage. Life is pictured as though there were no such things as daily tasks and daily duties.

Shakespeare was an incorrigible romantic; yet there is more reality in his composition than in all the realism of his great contemporary, Ben Jonson. Confidently and defiantly, Jonson set forth his play "Every Man in His Humour" as a model of what other plays should be; for, said he, it contains deeds and languages such as men do use. So it does: but it falls far short of the reality reached by Shakespeare in that impossible tissue of absurd events which he carelessly called "As You Like It." In his erudite and praiseworthy attempt to bring back the days of ancient Rome on the Elizabethan stage Jonson achieved a resurrection of the dead: Shakespeare, unembarrassed by learning and unhampered by a creed, achieved a resurrection of the living. *Catiline* and *Sejanus* talk like an old text; *Brutus* and *Cassius* talk like liv-

ing men. For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

The form, the style, the setting, and the scenery of a work of art may determine whether it belongs to realism or romanticism; for realism and romanticism are affairs of time and space. Reality, however, by its very essence, is spiritual, and may be accompanied by a background that is contemporary, ancient, or purely mythical. An opera of the Italian school, where, after a tragic scene, the tenor and soprano hold hands, trip together to the footlights, and produce fluent roulades, may be set in a drawing-room, with contemporary, realistic furniture. Compare "La Traviata" with the first act of "Die Walküre," and see the difference between realism and reality. In the wildly romantic and mythical setting, the passion of love is intensely real; and as the storm ceases, the portal swings open, and the soft air of the moonlit spring night enters the room, the eternal reality of love makes its eternal appeal in a scene of almost intolerable beauty. Even so carefully realistic an opera as "Louise" does not seem for the moment any more real than these lovers in the spring moonlight, deep in the heart of the whispering forest.

A fixed creed, whether it be a creed of optimism, pessimism, realism, or romanticism, is a positive nuisance to an artist. Joseph Conrad, all of whose novels have the unmistakable air of reality, declares that the novelist should have no program of any kind and no set rules. In a memorable phrase he cries, "Liberty of the imagination should be the most precious possession of a novelist." Optimism may be an insult to the sufferings of humanity, but, says Mr. Conrad, pessimism is intellectual arrogance. He will have it that while the ultimate meaning of life—if there be one—is hidden from us, at all events this is a *spectacular* universe, and a man who has doubled the Horn and sailed

through a typhoon on what was unintentionally a submarine vessel may be pardoned for insisting on this point of view. It is indeed a spectacular universe, which has resisted all the attempts of realistic novelists to make it dull. However sad or gay life may be, it affords an interesting spectacle. Perhaps this is one reason why all works of art that possess reality never fail to draw and hold attention.

Every critic ought to have a hospitable mind. His attitude toward art in general should be like that of an old-fashioned host at the door of a country inn, ready to welcome all guests except dangerous criminals. It is impossible to judge with any fairness a new poem, a new opera, a new picture, a new novel, if the critic have preconceived opinions as to what poetry, music, painting, and fiction should be. We are all such creatures of convention that the first impression made by reality in any form of art is sometimes a distinct shock, and we close the windows of our intelligence and draw the blinds that the new light and the new air may not enter in. Just as no form of art is so strange as life, so it may be the strangeness of reality in books, in pictures, and in music that makes our attitude one of resistance rather than of welcome.

Shortly after the appearance of Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence,"

There was a roaring in the wind all night,
The rain came heavily and fell in floods,

some one read aloud the poem to an intelligent woman. She burst into tears, but, recovering herself, said shamefacedly, "After all, it is n't poetry." When Pushkin, striking off the shackles of eighteenth century conventions, published his first work, a Russian critic exclaimed, "For God's sake! don't call this thing a poem!" These two poems seemed strange because they were so natural, so real, so true, just as a sincere person who speaks his

mind in social intercourse is regarded as an eccentric. We follow conventions and not life. In operas the lover must be a tenor, as though the love of a man for a woman were something soft, something delicate, something emasculate, instead of being what it really is, the very essence of masculine virility. I suppose that on the operatic stage a lover with a bass voice would shock a good many people in the auditorium, but I should like to see the experiment tried. In Haydn's "Creation," our first parents sing a bass and soprano duet very sweetly. But Verdi gave that seasoned old soldier *Otello* a tenor rôle, and even the fearless Wagner made his leading lovers all sing tenor except the *Flying Dutchman*, who can hardly be called human. In society dramas we have become so accustomed to conventional inflections, conventional gestures, conventional grimaces, that when an actor speaks and behaves exactly as he would were the situation real, instead of assumed, the effect is startling. Virgin snow often looks blue, but it took courage to paint it blue, because people judge not by eyesight, but by convention, and snow conventionally is assuredly white. In reading works of fiction we have become so accustomed to conventions that we hardly notice how often they contradict reality. In how many novels I have read I have been introduced to respectable women with scarlet lips, whereas in life I never saw a really good woman with such labial curiosities. Conversations are conventionally unnatural. A trivial illustration will suffice. Some one in a group makes an attractive proposition. "Agreed!" cried they all. Did you ever hear any one say "Agreed"?

I suppose that all novels, no matter how ostensibly objective, must really be subjective. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Every artist feels the imperative need of self-expression. Milton used to sit in his arm-chair, waiting impatiently for

his amanuensis, and cry, "I want to be milked." Even so dignified, so reticent, and so sober-minded a novelist as Joseph Conrad says, "The novelist does not describe the world: he simply describes his own world." Sidney's advice, "Look in thy heart, and write," is as applicable to the realistic novelist as it is to the lyric poet. We know now that the greatest novelist of our time, Tolstoi, wrote his autobiography in every one of his so-called works of fiction. The astonishing air of reality that they possess is owing largely to the fact not merely that they are true to life, but that they are the living truth. When an artist succeeds in getting the secrets of his inmost heart on the printed page, the book lives. This accounts for the extraordinary power of Dostoyevsky, who simply turned himself inside out every time he wrote a novel.

The only reality that we can consistently demand of a novel is that its characters and scenes shall make a permanent impression on our imagination. The object of all forms of art is to produce an illusion, and the illusion cannot be successful with experienced readers unless it have the air of reality. The longer we live, the more difficult it is to deceive us: we smile at the scenes that used to draw our tears, we are left cold by the declamation that we once thought was passion, and we have supped so full with horrors that we are not easily frightened. We are simply bored as we see the novelist get out his little bag of tricks. But we never weary of the great figures in Fielding, in Jane Austen, in Dickens, in Thackeray, in Balzac, in Turgeneff, for they have become an actual part of our mental life. And it is interesting to remember that while the ingenious situations and boisterous swashbucklers of most romances fade like the flowers of the field, Cooper and Dumas are read by generation after generation. Their heroes cannot die, because they have what Mrs. Browning called the "principle of life."

The truly great novelist is not only in harmony with life; his characters seem to move with the stars in their courses. "To be," said the philosopher Lotze, "is to be in relations." The moment a work of art ceases to be in relation with life, it ceases to be. All the great novelists are what I like to call *sidereal* novelists. They belong to the earth, like the procession of the seasons; they are universal, like the stars. A commonplace producer of novels for the market describes a group of people that remains nothing but a group of people; they interest us perhaps momentarily, like an item in a newspaper; but they do not interest us deeply, any more than we are really interested at this moment in what Brown and Jones are doing in Rochester or Louisville. They may be interesting to their author, for children are always interesting to their parents; but to the ordinary reader they begin and end their fictional life as an isolated group. On the contrary, when we read a story like "The Return of the Native," the book seems as inevitable as the approach of winter, as the setting of the sun. All its characters seem to share in the diurnal revolution of the earth, to have a fixed place in the order of the universe. We are considering only the fortunes of a little group of people living in a little corner of England, but they seem to be in intimate and necessary relation with the movement of the forces of the universe.

The recent revival of the historical romance, which shot up in the nineties, flourished mightily at the end of the century, and has already faded, was a protest not against reality, but against realism. Realism in the eighties had become a doctrine, and we know how its fetters cramped Stevenson. He joyously and resolutely burst them, and gave us romance after romance, all of which except the "Black Arrow" showed a reality far superior to realism. The year of his death, 1894, ushered in the romantic revival. Romanticism sud-

denly became a fashion that forced many new writers and some experts to mold their work in its form. A few specific illustrations must be given to prove this statement. Mr. Stanley Weyman really wanted to write a realistic novel, and actually wrote one, but the public would none of it: he therefore fed the mob with "The House of the Wolf," with "A Gentleman from France," with "Under the Red Robe." Enormously successful were these stirring tales. The air became full of obsolete oaths and the clash of steel—"God's bodikins! man, I will spit you like a lark!" To use a scholar's phrase, we began to revel in the glamour of a bogus antiquity. For want of a better term, I call all these romances the "Gramercy" books. Mr. Winston Churchill, now a popular disciple of the novel of manners, gained his reputation by "Richard Carvel," with a picture of a duel facing the title-page. Perhaps the extent of the romantic craze is shown most clearly in the success attained by the thoroughly sophisticated Anthony Hope with "The Prisoner of Zenda," by the author of "Peter Stirling" with "Janice Meredith," and most of all by the strange "Adventures of Captain Horn," a bloody story of buried treasure, actually written by our beloved humorist Frank Stockton. Mr. Stockton had the temperament most fatal to romance, the bright gift of humorous burlesque; the real Frank Stockton is seen in that original and joyful work, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." Yet the fact that he felt the necessity of writing "Captain Horn" is good evidence of the tide. This romantic wave engulfed Europe as well as America, but so far as I can discover, the only work after the death of Stevenson that seems destined to remain, appeared in the epical historical romances of the Pole Sienkiewicz. Hundreds of the romances that the world was eagerly reading in 1900 are now forgotten like last year's almanac; but they served a good purpose apart from temporary amusement to invalids,

overtired business men, and the young. There was the sound of a mighty wind, and the close chambers of modern realism were cleansed by the fresh air.

A new kind of realism, more closely related to reality, has taken the place of the receding romance. We now behold the "life" novel, the success of which is a curious demonstration of the falseness of recent prophets. We were told a short time ago that the long novel was extinct. The three-volume novel seemed very dead indeed, and the fickle public would read nothing but a short novel, and would not read that unless some one was swindled, seduced, or stabbed on the first page. Then suddenly appeared "Joseph Vance," which its author called an ill written autobiography, and it contained 280,000 words. It was devoured by a vast army of readers, who clamored for more. Mr. Arnold Bennett, who had made a number of short flights without attracting much attention, produced "The Old Wives' Tale," giving the complete life-history of two sisters. Emboldened by the great and well-deserved success of this history, he launched a trilogy, of which two huge sections are already in the hands of a wide public. No details are omitted in these vast structures; even a cold in the head is elaborately described. But thousands and thousands of people seem to have the time and the patience to read these volumes. Why? Because the story is in intimate relation with life. A gifted Frenchman appears on the scene with a novel in ten volumes, "Jean Christophe," dealing with the life of this hero from the cradle to the grave. Although the last sections have not yet appeared, the earlier ones are being translated into all the languages of Europe, so intense is the curiosity of the world regarding this particular book of life. Some may ask, Why should the world be burdened with this enormous mass of trivial detail in rather uneventful lives? The answer may be found in Fra Lippo Lippi's spirited defense of his art,

which differed from the art of Fra Angelico in sticking close to reality:

"For, don't you mark? we're made so that
we love
First when we see them painted, things we
have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

I find in the contemporary "life" novel a sincere, dignified, and successful effort to substitute reality for the former rather narrow realism; for it is an attempt to represent life as a whole.

OUTLOOK AND INLOOK ARCHITECTURAL

By JOHN GALEN HOWARD

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

The die was cast for the distinctive character of American architecture for all time, I think, when a certain Pilgrim first set an Old-World foot on Plymouth Rock, and found it good building material. It was a trifle hard, and therefore difficult to work, doubtless, with some few fractures, or, at all events, distinctly noticeable stratifications or lines of cleavage, and with not a few rough edges, but, on the whole, sound, as rocks go, and firmly fixed in ancient world tradition. Strong stuff was Plymouth Rock; but it held its own not merely by reason of its strength, but by virtue of the *sort* of strength it had.

An architecture is determined neither by material alone nor by the mind that molds it, but by both together, inseparable and interactive. No mere cart-horse kind of power was the force which fastened Plymouth Rock. Kinship in mettle to the Arabian thoroughbred gave it aptness to the desert task, with its long thirsts and hungers, its utter isolations, its lonesome yearnings. Not mere strength, but *finéd* strength, was its property. For refinement of that sort which is a thing of eliminations rather than of delicacies, and is determined about equally by temperament (coldness of temperament agreed in this case) and by means too straitened for much kicking over the traces even had the blood been hotter—refinement was one, if not the, salient characteristic of the architecture which arose in those old days out of arduously shaped Plymouth Rock, and despite all the kicking over the traces in which our people has indulged in more recent times. Refinement, even though it be

of another stripe, is still a dominant characteristic of the American style.

There is, I suppose, little room for disagreement as to the old work. Look at the delicate, thin treatment everywhere, the paucity of ornament, the dryness of surface, the amenity—not inconsistent with a degree of vigor, either—of the whole, above all, the total absence of anything remotely resembling “splurge.” These points witness a psychological tendency in a way quite independent of the particular forms used, of the “style” in which it found its tongue. One thinks of the pure beauty of the Greek work, of the grandeur of the Roman; Byzantine spells splendor; the medieval cathedrals voice daring aspiration. So our Colonial work connotes essentially that not very large, perhaps, but at any rate, so far as it goes, admirable quality which I have named; and of that quality the phase in which almost ascetic restraint plays the major part. Granted. But is it as readily evident that that same quality runs through, and indeed informs, our characteristic architecture of to-day? With its wide range of styles, its genuine eclecticism, from the point of view of the field as a whole, however “correct” within their own choice of style individual practitioners may be, is it clear that this note of refinement is dominant? Does the point need discussion? That may be.

Suppose, to start with, we look back over the way we've come.

“Cut out passion,” not “Make passion lovely,” was the unwritten law of early cis-Atlantic effort in the way of art, as of life; of art, what there was of it, doubtless because of life. Yet, after all, he who sets himself consciously to cut out passion lets his cat out of the

bag. There must have been passion to cut out; and the chances are that sooner or later, if he seek to cut out passion by putting it in a bag, he will bring about all the more viciously mordant scratchings, and in the end, if the cat is really there, and a cat, with the customary complement of lives, and all the more tempestuous felinity of escape, but by way of ragged rent instead of by way of neatly hemstitched placket. We have sometimes been privileged to observe the cat in the act of issuing from the bag, and by that issue, as, indeed, by all self-respecting cats, there hangs, if you will permit the expression, a tale; and in this case, what is more, a tale of passion, which proves reassuringly that the cat was there. As the saying is, "A muffled cat is no good mouser." Open bags make more successful meets than do tied-bag prisons. For the architect they make capitally warm nests, in fact, as styles, while as prisons "styles" are apt to be either too strong, in which case they inhibit action, or else they are too flimsy, and invite disrespect. If at times our cat has been too close muffled, the escapes, not to say the escapades, have restored, or tended to restore, a fair average. As a whole, our architecture can hardly be said to be too "correct."

Half a century or more ago we saw the cat of the English Gothic revival, poor creature though it was, and worse for water-wear, which all cats hate, scratch out the eyes of our Colonial tradition, and leave it nigh to death, with "none so poor to do him reverence." The purest poetic justice was done when, reversing the ancient course of architectural history, Gothic was transmogrified into Romanesque. The most anemic of all lack-sap stocks begot the fullest blooded of all sports. There was passion for you, and not in a bag at that! But is this a cat I see? Nay, a very lion in the way, a king of cats, it would seem, that can consent no further than to hold a bag to be a convenient nest or lair of refuge, when

desired, but never, never, never such a pitiful thing as a prison. "In truth, the prison unto which we doom ourselves, no prison is," and styles *may* be comforts to the creative mind, but only on condition that they have no drawing-strings. So, at all events, Richardson regarded his Romanesque; its sounding name was as an open sesame to consideration, a big stick of resonant authority, if you like, but, you may rest well assured, not for a moment a limitation to the activities of his imagination. And that may be one reason why his style was not found to serve in the long run. It was too personal, it operated on too narrow a margin of common consent, despite all its own robust splendor. Being so personal, the range of vision for other workers was too close. There was not room enough in it for more than that one great personality, which informed and filled it, and made it in certain ways, and in certain very important ways, too, big with promise.

All this time poor little Colonius lay stripped of his raiment, and wounded by the way. Priest in the gown of Gothic, and Levite with Provençal scrip, had not so much as looked on him, but passed by on the other side. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him." On the face of things, Colonius Redivivus owed his oil and wine to the insight, taste, and wisdom of McKim and White and others of their group. I should say particularly Mead but for the manner of anthologies, which omit living names lest their owners blush becomingly, no doubt; but he owed his resuscitation fundamentally to his Americanism. McKim, Mead and White were the active instrument of a latent movement larger than themselves.

The Colonial revival succeeded not because that kind of architecture was the best conceivable, or because it was in such refreshing contrast to the preceding fashion, or because of the per-

sonal power of those who reintroduced it, great as that power was, or for any other reason whatsoever but that it was in real harmony with the American instinct, taste, and ideal. And it had the further advantage of being worthy tradition, all the stronger and more acceptable for having been neglected for a time. Penitence pointed our return. Convalescence gave a filip to what otherwise might have seemed insipid. Plymouth Rock, too, in these circumstances, was found to have a sparkle. We felt as though we had got back home from hospital, and had a reassuring sense of knowing where we were. Very likely we struck out too blindly in our new health against the spell that just now bound us. We hated Romanesque so cordially that we could not fairly focus the compelling genius that loomed behind and above the smoke of our temporary aberration. In the new joy of finding a working system of architectural hygiene to which we were all equally heritors, discovered to us and interpreted by masters, it is true, but ours just as much as theirs, after all, we became possessed of a sense of well-being and mastery which was most agreeable.

And it was a habit well worth while acquiring, to be sure, that using of a style the limits of which we well knew, and were pleased to accept. It induced a frame of mind which enabled us later to turn to other closely related, more monumental, not to say more fundamental, styles—styles which had all the while underlain the Colonial, and work in them with something flatteringly resembling the ease of mastery; with no small degree of archæological dryness at times, we must concede, but with a correctness which for the time being was in itself a valuable quality, provided the tendency were not carried too far. Architecture has, like other growing phenomena, to go to school before it can wisely be emancipated. It is a distinctly promising sign of future

power for a young people and for a young art, as well as for a young man, to feel his oats, looking upon his individuality, and finding it good, and, aware of original power, to forget self for the time being in the quiet, assiduous acquisition of knowledge already established by others. The time for fresh personal expression will come later. But get the schooling first, and of course as early as may be; for the blade of creative originality may lose its edge if it keep scabbard too long.

I have spoken of the succession of architectural styles among us. That is merely a convenient way of referring to the several phases through which this art, and perhaps other arts as well, have passed in these latter decades. But I do not wish to lay too much stress on these phases as styles. In fact, I do not take much stock in styles, anyway. What I do take stock in—all I can get and have the money to pay for, and I pray for more—is style. The Gothic revival in this country in the middle of the last century was not really a revival of Gothic at all. The fact that pointed arches "came in," the more pointed the better, had nothing to do with it. The pointed arch was a fashion in architectural dress merely, like the crinoline or the poke bonnet; but, gracious me! did you ever think for one minute that the lady inside the crinoline was that shape? No more, then, the architecture that wore pointed arches was that kind inwardly. I adore the real thing too devotedly to let it be supposed that I mean what I say when I call that sort of thing Gothic; but one can't always tack across the page a dozen times to make port. One must go as the crow flies, especially if there's only twenty minutes headway or so. Take the old word for the new thought, and let's get on. Just as the Gothic revival was not Gothic, neither was the Romanesque Romanesque. They were both little more than the manifestation of phases of our national life, ante-bellum and post-bellum. The former was the ex-

pression of a life gone to seed, dried up, finished, the last leaf dropped short of a new sowing. Then was "the winter of our discontent"; the "glorious summer" followed, with all the exuberance of new life, and its expression in architecture was more exuberant even than itself because of the overwhelming exuberance of the man responsible for the architecture. Of course in this we have to reckon with the wholly extraordinary Richardson. Without him and his personal passion for Romanesque, we should have had some other exuberance. He, like all other great men, had happened at just the right moment. Those not on our list have happened at the wrong moment, though of course the great moment tends to enlarge *all* its men, and make its great ones greater. That's what happened to Richardson; he was the great personality of the art of his time, the period of reconstruction, of the laying in of the foundations of our real national existence, and the architecture of that period was determined almost solely by him. The artist and his period, his community, grew more exuberant hand in hand, each on its own account, and each the more for the other.

And quite contrary to what it is now the fashion to maintain, the influence of Richardson has not proved ephemeral in its larger character and significance. The art of our own time is different and larger for his foundation work. Whether we anathematize his art or admire from afar off (for there are few or none nowadays who venture to come nigh unto it), it must be recognized that because of him, because of his breaking ground, and making big and solid and sound, when we began all over again on a firmer footing to try to be a nation, the building that came after was bigger and solid and sounder than it would otherwise have been. Can it be thought for one instant that McKim and White, to whom we largely owe the turning back to the classic manner, came under Richardson's inti-

mate influence without being touched by it? Richardson's sort of radio-activity has a way of making indelible marks. He was a great man in being; they were great men in embryo, young and impressionable. They had their own point of view, and they adhered to it with the tenacity which is an attribute of the finest type of genius; but their ideas were enlarged, their views clarified and fixed, and their ideals enriched by association with their great master. And with all the daintiness of their detail, more especially at first, they took aboard with them, when they embarked with Mead on their own career, a generous measure of the discoverer. "Vogue la galère!" Undoubtedly, as time went on, Richardson's influence, not consciously *as* his influence, but as the development within themselves of seeds he had wakened and nourished, though they had been sown in their very being, became more and more manifest in increased largeness of conception and organic simplicity of handling. And it is for those qualities for which we are even more indebted to McKim, Mead and White (I speak now of the, I hope, permanent institution, eliminating personalities) than we are for their exquisite detail, incomparable as that is. The detail was a part of our heritage; the largeness was a needed contribution, offered in the first instance by Richardson, continued by them, and complexed with the fineness which was from of old inbred in our architectural sense. And in both these respects, of largeness and of exquisiteness alike, let me recur again for a moment to the personal note in recognizing the ever-potent influence of Mead. He had had no direct, or, at any rate, no close association with Richardson; he simply did not escape, and, being big himself, was all the readier to accept what no one in this country has wholly escaped, whether he would or not—the contagious largeness of that personality. To maintain this is no derogation of the original power of

each member of the great firm, the permanent institution, as I have called it. It only goes to prove, what I began with, that style in the great sense has little or nothing to do with the style in the small sense in which a given architect may be working. It is style in the great sense that McKim, Mead and White and all others who follow the true faith of architectural development in this country have in common, difficult as it often is to put one's finger on its elements. Style overlies and includes, or may include, a multitude of styles. And we have now right at hand an example of this, which brings me fairly to the second stage of my discussion.

There is, and I think that all will be disposed to agree, somehow a closer affinity between the Gothic work of Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson (and, by the way, don't mix up their lovely work with the earlier "Gothic Revival" already referred to) and the classical work of McKim, Mead and White than there is between the latter and the work of, say, Palmer and Hornbostel, for example. Yet these last, too, are working mostly in a modified classic style, even more modified, to use Mr. Cram's word (I think it is his) than his own modified Gothic. Of course the truth of the matter is that neither of them is either Gothic or classic unless you much emphasize the "modified." Of course they both have to be modified to meet modern conditions. I am not unfavorably criticizing, but rather praising, them, from my own point of view, when I insist on the "modified," as both Mr. Cram and Mr. Hornbostel would surely wish me to do. I take it they use the words Gothic and classic, as I do, as short cuts. If they do not, I beg their pardon. But I must ask the privilege, just the same, for the purpose of the present analysis. On Gothic, read Moore, and you may be convinced, though I am not wholly, I must confess, by that particular reasoning. As for classic, he who runs may read. But,

after all, this is more or less a haggling over terms.

Despite my original intention to avoid all personal references in this paper, I have ventured to mention three firms. This is merely a short-cut method, like my Gothic and classic. There are many other names that might have answered my purpose almost equally well, and certainly many others that deserve admiring tributes, or the reverse, were this a piece of praise and blame; but I am merely trying to bring out the general characteristics of our architecture at this time and its trend. I have quite inevitably named McKim, Mead and White because they stand in a peculiarly representative relation to our art. It is hardly too much to say that we have two lists of architects: those who *are* McKim, Mead and White men and those who are not, and the latter list is the smaller. But of course in the former category are included many who have not actually worked with the great firm as well as all of those who have. The list of their lineal descendants, now running into several generations of pupilage, is astonishingly long, and includes many names in the first rank of achievement. And the penumbra of that pupilage is even larger and quite as distinguished. In the camp of that tradition is pretty much solidarity nowadays as to essentials. In the others is schism; nay, confusion worse confounded. But I seem to see two main groups here among the minority who are *not* McKim, Mead and White men, which for the purposes of this discussion may be identified by the mention of the other two firms I have named. I have, then, mentioned these three firms as each representing a phase of our art now: the first stands for the simple, straightforward dignity and beauty of architectural art typified in classic or renaissance feeling, as nearly as may be in an ancient manner; Palmer and Hornbostel represent, indeed, a pseudo-classic-renaissance type, generally taking the old Roman or Greek forms as a

basis, but using them in a well-nigh wholly free and individual way, even mingled with elements from other styles, especially in ornament, which to the taste of the purist are inharmonious with the general architectonic schema and even a superfetation upon it; while Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson represent the Gothic manner, not indeed at all punctiliously as regards archæological correctness, but yet far more so than Palmer and Hornbostel their classic, while less so perhaps than McKim, Mead and White theirs.

I am not a Gothicismist by any manner of means, if to be a Gothicismist means to advocate the use of pointed forms in our modern work for general purposes, though I yield to none in admiration for the old thirteenth-century masterpieces. Except for certain special uses, such as, for instance, those churchly types to which Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson for the most part confine them, those forms seem to me not naturally expressive of our modern needs, and in most cases quite out of key with our life. And yet, for all that, I feel in the psychology of Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson's work a something which, despite the forms in which it is expressed, breathes the genuine American spirit in a striking degree. Perhaps I feel the psychological quality of it all the more keenly for a certain detachment. It has a—what shall I say?—a something catholic about it, even though it be Anglican catholic, and perhaps too pointedly Anglican at that. But if Anglican, why not, by an easy transition, American? That is, in fact, precisely what I am trying to identify—the American catholic in architecture. I am seeking to ignore mere forms in order to get at the spirit behind them. The style may go; character must remain. So any work, no matter what style it is in, which manages to express broadly enough our national spirit is American catholic.

Well, then, if I am right in sensing a real kinship between McKim, Mead

and White's work and Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson's, it is interesting to ask whether the qualities they have in common can be identified. If they can, I take it that we shall be in the way of identifying the dominant quality of our architecture—the quality which a wholly disinterested observer, say, five centuries hence, might see to be characteristic of our age, just as we fix on the essential note of Greek, of Roman, of Byzantine, of medieval work. For undoubtedly these two firms, with their adherents, not only represent two of the most vital forces in our architecture at the present time, but they represent the extremes of divergent choice as to style. Classic and Gothic—the fight is on between these two as between no others. If their special champions have something vital in common, it must be something very American indeed, and even more important for the purposes of the critic than their very styles themselves. All the more will this be true if we find the same something in the notable workers of strongly marked individualistic tendencies who belong to neither of these schools, if one may call them such, nor in fact to any school, since they stand virtually alone—men like Sullivan, for instance, or the Ponds. But there are not very many of them.

To begin with, classicists, Gothicismists, Byzantinists, eclecticists—all these despise the coarse thing, the overdone thing, like poison. Anything like a "shocker" they would avoid assiduously; they are afraid of it as with a religious fear. They would be as ashamed of a lewd architectural thought as an old maid. Refined taste is the thing. And if we are to judge of architectural tendencies by professional successes, this tendency has of late become even more accentuated than ever. I suppose the work built within these last few years that has received the most general approval is a certain Washington house of Pope's in the Adams's manner, which carries refine-

ment one point beyond anything else we have. Walk past it almost any day or any hour of the day, and you will find some admirer on his knees, figuratively speaking, before it. I admire it heartily myself, but I mention it here merely to point my argument without attempting to estimate its value as a milestone, or, rather, as a stepping-stone, to future progress. It is the *dernier cri* of a tendency which is virtually general among our representative architects—refinement first, last, and all the time. Here we see the Colonial tradition more powerful than ever. Character, indeed, as the Greeks held, is Fate. Plymouth Rock is still our backbone. But, you say, how about those others who are using classic as a base, yet who are further from the representative classicists than are the Gothicists themselves? Ah, they are perhaps the exception that proves the rule.

But, now, that word refinement. It is an extremely "refined" word; I have used it to fix a notable quality, good or bad, good *and* bad, which seems to distinguish American architecture from that of most other countries nowadays. I do not wholly like the word; it has connotations somewhat too feminine. I have used it, perhaps, often enough. It has carried us far; let us not force a willing horse. If we could only find a more robust word—for a greater thing.

And, any way, it is not only one quality we are looking for; it takes more than one thing to make up the American catholic. Surely, in addition to the restrained delicacy which was characteristic of the Colonial work, and which, to the extent, and more, that the original stock still colors our civilization, we must recognize as an equally general property of American architecture that freedom which is traditionally identified with our national life. It is partly a thing of origins, partly an ever-renewed contribution from the newcomers, and which is, I take it, a funda-

mental, actually as well as traditionally, of our character. And then, again, we cannot fail to acknowledge a law-abidingness, a sane and persistent respect for precedent, which is wholly consonant with that high type of intellectual courage—the courage to be wholly one's self even in acknowledgement of indebtedness to forerunners. The small type of original dares not place himself alongside the elder great. He strives, therefore, for a new kind, and ends, as likely as not, in mere eccentricity. The larger original, and especially the greatest, is not afraid to stand with the elders, fully aware that his own mind will at the same time gain from close relationship with theirs, and yet all the more clearly separate itself and hold its own against them as a background. Many of our best men have that kind of courage; perhaps none deserves to be called best who does not possess it. In any case, I feel that it has been a distinguishing quality of all our work best worth remembering and treasuring, and that it is and must in the nature of things be a quality inherent in all permanent art.

I was seeking for a word to group these qualities under. Refinement, freedom, respect for precedent, courage—these I think make up as aggregates the greater part of that particular kind of reinforced concrete which I have called the American catholic. They are all aristocratic virtues, and they deserve an aristocratic name. What better one is there than distinction? Distinction is, after all, what we are all after. In all the wholly successful American work, that, I feel, is the representative beauty which we all recognize the value of and which we struggle consciously or unconsciously to attain in our work, however far short individual achievement may fall. Here in America, just where *a priori* you might least expect to find precisely that ideal, you find it most securely horsed and off for the crusade. Compare the representative American work of to-day with corresponding

work abroad. You will find here a tireless and persistent search for the fine thing as the key-note of design, as against the venturing into new fields over there, especially on the Continent. I know there are reasons, sound reasons, for this. They have their fine old examples, they are tired of imitating them, they want to try their wings, and they often go far afield to do it; but the fact remains, as I have said, that we are on the whole the conservatives, they are the free-lances. L'art nouveau, that iconoclastic socialism, not to say anarchy, of art, has gone like wildfire from end to end of Europe these last years, while we are on the still hunt for aristocratic distinction. I am not saying by any means that we always bag the game or that we have all the advantage in this comparison. I dare say Europe may in some ways be in advance on the trail to the future, and may have that to offer even in the new art which we must needs take over if we are to join the world movement onward. They seem to be already in the *aéroplane* age of architecture, while we are still content with automobiling. But, as a prejudiced observer, I may be permitted, I hope, to

express the conviction that on the whole we are on the surer ground—on the ground, I should say, instead of in the air. With painting it is much the same. Europe is tired of saying and doing the same old things, and bursts with desire to get on; America distrusts and hates more and more the crudities and anxieties of revolt, and yearns for the halcyon peace of establishment. We could almost stand a state religion, I sometimes think, provided it were catholic enough, and we are actually within gunshot of a state architecture. Faguet brings out capitally the necessity of incorporating the aristocratic principle in democracy, just as Croly does in another way. Believe me, it is even more vital in architecture.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow
room.

In the midst of freedom, "Form! give us form!" we cry, and too often we get mere standardization. There is our Scylla over against the Charybdis of license. After all, we must steer a mean course, keep mid-channel, if our ship is to come in. And there is no rule for sailing a ship except to sail it. Above all, keep on deck!

THE ILLUSION OF PROGRESS

BY KENYON COX

In these days all of us, even Academicians, are to some extent believers in progress. Our golden age is no longer in the past, but in the future. We know that our early ancestors were a wretched race of cave-dwellers, and we believe that our still earlier ancestors were possessed of pointed ears and tails. Having come so far, we are sometimes inclined to forget that not every step has been an advance, and to entertain an illogical confidence that each future step must carry us still further forward; having indubitably progressed in many things, we think of ourselves as progressing in all. And as the pace of progress in science and in material things has become more and more rapid, we have come to expect a similar pace in art and letters, to imagine that the art of the future must be far finer than the art of the present or than that of the past, and that the art of one decade, or even of one year, must supersede that of the preceding decade or the preceding year, as the 1912 model in automobiles supersedes the model of 1911. More than ever before "To have done is to hang quite out of fashion," and the only title to consideration is to do something quite obviously new or to proclaim one's intention of doing something newer. The race grows madder and madder. It is hardly two years since we first heard of "Cubism," and already the "Futurists" are calling the "Cubists" reactionary. Even the gasping critics, pounding manfully in the rear, have thrown away all impedimenta of traditional standards in the desperate effort to keep up with what seems less a march than a stampede.

But while we talk so loudly of progress in the arts, we have an uneasy

feeling that we are not really progressing. If our belief in our own art were as full-blooded as was that of the great creative epochs, we should scarce be so reverent of the art of the past. It is perhaps a sign of anemia that we have become founders of museums and conservers of old buildings. If we are so careful of our heritage, it is surely from some doubt of our ability to replace it. When art has been vigorously alive, it has been ruthless in its treatment of what has gone before. No cathedral-builder thought of reconciling his own work to that of the builder who preceded him; he built in his own way, confident of its superiority. And when the Renaissance builder came, in his turn he contemptuously dismissed all medieval art as "Gothic" and barbarous, and was as ready to tear down an old façade as to build a new one. Even the most cock-sure of our moderns might hesitate to emulate Michelangelo in his calm destruction of three frescoes by Perugino to make room for his own "Last Judgment." He at least had the full courage of his convictions, and his opinion of Perugino is of record.

Not all of us would consider even Michelangelo's arrogance entirely justified; but it is not only the Michelangelos who have had this belief in themselves. Apparently the confidence of progress has been as great in times that now seem to us decadent as in times that we think of as truly progressive. The past, or at least the immediate past, has always seemed "out of date," and each generation has plumed itself upon its superiority to that which was leaving the stage as it made its entrance. The architect of the most debased baroque grafted his "improvements" upon the buildings of the high

Renaissance with an assurance not less than that with which David and his contemporaries banished the whole charming art of the eighteenth century. Van Orley and Frans Floris were as sure of their advance upon the ancient Flemish painting of the Van Eycks and of Memling as Rubens himself must have been of his advance upon them.

We can see plainly enough that in at least some of these cases the sense of progress was an illusion. There was movement, but it was not always forward movement. And if progress was illusory in some instances, may it not possibly have been so in all? It is at least worth inquiry how far the fine arts have ever been in a state of true progress, going forward regularly from good to better, each generation building on the work of its predecessors, and surpassing that work, in the way in which science has normally progressed when material conditions were favorable.

If, with a view to answering this question, we examine, however cursorily, the history of the five great arts, we shall find a somewhat different state of affairs in the case of each. In the end it may be possible to formulate something like a general rule that will accord with all the facts. Let us begin with the greatest and simplest of the arts, the art of poetry.

In the history of poetry we shall find less evidence of progress than anywhere else, for we shall find that its acknowledged masterpieces are almost invariably near the beginning of a series rather than near the end. Almost as soon as a clear and flexible language has been formed by any people, a great poem has been composed in that language which has remained not only unsurpassed, but unequaled by any subsequent work. Homer is for us, as he was for the Greeks, the greatest of their poets, and if the opinion of all cultivated readers in those nations which have inherited the Greek tradition could be taken, it is doubtful if he would not

be acclaimed the greatest poet of the ages. Dante has remained the first of Italian poets, as he was one of the earliest. Chaucer, who wrote when our language was transforming itself from Anglo-Saxon into English, has still lovers who are willing for his sake to master what is to them almost a foreign tongue, and yet other lovers who ask for new translations of his works into our modern idiom; while Shakespeare, who wrote almost as soon as that transformation had been accomplished, is universally reckoned one of the greatest of world poets. There have, indeed, been true poets at almost all stages of the world's history, but the preëminence of such masters as these can scarce be questioned, and if we looked to poetry alone for a type of the arts, we should almost be forced to conclude that art is the reverse of progressive. We should think of it as gushing forth in full splendor when the world is ready for it, and as unable ever again to rise to the level of its fount.

The art of architecture is later in its beginning than that of poetry, for it can exist only when men have learned to build solidly and permanently. A nomad may be a poet, but he cannot be an architect; a herdsman might have written the "Book of Job," but the great builders are dwellers in cities. But since men first learned to build they have never quite forgotten how to do so. At all times there have been somewhere peoples who knew enough of building to mold its utility into forms of beauty, and the history of architecture may be read more continuously than that of any other art. It is a history of constant change and of continuous development, each people and each age forming out of the old elements a new style to express its mind, and each style reaching its point of greatest distinctiveness only to begin a further transformation into something else. But is it a history of progress? Building, indeed, has progressed at one time or another. The Romans, with

their domes and arches, were more scientific builders than the Greeks, with their simple post and lintel, but were they better architects? We of to-day, with our steel construction, can scrape the sky with erections that would have amazed the boldest of medieval craftsmen; can we equal his art? If we ask where in the history of architecture do its masterpieces appear, the answer must be, "Almost anywhere." Whenever men have had the wealth and the energy to build greatly, they have builded beautifully, and the distinctions are less between style and style or epoch and epoch than between building and building. The masterpieces of one time are as the masterpieces of another, and no man may say that the nave of Amiens is finer than the Parthenon or that the Parthenon is nobler than the nave of Amiens. One may only say that each is perfect in its kind, a supreme expression of the human spirit.

Of the art of music I must speak with the diffidence becoming to the ignorant, but it seems to me to consist of two elements and to contain an inspirational art as direct and as simple as that of poetry and a science so difficult that its fullest mastery is of very recent achievement. In melodic invention it is so far from progressive that its most brilliant masters are often content to elaborate and to decorate a theme old enough to have no history—a theme the inventor of which has been so entirely forgotten that we think of it as sprung not from the mind of one man, but from that of a whole people, and call it a folk-song.

The song is almost as old as the race, but the symphony has had to wait for the invention of many instruments and for a mastery of the laws of harmony; and so symphonic music is a modern art. We are still adding new instruments to the orchestra and admitting to our compositions new combinations of sounds, but have we in a hundred years made any essential progress even in this part of the art? Have we produced

anything, I will not say greater, but anything so great as the noblest works of Bach and Beethoven?

Already, and before considering the arts of painting and sculpture, we are coming within sight of our general law. This law seems to be that in so far as an art is dependent upon any form of exact knowledge, in so far it partakes of the nature of science and is capable of progress. In so far as it is expressive of a mind and soul, its greatness is dependent upon the greatness of that mind and soul, and it is incapable of progress. It may even be the reverse of progressive, because as an art becomes more complicated and makes ever greater demands upon technical mastery, it becomes more difficult as a medium of expression, while the mind to be expressed becomes more sophisticated and less easy of expression in any medium. It would take a greater mind than Homer's to express modern ideas in modern verse with Homer's serene perfection; it would take, perhaps, a greater mind than Bach's to employ all the resources of modern music with his glorious ease and directness. And greater minds than those of Bach and Homer the world has not often the felicity to possess.

The arts of painting and sculpture are imitative arts above all others, and therefore more dependent than any others upon exact knowledge, more tinged with the quality of science. Let us see how they illustrate our supposed law.

Sculpture depends, as does architecture, upon certain laws of proportion in space which are analogous to the laws of proportion in time and in pitch upon which music is founded. But as sculpture represents the human figure, whereas architecture and music represent nothing, sculpture requires for its perfection the mastery of an additional science, which is the knowledge of the structure and movement of the human figure. This knowledge may be acquired with some rapidity, especially in times and countries where man is

often seen unclothed. So, in the history of civilizations, sculpture develops early, after poetry, but with architecture, and before painting and polyphonic music. It reached the greatest perfection of which it is capable in the age of Pericles, and from that time progress was impossible to it, and for a thousand years its movement was one of decline. After the Dark Ages sculpture was one of the first arts to revive, and again it developed rapidly, though not so rapidly as before, conditions of custom and climate being less favorable to it, until it reached, in the first half of the sixteenth century, something near its former perfection. Again it could go no further, and since then it has changed, but has not progressed. In Phidias, by which name I would signify the sculptor of the pediments of the Parthenon, we have the coincidence of a superlatively great artist with the moment of technical and scientific perfection in the art, and a similar coincidence crowns the work of Michelangelo with a peculiar glory. But, apart from the work of these two men, the essential value of a work of sculpture is by no means always equal to its technical and scientific completeness. There are archaic statues which are almost as nobly beautiful as any work by Phidias, and more beautiful than almost any work which has been done since his time. There are bits of Gothic sculpture that are more valuable expressions of human feeling than anything produced by the contemporaries of Buonarroti. Even in times of decadence a great artist has created finer things than could be accomplished by a mediocre talent of the great epochs, and the world could ill spare the Victory of Samothrace or the portrait busts of Houdon.

As sculpture is one of the simplest of the arts, painting is one of the most complicated. The harmonies it constructs are composed of almost innumerable elements of lines and forms

and colors and degrees of light and dark, and the science it professes is no less than that of the visible aspect of the whole of nature, a science so vast that it has never been and perhaps never can be mastered in its totality. Anything approaching a complete art of painting can exist only in an advanced stage of civilization. An entirely complete art of painting never has existed and probably never will exist. The history of painting, after its early stages, is a history of loss here balancing against gain there, of a new means of expression acquired at the cost of an old one.

We know comparatively little of the painting of antiquity, but we have no reason to suppose that that art, however admirable, ever attained to ripeness, and we know that the painting of the Orient has stopped short at a comparatively early stage of development. For our purpose the art to be studied is the painting of modern times in Europe from its origin in the Middle Ages. Even in the beginning, or before the beginning, while painting was a decadent reminiscence of the past rather than a prophecy of the new birth, there were decorative splendors in the Byzantine mosaics hardly to be recaptured. Then came primitive painting, an art of the line and of pure color, with little modulation and no attempt at the rendering of solid form. It gradually attained to some sense of relief by the use of degrees of light and less light; but the instant it admitted the true shadow, the old brightness and purity of color had become impossible. The line remained dominant for a time, and was carried to the pitch of refinement and beauty; but the love for solid form gradually overcame it, and in the art of the high Renaissance it took a second place. Then light and shade began to be studied for its own sake; color, no longer pure and bright, but deep and resonant, came in again, and the line vanished altogether, and even form be-

came secondary. The last step was taken by Rembrandt, and even color was subordinated to light and shade, which existed alone in a world of brownness. At every step there has been progress, but there has also been regress. Perhaps the greatest balance of gain against loss and the nearest approach to a complete art of painting was with the great Venetians. The transformation is still going on, and we have in our own day conquered some corners of the science of visible aspects which were unexplored by our ancestors. But the balance has turned against us; our loss has been greater than our gain, and our art is, even in its scientific aspect, inferior to that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

And just because there has never been a complete art of painting, entirely rounded and perfected, it is the clearer to us that the final value of a work in that art has never depended on its approach to such completion. There is no one supreme master of painting, but a long succession of masters of different and equal glory. If the masterpieces of architecture are everywhere because there has often been a complete art of architecture, the masterpieces of painting are everywhere for the opposite reason. And if we do not always value a master the more as his art is more nearly complete, neither do we always value him especially who has placed new scientific conquests at the disposal of art. Palma Vecchio painted by the side of Titian, but is only a minor master; Botticelli remained of the generation before Leonardo, but he is one of the immortal great. Paolo Uccello, by his study of perspective, made a distinct advance in pictorial science, but his interest for us is purely historic; Fra Angelico made no advance whatever, but he practised consummately the current art as he found it, and his work is eternally delightful. At every stage of its development the art of painting has been a sufficient medium for the expression of a great man's mind, and

wherever and whenever a great man has practised it, the result has been a great and permanently valuable work of art.

For this seems finally to be the law of all the arts. The one essential prerequisite to the production of a great work of art is a great man. You cannot have the art without the man, and when you have the man you have the art. His time and his surroundings will color him; his art will not be at one time or place precisely what it might be at another. But at bottom the art is the man, and at all times and in all countries is just as great as the man.

Let us, then, clear our minds of the illusion that there is in any important sense such a thing as progress in the fine arts. We may with a clear conscience judge each new work for what it appears in itself to be, asking of it that it be noble and beautiful and reasonable, not that it be novel and progressive. If it be great art, it will always be novel enough, for there will be a great mind behind it, and no two great minds are alike. And if it be novel without being great, how shall we be the better off? There are enough forms of mediocre or evil art in the world already. Being no longer intimidated by the fetish of progress, when a thing calling itself a work of art seems to us hideous and degraded, indecent and insane, we shall have the courage to say so, and shall not care to investigate it further. Detestable things have been produced in the past, and are none the less detestable because we are able to see how they came to be produced. Detestable things are produced now, and they will be no more admirable if we learn to understand the minds that create them. Even should such things prove to be not the mere freaks of a diseased intellect they seem, but a necessary outgrowth of the conditions of the age and a true prophecy of "the art of the future," they are not necessarily the better for that. It is only that the future will be very unlucky in its art.

NATIONAL ASSETS

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

Some weeks ago I stood on the Capitoline Hill in Rome, close to the statue of Marcus Aurelius, the golden lustre of its bronze showing through the stains of centuries. Against the blue, glistening like a glacier, towered the marble memorial to Victor Emmanuel, the sweep of its serried steps echoing the tread of hundreds of reverent feet. The bronze was cast when the victorious legions of the empire crowded the Appian Way; the marble was chiseled only a few years ago, and the sound of the completing hammer is still heard along its unfinished front. Both express the gratitude and homage of nations enriched and glorified by the personal achievements of men with but a single eye to their country's good. Both men in the highest and widest sense stood head and shoulders above their brothers. Both men were national assets.

Behind the outburst of gratitude which prompted these tributes to their deeds, perpetuating their names so that all the people might see, lay a deeper and more significant meaning, one full of purpose. This was that neither their own nor subsequent generations should *forget*. England thus laid the foundation of her empire, so that to-day her written history is only a repetition of the names of the men who made her great.

Perhaps in a new civilization like our own, where, as has been the case in other young republics, each and every man was king, one as good as the other, it was to be expected that, at least for a while, the nation could do without heroes. More important things absorbed us, and influenced our national life, the converting of stone into bread being one. Then there followed

the struggle for family existence inside and outside the blockhouse, and, as the years wore on, there came the struggle to repair the fences that the War of the Revolution had laid low.

Only one or two heroes loomed up, and these were duly honored in marble and brick, notably the Father of his country, as well as a few of those who had been of immediate use in giving the new republic the right to live.

With the Civil War and our escape from national chaos, an increased and wider spirit of gratitude toward those who had fought and died in the defense of the Union asserted itself, and in the immediately succeeding years statues of marble and bronze were hidden in convenient and oftentimes charitable foliage, planted boldly on commanding hills, or placed in the center of spacious squares. Some of these testimonials, it is true, were rather late in seeing the light, and the hat had to be passed and repassed with persistent frequency before the roof shed the rain or the encircling scaffolding was razed to the ground. In one instance, when a memorial to a great soldier remained incomplete, an eyesore and reproach to the throngs who passed it daily, it was only when another distinguished American traversed the city in a cab, begging literally from door to door, that the necessary funds were collected, and the structure was finished.

The debt of gratitude due the hero whose efforts had resulted in our national wealth and prosperity, and whose bones were to be enshrined within its granite walls, could wait. We had become busy—extremely and profitably busy.

This absorption in our own affairs showed itself in other and less excus-

able forms. So acute had become the competition in the climb of life, and so insistent were some of us to get on and up, that a new line of action was agreed upon. To rise above your fellow-man in the mad rush up the ladder of recognition and accomplishment, it became necessary not only to mount your neighbor's shoulders, but to be equally active with your muddy boots when you passed the gentleman's visage.

Another discovery was that while one could catch more flies with honey than with vinegar, there swarmed a very large mass who could be tempted with carrion.

Then followed the still further discovery that this last procedure could be made to pay commercially, in some instances to pay enormously. Instantly, certain men of the baser sort got together, and a flood of abuse and misrepresentation unequalled in the world's history was let loose. As the months went by, not only some of the more sensational newspapers, but one or more of the respectable magazines, lent their aid. Individuals, corporations, groups of men prominent in the community, were attacked, and their names held up to ridicule and contempt, many of them names which in the near future, it is to be hoped, will be borne on the bronze and marble of grateful generations yet unborn.

This new and highly profitable industry was thought to have reached the climax of success immediately before the late Spanish War, when the center of the attack was directed against the then President of the United States, afterward the nation's martyr, for withholding his hand from the sword until every other means of adjustment had failed. That this surmise was premature is proved by the subsequent assaults, after the war was over, made upon the men who had carried out his orders and who, by their pluck, their devotion to duty, their patriotism and their interest in all that made for the

welfare of the republic, had brought the conflict to a successful end.

It will be just as well to recall the nature and quality of this abuse. It may help us to a clearer vision of the motive and results. It is not so very far back.

We all remember that morning in May when a thrill quivered throughout the country—a thrill that kept up its vibrations for months. A mere boy he was, compared to the others. The Government had paid for his education, and he must do something in return. Our fleet of cats crouched in a circle. Behind a narrow crack in the Cuban coast lay the Spanish Armada. Plug the mouth of the crack with a sunken transport, and the mice would be trapped, an easy prey to land cats and water cats. When the dawn broke, he was clinging to a fragment, his body scorched, his clothes in tatters. Even the Spanish admiral sent out his boat and later a flag of truce, conveying his unbounded admiration over the exploit of one so young and so daring.

His countrymen took up the refrain: "Our gallant hero!" "Our wonder of the world!" "A man made of the stuff Americans are made of!" Thermopylæ, Horatius at the bridge were child's play compared with it.

How long did it last? Until a foolish and highly emotional woman kissed him in a Western city.

Take another morning and another hero, one who woke the civilized globe to the realization that from that time on the United States was a world power—and it did not take sixty minutes. "When you are ready, Gridley." And it was all over.

For weeks the echoes of that first gun rolled on. Presidents, kings, emperors, czars sat up and rubbed their eyes. They are still at it. At home, while the roar of the echoes lasted, his countrymen tumbled over one another in their eagerness to do him honor. Triumphal arches were built; miles of people under acres of waving flags

shouted themselves hoarse. Then another wave set in—one of gratitude toward the man who had exalted their flag. Money began to pour in by the fives, tens, hundreds, and thousands. Some testimonial must be given the sea-god. He must have a house all his own, to do with as he pleased, to be a comfort and a blessing in his later years, the gift of the nation really, the gift of those he had glorified. And it must be in Washington, too, where the diplomats of the globe could see how we honored our heroes.

The purchase was made, the deeds were drawn, the installation was completed. Then the recipient, a grizzled old sea-dog who had spent his best years—*all* of them, in fact—in the service of his country, keeping watch in sleet and storm, or walking the quarter-deck, took unto himself a wife, and settled himself in his easy-chair for a few years of well-deserved rest. Having kept his honor clean, and with only his pay, and being also a gentleman with fixed ideas regarding provision for the woman he married, he gave her what was his own.

Then the sluice-gates were opened; words of one syllable in the blackest of ink swept half-way across the front page. Paragraphs in italics told of the infamy. Such phrases as "a case of naval cerebral distension," "an over-rated man," followed by the more positive criticisms, "to say the least, it was closely allied to sheer robbery, this taking property which was," etc., etc., crowded the succeeding columns.

I can see him now as his jaw tightened, just as it tightened that morning off Manila, and I can see his brows knit when he remembered, as he read, that there was perhaps nothing so ungrateful as a republic—his only response, you will remember; for he did not open his lips, silence being the one reply that his dignity would permit.

And there comes another morning—the morning of our day of national independence. Guns from a mighty fleet

this time; each man a hero, from the boy scrubbing each deck, to the captain who walked it. For weeks they had lain in wait; so severe had been the discipline that the thoughtless lighting of a cigarette put a man in irons. This time it took only half an hour—forty minutes, to be exact—to wipe a power off the map of the world.

The country went wild. "Our noble fleet!" "Our boys!" "The man behind the gun!" Balls, receptions, gold medals, the thanks of Congress, fire-works, illuminations, photographs of the several commanders, dozens of them, some when they were ten years old, as long as the "news" proved profitable.

The financial managers of this new and now enormously profitable industry again put their heads together. The best way to throw mud in this instance was with *both* hands. Take the two heroes and pit them against each other; then let them have it, taking care so that each could abuse the other. Thanks be to God, neither of them did!

There was no word of gratitude now, only money talked; nor was there any consideration for the feelings of the men who had risked their lives to save their country, as had been the case with those other heroes of Rome and England. This time the attack was from behind fences, in small head-lines, and in double-headed columns; such phrases as "A trustworthy gentleman conversant with facts, says," etc., or "It is currently reported among his intimate friends," etc., or "A prominent officer who, of course, wishes his name withheld, being subject to discipline, was on the bridge at the time, and is positive that," etc., caught the public eye and poisoned the public mind.

Well, they broke his heart and sent him to his grave before his time, this brave, simple, God-fearing, honest gentleman, who never lifted his voice to defame any man, and who would rather have cut off his right hand than rob a brother-officer of his just due.

These assaults are seldom made on the common man—the man with the hoe or the dinner-pail, but on those whose official positions often make it impossible for them to strike back. The man with the hoe could seek out the writer and break his head with its handle, but the man of good breeding and official dignity must continue to suffer in silence.

But think of the agony endured—Lincoln, sitting alone through the night, his very soul torn with the injustice meted out to him by the very men he was giving his heart's blood to save from annihilation; Grant, his great spirit crushed and broken by ill-deserved comments on his financial ruin; McKinley, his tender, kindly nature misunderstood, his courage and loyalty denied, his unselfish devotion to the cause of peace and mercy ridiculed and laughed at, and this day after day, while the lives of thousands of men was dependent upon the stroke of his pen.

And the list can be extended, is being extended to-day, whenever and wherever an American citizen in either civil, military, or official life, no matter how honorable his motives, or how great his sacrifice, lifts his head above the crust. Especially has it been extended during the political campaign just closed. In fact, it may as well be admitted that the heap of journalistic dirt and miscellaneous rubbish has never risen to such mammoth proportions.

And yet, when the dust of conflict has been blown away by the sober breath of the people, and the common sense of most of the community has had a chance to assert itself, there will be found not one clear, unbiased mind among us who will not affirm that the three principal candidates of the last campaign stood for all that is highest in personal honesty, courage, and intelligence. The sober-minded knew at the time, as they know now, the motive of these defamations, and the money made out of the despicable business. They

knew, moreover, that, according to his lights, each candidate has done his duty as he saw it, and each candidate had given the best that was in him, for the welfare of his country and his countrymen.

But how about men who are *not* sober-minded? What about the ignorant immigrant who lands upon our shores? How does this continued abuse of our public men, whether statesmen, financiers, or manufacturers, affect him?

Consider for a moment the magnitude and variety of this influx. Consider, too, its marvelous and unprecedented growth. Take our own city alone, and grasp, if you can, the fact that our municipal control is slipping from us, and that to-day over forty per cent. of our population is foreign-born. Of these, Russians, Poles, Austrians, Hungarians, and Italians predominate, the increase in the ten years equaling one-sixth of our whole population, namely, six hundred and fifty thousand souls.

In detail, the Russians have in these ten years risen from 180,000 to 483,000; the Austrians from 90,000 to 193,000; the Hungarians have doubled; the Italians show an increase of 200,000, while the number of Greeks, Roumanians, and Turkish subjects have swelled in proportion. As an example of the figures to which the more recent invasion has reached, take those of the Poles, showing that in 1911 alone 71,466 Polish immigrants were admitted to this country, 64,000 of whom were over fourteen years of age, of which last number one third could neither read nor write. Again, of this total of 71,466, only 170 had a profession, and only 5384 were skilled laborers, the balance being of the kind known as "coarse labor."

The only falling off in this enormous immigration is in the easily assimilated, and therefore the more desirable, peoples from northern Europe—England, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, as well as Canada, both

English and French, whose arrivals show so small an increase as to be unappreciable. For many of these speak our tongue, and have a just and reasonable regard for our national aims, institutions, and by common consent must be regarded, and I say it in all respect, as the most welcome and the most favored accession to our ranks.

We have, therefore, whether we admit it or not, to grapple with and educate men and women—in the case of the Poles only a fraction of them were children—all ignorant of our language, who have not only lived in lands where the struggle for existence is acute, but under sovereignty where in many cases simple justice has been denied them.

What, then, will be the impression made on their minds when they are told that our national motto is "Money," that every branch of our political and civil life is corrupt, and that the same antagonism between the rich and poor exists here even in worse form than it did at home? Is it at all strange that they soon become the willing tools of wild and incoherent agitators as ignorant as themselves, and that Chicago, Lawrence, and West Virginia, and only two days ago under the Palisades in New Jersey, with their list of dead and wounded, are the result?

More important still, what do our young men think—those who are graduated by the hundreds and tens of hundreds every year from our colleges and universities? Is no man in public life honest? Whether he is or not, is there any incentive for any one of them to enter public life when one of the rewards, sometimes the only reward, is the ridicule and contempt heaped upon him, to say nothing of charges affecting his personal character and individual honesty?

What, then, is the remedy? A suit for libel would be so futile as to be heartily welcomed; the publicity would not only increase the circulation, but the award of one cent damages be a veritable joy to the business end of the paper. And it is hard to expect

a greater sum than one cent. It is true that two years ago some English newspapers paid one quarter of a million of pounds to a soap manufacturer because of a series of editorials which were so mild in form, according to our standards, that they would have been looked upon as spicy advertisements rather than defamations; but we are not in England, or France, or Germany, or any other part of the globe where it is unsafe to besmirch the character of your fellow-man. On the contrary, we live under the Stars and Stripes, emblem of the greatest country on earth, a land whose proudest boast is of equal rights and freedom, and whose written law guarantees every man a square deal.

How, then, can we cut this cancer from the body politic? How cure the disease and thus rehabilitate the patient?

The remedy lies with ourselves. With you, fellow-members of the Institute, and with me, and with every soul who boasts a ten-commandment conscience. Let me recall them for you.

"Love thy God." Certainly, we say, with the greatest of pleasure.

"Thou shalt not steal." Of course not; no gentleman ever does.

"Thou shalt do no murder." By no manner of means. How dare you insult me?

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Here follows a dead silence. That is, thou shalt not steal his good name, nor murder his career, nor brand him as a criminal or a fool, these ten commandments, remember, being ten rods bound together by a ribbon of justice, mercy, and peace. To keep one, means to keep all.

The sum of the ten is, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"—the law of the Square Deal.

We keep its letter and its spirit best when we honor the names and uphold the hands of the men who are our true national assets.

At the morning session Mr. Howard Brockway, a member of the Institute, played music of his own composition, as follows :

- a.* Dance of the Sylphs. Op. 19.
(From Sylvan Suite for Orchestra.)
- b.* At Twilight. Op. 39. No. 1.
- c.* Idyl of Murmuring Water. Op. 39. No. 2.

and in the second group :

- a.* Humoreske. Op. 36. No. 4.
 - b.* Ballade. F major. Op. 10.
-

At the afternoon session the following program was rendered by the Barrère Ensemble :

- Rondino (2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons) *Beethoven*
- Menuet (1 flute, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons) *C. Debussy*
- Scherzo from Little Symphony (1 flute, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets,
2 horns and 2 bassoons) *Ch. Gounod*
- Finale, from Serenade E flat (2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons) *Mozart*

FURNESS, LEA, MITCHELL, GILMAN*

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

Forty-one years ago Horace Howard Furness published his variorum edition of "Romeo and Juliet." Within the compass of a single volume he brought together the materials and results of Shakespearean scholarship which the reader had hitherto been forced to seek in many books and many places. No such work had been done in England for half a century; no such work had ever been done in the United States.

What first impressed the critics was the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of the collection. It included whatever was worth including; it reproduced with accuracy whatever it quoted. But as time went on and as similar editions of other plays followed, the essential importance of Furness's own contributions came more and more into the foreground. His selection and quotation were marked by the spirit of the scholar. His own comment, brief as it often was, had, beside the merit of scholarship, the added charm of literary form. On both shores of the Atlantic it was recognized that we had here a man who understood Shakespeare and could help to the world's understanding of him, a man of letters in his own right. And the world's chief regret about this edition now is that the span of human life was too short for even Furness's amazing industry to cover quite half of the field which he had chosen.

It has been the misfortune of Shakespearean critics in general that they have allowed themselves to be surrounded and befogged by the cloud of controversy; and too often this cloud has thickened as years went on until

*The three papers that follow were read before the Academy at the special meeting in New York, Friday, December 13, 1912.

little was left of the original illumination except angry flashes of lightning. With Furness it was otherwise. Although he was bred to the law, or perhaps because he was bred to the law, he learned that the ideas which he had to convey would be most fully accepted if he kept clear of unnecessary argument or quarrel. As a consequence, each decade saw him more admired and loved by his fellow-workers, more serene in temper, and more charming in courtesy. The wine of his nature was of that full-flavored kind which is mellowed rather than soured with age. For it was not by his writings alone that he elucidated the spirit of Shakespeare. He did it yet more fully in his life and in his person. I knew no greater pleasure than that of listening to Furness as he read with whole-hearted enthusiasm and occasional quaint comment some familiar play whose text took new life through his voice. For he had lived with the great dramatist until Shakespeare's spirit had become his; and if, as we hope, he is gone where he may hold personal converse with the immortals of three hundred years ago, the Raleighs and the Bacons and the Jonsons will welcome him as one of their number. For to that society did he already belong while yet he was here with us.

It is but a short time since Dr. Furness was himself called upon to deliver a commemorative address in honor of a fellow-member of our body, Henry Charles Lea. I cannot forbear making a brief quotation from what was then said of one friend by another who was so soon to follow in his footsteps:

"A man's light [as Jeremy Taylor says] burns awhile and then turns blue and faint, and he goes to converse with spirits: then

he hands his taper to another." But where shall we find him who is worthy to accept Lea's taper? Of him who shall venture to hold it, it will crave wary walking to keep its flame as pure and bright as when it illumined the pages beneath Lea's own hand.

And warily must a man walk, as critics have often found to their cost, who will try to estimate Lea's work in its full profundity. If I had to pick out his salient characteristic, I should say that it was honesty; strict, uncompromising devotion to truth. He had two sides to his public life, the practical and the scholarly; yet in each of them the same fundamental characteristics were manifest. As a practical man of affairs he stood for honest government; as a scholar and writer he stood for honest treatment of history.

Those of us who have ever tried to write history, even on a small scale, know how hard this is. It is so easy to generalize on inadequate evidence, and so vastly laborious to hunt down facts which may in the end run counter to our own prepossessions, that most men, especially if they have the gift of literary style, incline toward the smoother path. This temptation must have been particularly subtle in the case of Lea. For he did not approach the "History of the Inquisition," or the various other topics of medieval and modern jurisprudence which he treated, in the spirit of a mere chronicler. It was for principles, not for facts, that he cared. The instinct of generalization was strong within him. The ethical element was ever before his mind. Yet with all these excuses for preferring what is commonly called the philosophic treatment of his subject, he kept himself to the strictly historic one. Lea showed us how history ought to be written, and he showed us the resolution with which a true man of letters can resist the temptation to write it otherwise.

We can well close this tribute with the words of Mr. James Bryce, himself a shining example of the combination of honest citizenship and honest schol-

arship: "I may sum up the impression which Mr. Lea's intellectual character and attitude leave upon his readers, and left most of all upon those who knew him personally, by saying that he loved truth with a whole-hearted devotion."

Bred, like Furness, to the law, Donald Grant Mitchell found the attractions of literature stronger than those of forensic ambition. While Furness was frequenting the society of Elizabethan days, Mitchell, in his own quaint and quiet way, was preparing himself for the companionship of choice souls of another type. I doubt not that he has already received a warm welcome from the congenial spirits of Izaak Walton and Dr. Thomas Browne and our own Washington Irving; and has compared notes with Horace and Pliny about Sabine farms or Tuscan villas. For his was essentially the field of the contemplative essay, the dream or reverie, in which the autobiographical form adds charm to the style and felicity to the thought.

If he passed from the speculative to the practical side of life, it was to touch with deft hand upon the joys and cares of the country gentleman. Of this good old English type Mitchell was himself a superb representative; handsome in person, genial in manner, unflinching in kindness of heart. Living on a hillside farm just outside of the city, but during his lifetime untouched by the city's expansion,—“My Farm of Edgewood,” of which he wrote so delightfully,—the view from his window over the spires of the town to the woods and the sea beyond them was symbolical of his whole outlook on life.

In the last public address which he delivered Mitchell summarized in characteristic fashion his attitude toward certain present-day educational movements:

There are oldish people astir, gone-by products of these mills of learning—who will watch anxiously lest harm be done to apostles of the old humanities. You may apotheosize the Faradays and Danas and the

Edisons and Huxleys, and we will fling our caps in the air. But we shall ask that you spare us our Plato, our Homer, our Vergil, our Dante, and perhaps our "chattering" Aristotle and scoffing Carlyle. Truth, however and wherever won, without nervous expression to spread and plant it, is helpless—a bird without wings! And there are beliefs tenderly cherished—and I call the spires of nineteen centuries to witness—which do not rest on the lens or the scalpel.

It was fortunate for American education that it numbered among its leaders men who took the same large view of life that Mitchell did. And of such men none was more eminent for his catholicity of understanding than Daniel Coit Gilman. Well might he have said, with the Roman of old, "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto." His literary activity indicates his breadth of interest. In his work on Monroe he is a historian; in his life of Dana he is a biographer; in his two books on education he appears as an essayist and a critic.

There was but one thing which Gilman demanded of a subject, and that was that it should be interesting. Dullness, whenever and wherever found, was an unpardonable fault; persistent and confirmed dullness was the sin against the Holy Ghost which could not be forgiven. This demand was what most frequently brought Gilman into conflict with the conservatives in educational matters. As far as mere pedagogic theory was concerned, he was by no means so radical as Eliot or White. For classical study, if classical study could be made stimulating, he had the strongest sympathy; to a well-ordered curriculum, if it could enlist the active interest of the students, he gave appreciation and approval. But the college curriculum as Gilman generally found it was not made interest-

ing. Language was taught mechanically; psychology and metaphysics were handled according to the dictates of the Scotch school, that apotheosis of dullness; history and science were either learned by rote or not learned at all. No wonder that his earlier years at Yale and at California were spent in waging conflicts not always successful against those who loved the dry bones of routine or inefficiency.

At Johns Hopkins he was given a freer hand, and was able to collect about him as the nucleus of a new university men who were animated by intellectual interest of a type akin to Gilman's own. They cared enough about their several subjects to make researches. They were animated by Gilman's example and precept to give the benefit of their researches to the world of science and letters. Students were not numerous, appliances were not adequate; but Gilman had created, as Socrates in his day had created, a phronistery, a thinking-shop, of a kind America has probably never seen before or since.

No man's total contribution to science or letters is measured by his own published work. The best service which he renders is generally found in the stimulus which he gives to others about him and after him. He who approves what is vital and rejects what is sterile, who encourages the men of talent and genius and protects them against the tyranny of routine, is the man whose labor counts for most in the end. Measured in this fashion, Gilman's work stands out in its true proportions as a contribution to the arts and letters of the country and the world.

Thus thought on thought is piled, till some
vast mass
Is loosened, and the nations echo round.

Horace Howard Furness died August 13, 1912; Henry Charles Lea died October 29, 1909; Donald Grant Mitchell died December 15, 1908; Daniel Coit Gilman died October 13, 1908.

LA FARGE, ABBEY, MILLET

BY THOMAS HASTINGS

While here assembled, let us pay tribute to the distinguished services of three members of this Academy who have recently been taken from us: John La Farge, Edwin Austin Abbey, and Francis Davis Millet. As they lived in their work, they are still alive in the influence their untiring endeavors have produced upon modern art. They have helped to quicken within us our sense of beauty, and to aid us to understand better its uplifting and refining influences. Such lives largely contribute to the happiness of their fellow-men. Those of us who enjoyed personal intercourse with them must realize how they themselves found happiness in their work; they were happy temperamentally, and so imparted happiness to others. There was another inherent quality of character of which they all had full measure—that enthusiasm which made all intercourse with them interesting and stimulating. It was the enthusiasm of the real artist, the enthusiasm which stimulates the creative faculties and intuitively quickens the insight and understanding. When we find the experience and knowledge which come with age stimulated by an enthusiasm which does not grow old under these conditions, men have retarded their declining years and have often produced their best work late in life. The flowing stream never becomes stagnant. While a man's interest in the opportunities of life continues, the possibilities of productiveness are unlimited. We may think that by observation we have learned what to expect of one another, but if we still have enthusiasm, we need know no limitations in what we may expect of ourselves. The loss of enthusiasm is the end of the artist's career.

JOHN LA FARGE was a young old man. He was born in New York in March, 1835. His father was a Frenchman, an officer in the navy, who, in 1806, took part in an expedition to Santo Domingo, where he married the daughter of a planter who is said to have had some skill as a miniature-painter. John La Farge married Margaret M. Perry, the granddaughter of Commodore O. H. Perry. In his early life La Farge undertook the study of law; but, always attracted to art, it was not long before he devoted himself wholly to the study of painting. At that time, while in Newport, he studied under William Morris Hunt. The charm of some of his early landscapes, painted there and while he was studying with Couture in Paris, is well remembered by those of us who have seen them at our current exhibitions.

It was in the early seventies that he first began experimenting in glass that afterward resulted in his ingenious and well-known new methods of construction and use of materials, with their accompanying brilliancy of color. His work in this direction made a remarkable impression upon American glass. Through all the years of glass-working he continued to paint, producing many important decorations, more especially in some of our churches. An event in his life was when H. H. Richardson commissioned him to decorate Trinity Church in Boston. Later, his work appeared in the Church of the Ascension, the Church of the Paulist Fathers, the Brick Church, and the St. Thomas's Church that was destroyed by fire.

In 1886, La Farge went to Japan with his friend Mr. Henry Adams, and afterward to the South Sea Islands. His cor-

respondence, which later appeared in "The Century Magazine," established him in the minds of the public as a writer of unusual natural ability. In his later work as a literary man he showed an unusual degree of versatility and flexibility of mind. For those of us who know well the extent and unusual quality and merits of the man's talents, it is futile at this time to comment further upon his undertakings, his drawings, his water-colors, his paintings, his glass, or his writings, or to attempt to enumerate the many honors he received during his long and successful life—honors not only from his own country, but from France, England, and Germany. Had we time, we would rather dwell upon him as our friend and fellow-Academician, a remarkable character, an artist philosopher. Those of us who knew him would agree, I believe, that, when all else had been said, to know him and to talk with him was to find La Farge at his best. He was indeed an artist in conversation, a man of ideas, with as brilliant a coloring in his personality as in his painting. His talk, drawn from his broad experience, was always full of suggestion, delightful in anecdote and incident, with a profound sense of humor, and a literary quality of great refinement unusual even in written form.

FROM the time of Benjamin West until John S. Sargent, there has always been a considerable number of self-expatriated American artists who have given renown to American art in Europe. Edwin Austin Abbey was unquestionably one of the most illustrious of this number. He was born in Philadelphia, April 1, 1852, a grandson of Roswell Abbey, a prosperous merchant, who was also an inventor of type-foundry appliances and a man of decided artistic temperament. He was the son of William Maxwell Abbey, who was likewise a Philadelphia merchant, and something of an amateur artist.

In 1866, when only fourteen years

of age, Abbey published his first drawings in Oliver Optic's paper, "Our Boys and Girls." During the early years of his life he was a student in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Coming to New York at the age of twenty, he quickly developed, and was soon after employed by "Harper's Magazine." Here he acquired a remarkable facility as a draftsman in black and white. His distinguished work as an illustrator gave him at an unusually early age a wide and popular reputation. Even at this time Old-World legends had a potent influence upon his character and the general direction of his work. In his portrayal of old songs and ballads, as well as in his illustrations of historic characters, he seemed to bring to life and to make real the finest fancies of English literature. "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Deserted Village," Herrick's poems, and Shakespeares' plays, were brought into a new light by the facile pen of the young artist. It was perhaps this special interest in English literature that, in 1883, influenced him to make his residence in England.

At frequent intervals his work, more especially his drawings, pastels, and water-colors, have been shown both here and abroad at the exhibitions of the numerous societies to which he belonged. It always attracted the admiration of a large and appreciative audience. It was not until 1895, through the influence of Charles F. McKim, that he was commissioned to paint his first important decoration, the well-known series of panels, "The Holy Grail," for the Boston Public Library, which, with Sargent's notable decorations in the same building, have become renowned as perhaps the most remarkable mural decorations ever painted by American artists. Not only did he show in this comparatively new undertaking his great ability as a painter, but he fulfilled to the utmost what his earlier work had promised—a studious conscientiousness in all matters of de-

tail, with a remarkable capacity for research into the costumes and customs of past ages.

In 1890 he married Gertrude Mead of New York, and for many years they lived in Fairford, Gloucestershire, England, surrounded by a most artistic atmosphere.

In 1901 he was commissioned by King Edward VII to paint for Buckingham Palace the official picture of the coronation. From that time the greater part of his life was devoted to painting, his last and most recent work being three important decorative panels for the State House at Harrisburg, in his native State. Unfortunately, he did not live to see this work completed.

In this country many honors and university degrees were conferred upon him, and he was the recipient of many foreign decorations, and in 1898 he was made a Royal Academician. His last year was the sixtieth of his life, and judging from the progressive excellence of his work and the vitality and enthusiasm of the man, there was every promise of even greater and finer results if he had lived longer to reap more fully the benefits of experience and his constant and untiring habits of work.

AN UNPARALLELED event in the history of navigation was the recent foundering of the great steamship *Titanic*. Frank Davis Millet was one of her passengers. In mid-ocean, under a starlit sky, which had dissolved the darkness of the night, he must have seen the last of this world. Amid the confusion and débris of the sinking ship, he could see only an unbroken horizon over the waters of the Atlantic, a circle on the earth's surface, emblem of eternal life. Thinking more of the safety of others than of himself, our friend was taken from us in the fullness of his power. I know of no other American artist who has served such high and varied purposes with such unselfish devotion to the interests of American art, and with

such an untiring capacity for work, unhesitatingly sacrificing his time for the good of others. Indeed, he was so public-spirited that I have often thought that he gave himself so freely that his unselfishness seriously interfered with his own private interests in life.

Though gentle and unassuming, he was a leader of men, an educator of men. He would have succeeded in whatever he might have undertaken. He had a singular gift for making friends. To know him was to love him. He had a remarkable fund of interesting information on the widest variety of subjects.

We were members together of the National Fine Arts Commission in Washington, where I learned to know what a delightful privilege it was to work with him. Intellectually he was somewhat inclined to wander, being often drawn into other channels than art.

He was born at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, in November, 1846. He was the youngest man of sixty-six I have ever known. During the Civil War he was a drummer in the 50th Massachusetts Regiment. In 1869 he was graduated from Harvard, later associating himself with Boston journalism, and devoting what spare time he could find to the study of art. It was not long before he went to Europe and entered as a student in the Royal Academy of Antwerp, where he made great progress and showed much promise. He then traveled widely, returning to Boston to assist La Farge in his work in Trinity Church.

For his brilliant services as correspondent for the New York and London papers in the Russo-Turkish War, and for bravery on the battle-field, he was decorated by the czar. Later he was sent as a war-correspondent to the Philippines. He was chairman of the Advisory Committee of the National Museum, a member of the Municipal Art Commission of New York, a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, secretary of the American Federa-

tion of Arts, and member of the National Fine Arts Commission. He had recently been appointed the executive officer of the United American Academy and the American School of Classical Studies at Rome, and was returning on the *Titanic* after visiting Rome in the interest of this institution. It seemed a fitting place for him, with his unusual ability for organization.

In 1879 he married Elizabeth Greeley Merrill. While their home was in Broadway, Worcestershire, England, his life in recent years was spent mostly between Washington, New York, and Rome. With all this time given to traveling and public affairs, it seems almost incredible that he could have produced so much in painting, which was the actual means of his livelihood. He had traveled extensively all over the world, and spoke nearly all of the principal languages of Europe.

In 1891 he made a canoe trip the full length of the Danube for Harper

Brothers, who published his book entitled "The Danube from the Black Forest to the Black Sea." About the same time appeared his collection of short stories and his translation of Tolstoi's "Sebastapol."

In recent years he devoted a great deal of time to decorations. The historical paintings in the capitol at St. Paul, the decorations in the custom-house at Baltimore, and a historical decoration in the court-house at Newark, New Jersey, are among his most important later works.

Few men enjoyed life as he did, and few men gave more enjoyment to others. He will be missed, and no one man can be found to fill his place—alas! so many places!

Millet was a strong, intelligent man of character, with a sweetness and simplicity almost childlike. His nature was joyous, which attracted men to him, and always assured him their collaboration in whatever work he undertook.

John La Farge died November 14, 1910; Edwin Austin Abbey died August 1, 1911; Frank Davis Millet died April 14, 1912.

HIGGINSON, MRS. HOWE, CRAWFORD, MOODY

BY BLISS PERRY

COMPARED with the men treasured in THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON'S inexhaustible memories, he himself belonged to the "second growth" of our literature, but he had sprung tall and straight and graciously from the as yet unexhausted New England soil. In the attics of old houses in Salem there may still be seen wide boards of clear, straight-grained pine, toned to a mellow violin coloring by the stray shafts of sunlight. Colonel Higginson's prose had that same flawless texture, the same heritage and tinge of sunshine. His style matured very early. It was already perfected when he wrote the gay, supple, singing "Charge with Prince Rupert." It is as difficult to date one of his essays by the test of its style as it is to date one of Aldrich's songs or Longfellow's sonnets. He did not have the fortune, like his friend Mrs. Howe, to win fame by one ecstatic lyric, or, like Wasson and Elbery Channing, to be remembered by one famous line. Yet there is quality throughout Higginson's prose and his slender pages of verse, and there is rich variety.

It would be hard to find in American literature any nature essays which surpass his "Water-Lilies," "Foot-paths" and "A Summer Afternoon"; or an ethical essay more tonic than "Saints and Their Bodies." We have had no biographical essay more wholly admirable than the "Theodore Parker," and certainly none more delightful than the "John Holmes"; while a more clever controversial essay than "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet" has not been written since the alphabet came into general use. Higginson coasted by the shores of Romance in "Malbone" and "The Monarch of Dreams." He

tested repeatedly his gifts as a biographer. In "Army Life in a Black Regiment" we touch autobiography. The book demanded tact and humor, a sense of human and historical values, and a professional pride in which the colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers was never wanting. I remember that upon one of the last occasions when he attended a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society a paper was read demonstrating the ignorance and illiteracy of the negroes of the South Atlantic States, who, we were assured, could scarcely speak or even understand English. The veteran colonel of the First South Carolina rose very unsteadily to his feet and made this perfect reply: "My men could understand *me* when I gave the word '*Forward!*'"

To praise Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays" is to praise him, so perfectly was it a part of him; not the mere inevitable and conscious betrayal of the personality of an author, but the unconditional surrender of it to the minds and hearts of his friends. In other words, Mr. Higginson was one of those fortunate writers who could transfer to his pages the whole of his personal character. You can no more subtract from his books his idealism, his consistent courage, his erect Americanism, than you can subtract Sir Philip Sidney's knightly qualities from his essay on the nature of poetry.

Higginson loved children and all innocent things. He was chivalrous not merely toward women, which is easy, but toward "woman," which is somewhat more difficult. His wit had always a touch of tartness for the American *parvenu*, for he had lived long in Newport and was a good field

naturalist. His satire also amused itself with the Englishmen who could not understand what our Civil War was fought for. But in general Higginson's list of antipathies was not much longer than such a list should be. Surrounded all his life by reformers, he had, like Emerson, a shrewd, detached sense of the eccentricities of reformers. He wrote an amusing essay about it. He used to bare his noble gray head whenever he entered a polling-booth, but he never took off his hat to any mere vulgar political or literary majority. To the very end he remained what Europeans call an "1848" man; he carried that old idealism serenely through the demoralized American epoch of the eighties and nineties into the new idealistic current of to-day. It is no wonder that he was idolized by the young.

Yet his good fortune lay not merely in this identification of his character with his work as a man of letters. He was also fortunate in settling upon a form of literature precisely adapted to the instincts of his mind. He was a born essayist and autobiographer. Too versatile a workman, and too dependent upon his pen for bread, to confine himself to his true genre, he still kept returning to it, like the homing bee. The flexibility of the essay form, its venturesomeness, its perpetual sally and retreat, tempted his happy audacity. But beneath the wit and grace and fire of his phrases there is the fine conservatism of the scholar, the inimitable touch of the writer whose taste has been trained by the classics. His essays on "An Old Latin Text-Book" and "Sunshine and Petrarch" reveal the natural bookman. That style of his, as light and flexible as a rod of split bamboo, is the style of many of the immortal classics and humanists; and it holds when the bigger and coarser styles warp and weaken.

No contemporary of any writer can solve what Higginson once called "the equation of fame." That equation

contains too many unknown quantities. Lamb's "Essay on Roast Pig," which has simply a good deal of Charles Lamb in it, is now as sure of immortality, as far as we can see, as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." At least we can say, here are a dozen volumes into which Thomas Wentworth Higginson has put a great deal of himself, clear-grained, seasoned, sun-bathed stuff. They will outlast our day and many days.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, the first woman to be honored by an election to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, was, like her friend Colonel Higginson, a representative of the best stock of colonial America. Like him, she lived to a great age, and received with unfeigned pleasure the homage of the third generation of writing men and writing women. Her first books and her earliest literary friendships date from that quaint New York of the forties, the Washington Irving period as it was about to vanish. Thenceforward her home was in Boston. Her marriage to Dr. Howe and her quick responsiveness to ethical impulses brought her into intimate relations with that restless, aspiring movement of reform which characterized New England for a score of years before and after the Civil War. Mrs. Howe flung herself with girlish enthusiasm into a dozen "causes," the education of the blind, the relief of the poor, the Americanization of foreigners, the liberalizing of religion, the emancipation of women, the movement for international peace. She was tireless, witty, undismayed, gifted with an amazing bodily endurance and a flashing radiance of spirit. She wrote essays, verses, sermons, and a play, but her fame as a writer rests almost wholly upon her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The poem was scribbled hastily in the gray dawn after a sound night's sleep. It was composed, like many of the songs of Burns, to a well-

known tune. It interpreted, as no other lyric of the war quite succeeded in interpreting, the mystical glory of sacrifice for freedom. Soldiers sang it in camp; women read it with tears; children repeated it in school, vaguely but truly perceiving in it, as thirty years before their fathers had perceived in Webster's "Reply to Hayne," the idea of union made "simple, sensuous, passionate." No American poem has had a more dramatic and intense life in the quick-breathing imagination of men.

Mrs. Howe lived for half a century after her famous lyric was written, but the aureole of that one achievement rested over her until the end. She was a notable figure at public gatherings, and her commemorative verses on various centenary occasions were received with delight. She prepared a poem for the first meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters at Washington, in December, 1909. She was then eighty, and to the very close, in her public appearances, she preserved the clear, telling voice, the wit, the indomitable energy, of youth. A very human woman, a very feminine and wise woman, Mrs. Howe had a place all her own in the affectionate admiration of her contemporaries.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD, cosmopolite and story-teller, became a singularly successful professional soldier in that regiment of literature, "the strangest in her Majesty's service", in which Mrs. Howe, his kinswoman, had served as a brilliant volunteer. Crawford's youth was passed mainly in Italy, in that American colony whose pioneer period has been sketched by Mr. Henry James in his life of W. W. Story. But he also studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, and at Heidelberg, and, like Mr. Kipling, he had edited a newspaper in India, before he became a special student of Sanscrit at Harvard in 1881.

It was in the following year that his

uncle, Samuel G. Ward, knowing the rich fund of experience which lay in the young man's mind, awaiting some magical evocation, half persuaded and half forced Crawford to write that most purely fascinating of all his books, "Mr. Isaacs." The exotic qualities of a fertile and somewhat mystical imagination were restrained even in that first book by a skilful sense of what could be spun in a yarn rather than adumbrated in a poem. Novel after novel followed in a stream uninterrupted until the author's death—novels written with a rapidity which rivaled that of Walter Scott, even as they almost seemed to rival Scott's popularity. A workman as intelligent as he was facile, Crawford set forth his theory of the novel in the phrase, "It is a pocket stage." He illustrated his theory by brilliant dialogue and moving action and in sketching his varied backgrounds of Southern European life. Himself, and in a double sense, an adopted child of Rome, Italy had few secrets that were hidden from Crawford's view. He wrote comprehensive books on Rome and Venice in a style happily blended of the antiquarian and the sentimental traveler. It may be surmised that Thomas Carlyle, if he could have had the pleasure of reading Crawford's tales, might have found that long row of delightful and often powerful stories deficient in a "message," and indeed it is difficult to affirm that they contained any doctrine except the enchanting one that this world is full of a number of things. But no reader of Crawford cared, such was the glamour of his inventiveness, the fidelity with which he reproduced the tone and spirit of picturesque Europe.

Crawford was personally but slightly known to his fellow-workers in the craft of literature; but the most casual meeting with him revealed a certain sailor-like quality of frankness and directness which gave charm to his person and to his conversation. He will

no doubt remain a representative figure of literary cosmopolitanism. In the new alignments caused by the strong currents of contemporary change he may well prove greater or less than we think him now; but it will be long before we shall find a more adept guardian of Aladdin's lamp.

IN the death of WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY the Academy has lost a poet of rich endowment and great distinction. Like Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Howe, and Mr. Crawford, he had the cosmopolitan temper, and he was haunted by the beauty of Greek literature. Unlike them, he was perplexed by our modern world, and was never fully at home in it. Perhaps this is only saying that he was a poet. As a Harvard undergraduate, Moody revealed a mind of uncommon richness and complexity of pattern; but even at forty he had not wholly succeeded in bringing that mind into lucid order, into a steady grasp of structural design. A lover of Milton, Shelley, and Euripides, he was enraptured of beautiful words. His lyrics sing in burdened, thrush-like cadences which are too heavy with thought, too deeply drenched with passionate feeling; the wet boughs of his fragrant verse bend low, blinding the eyes of his readers. But more than once, as in the masterly "Ode in Time of Hesitation," in "Gloucester Moors," and in some of the songs in his dramas, feeling and form were wrought into consummate perfection of expression.

Here were "thoughts that voluntary moved harmonious numbers."

Moody's incompleting trilogy, "The Fire-Bringers," "The Masque of Judgment," and "The Death of Eve," contains memorable passages, but the key to his cosmologies and mythologies is hard to find, and perhaps—perhaps there was none. One of his prose plays, "The Great Divide," had notable success upon the boards, but at the time of his death he seems to have abandoned the ambitions of a playwright. Never quite at ease in our contemporary America; teaching literature with abundant scholarship, but with no love for his profession; writing poetic dramas which few persons read; dear beyond most men to his friends, but shy and wilful; splendidly courageous in hazarding every sacrifice in the service of poetry, William Vaughn Moody lost much that other men of letters care for, but he won, who shall say how much more, in inner power and in creative mastery over the forms of his art. His friend, Mr. Percy Mackaye, has nobly written his eulogy in "Uriel"; and surely it is in verse only, and not in prose, that we should fitly record the passing of this strong, perturbed spirit. He chose high and hard paths, but paths which were surely leading to serenity of vision, as they had already led him into the secret places of beauty and close to the passionate and troubled heart of the sons of Eve.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson died May 9, 1911; Julia Ward Howe died October 17, 1910; Francis Marion Crawford died April 9, 1909; William Vaughn Moody died October 16, 1910

THE INSTITUTE MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Institute is annually awarded to any citizen of the United States, whether a member of the Institute or not, for distinguished services to arts or letters in the creation of original work.

The conditions of the award are these:

(1) "That the medal shall be awarded for the entire work of the recipient, without limit of time during which it shall have been done; that it shall be awarded to a living person or to one who shall not have been dead more than one year at the time of the award; and that it shall not be awarded more than once to any one person.

(2) "That it shall be awarded in the following order: First year, for Sculpture; second year, for History or Biography; third year, for Music; fourth year, for Poetry; fifth year, for Architecture; sixth year, for Drama; seventh year, for Painting; eighth year, for Fiction; ninth year, for Essays or Belles-Lettres,—returning to each subject every tenth year in the order named.

(3) "That it shall be the duty of the Secretary each year to poll the members of the section of the Institute dealing with the subject in which the medal is that year to be awarded, and to report the result of the poll to the Institute at its Annual Meeting, at which meeting the medal shall be awarded by vote of the Institute."

The medal was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, of the Institute, in 1909.

The first award—for sculpture—was to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The medal was presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens at the meeting held in memory of her husband Nov. 20, 1909.

The second medal—for history—was awarded to James Ford Rhodes.

The third medal—for poetry—was awarded to James Whitcomb Riley.

The fourth medal—for architecture—was awarded to William Rutherford Mead.

On December 12, 1912, at 7:30 P. M., the Fourteenth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the National Institute of Arts and Letters was held at the University Club, New York, when the fourth Gold Medal of the Institute was awarded in the department of Architecture to

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD MEAD.

On December 13, the sessions of the Academy and Institute were opened by an address by

THE ACTING CHANCELLOR OF THE ACADEMY,

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

At the close of the morning session a luncheon was given to the members of the Academy and the Institute by

THE NEW YORK MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE.

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

(Founded 1898 by the American Social Science Association)

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

This society, organized by men nominated and elected by the American Social Science Association at its annual meeting in 1898, with a view to the advancement of art, music and literature, shall be known as the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

II. MEMBERSHIP

1. Qualification for membership shall be notable achievement in art, music or literature.
2. The number of members shall be limited to two hundred and fifty.

III. ELECTIONS

The name of a candidate shall be proposed to the Secretary by three members of the section in which the nominee's principal work has been performed. The name shall then be submitted to the members of that section, and if approved by a majority of the answers received within fifteen days may be submitted by a two-thirds vote of the council to an annual meeting of the Institute for formal election by a majority vote of those present. The voting shall be by ballot.

IV. OFFICERS

1. The officers of the Institute shall consist of a President, six Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, and they shall constitute the council of the Institute.
2. The council shall always include at least one member of each department.

V. ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, but the council may fill a vacancy at any time by a two-thirds vote.

VI. MEETINGS

1. The annual meeting of the Institute shall be held on the first Tuesday in September, unless otherwise ordered by the council.*
2. Special meetings may be called by the President on recommendation of any three members of the council, or by petition of at least one-fourth of the membership of the Institute.

VII. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Institute and of the council.
2. In the absence of the President, the senior Vice-President in attendance shall preside.

3. The Secretary shall keep a minute of all meetings of the Institute and of the council, and shall be the custodian of all records.

4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all funds of the Institute and shall make disbursements only upon order of the council.

VIII. ANNUAL DUES

The annual dues for membership shall be five dollars.

IX. INSIGNIA

The insignia of the Institute shall be a bow of purple ribbon bearing two bars of old gold.

X. EXPULSIONS

Any member may be expelled for unbecoming conduct by a two-thirds vote of the council, a reasonable opportunity for defense having been given.

XI. AMENDMENTS

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the Institute upon the recommendation of the council or upon the request, in writing, of any five members. The Secretary shall be required to send to each member a copy of the proposed amendment at least thirty days before the meeting at which such amendment is to be considered.

XII. THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of membership of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership: PROVIDED that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and PROVIDED that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States

* For convenience the annual meeting is usually called for January or February.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTE

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Adams, Brooks
Adams, Charles Francis
Adams, Henry
Ade, George
Alden, Henry M
Aldrich, Richard
Allen, James Lane
Baldwin, Simeon E.
Bates, Arlo
Bridges, Robert
Brownell, W. C
Burroughs, John
Burton, Richard
Butler, Nicholas Murray
Cable, George W.
Carman, Bliss
Cawein, Madison J.
Chadwick, French E.
Chambers, R. W.
Channing, Edward
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C.
Cheney, John Vance
Churchill, Winston
Connolly, James B.
Cortissoz, Royal
Croly, Herbert D.
Cross, Wilbur L.
Crothers, Samuel McChord
de Kay, Charles
Dunne, Finley P.
Edwards, Harry Stillwell
Egan, Maurice Francis
Fernald, Chester Bailey
Finck, Henry T.
Finley, John Huston
Firkins, O. W
Ford, Worthington C.
Fox, John, Jr.
Furness, Horace Howard, Jr.
Garland, Hamlin
Gildersleeve, Basil L.
Gillette, William
Gilman, Lawrence
Gordon, George A.
Grant, Robert
Greenslet, Ferris
Griffis, Wm. Elliot
Hadley, Arthur Twining
Hamilton, Clayton
Harben, Will N.
Hardy, Arthur Sherburne
Harper, George McLean
Herford, Oliver
Herrick, Robert
Hibben, John Grier
Hitchcock, Ripley
Hooker, Brian
Howe, M. A. De Wolfe
Howells, William Dean
Huntington, Archer M.
James, Henry
Johnson, Owen
Johnson, Robert Underwood
Kennan, George

Lloyd, Nelson
Lodge, Henry Cabot
Long, John Luther
Lounsbury, Thomas R.
Lovett, Robert Morss
Lowell, Abbott Lawrence
Lummis, Charles F.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright
Mackaye, Percy
Mahan, Alfred T.
Markham, Edwin
Martin, Edward S.
Matthews, Brander
McKelway, St. Clair
McMaster, John Bach
Mitchell, John Ames
Mitchell, Langdon E.
More, Paul Elmer
Morris, Harrison S.
Morse, John Torrey, Jr.
Muir, John
Nicholson, Meredith
Page, Thomas Nelson
Payne, Will
Payne, William Morton
Peck, Harry Thurston
Perry, Bliss
Perry, Thomas Sergeant
Phelps, William Lyon
Pier, Arthur S.
Rhodes, James Ford
Riley, James Whitcomb
Roberts, Charles G. D.
Robinson, Edward Arlington
Roosevelt, Theodore
Royce, Josiah
Schelling, Felix Emanuel
Schouler, James
Schuyler, Montgomery
Scollard, Clinton
Sedgwick, Henry D.
Seton, Ernest Thompson
Sherman, Frank Dempster
Shorey, Paul
Sloane, William M.
Smith, F. Mopkinson
Sullivan, Thomas Russell
Tarkington, Booth
Thayer, William Roscoe
Thomas, Augustus
Tooker, L. Frank
Torrence, Ridgely
Trent, William P.
van Dyke, Henry
Van Dyke, John C.
Wendell, Barrett
West, Andrew F.
White, Andrew Dickson
White, William Allen
Whiting, Charles G.
Williams Francis Howard
Williams, Jesse Lynch
Wilson, Harry Leon
Wilson, Woodrow
Wister, Owen
Woodberry, George E.

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Adams, Herbert
 Alexander, John W.
 Babb, George F.
 Ballin, Hugo
 Barnard, George Gray
 Bartlett, Paul W.
 Beckwith, J. Carroll
 Benson, Frank W.
 Betts, Louis
 Bitter, Karl
 Blashfield, Edwin H.
 Brooks, Richard E.
 Brown, Glenn
 Brush, George de Forest
 Bunce, William Gedney
 Carlsen, Emil
 Chase, William M.
 Clarkson, Ralph
 Cole, Timothy
 Cook, Walter
 Cox, Kenyon
 Crowninshield, Frederic
 Dannat, William T.
 Day, Frank Miles
 De Camp, Joseph
 Dewey, Charles Melville
 Dewing, Thomas W.
 Dielman, Frederick
 Donaldson, John M.
 Dougherty, Paul
 Duveneck, Frank
 Foster, Ben
 French, Daniel C.
 Gay, Walter
 Gibson, Charles Dana
 Gilbert, Cass
 Grafty, Charles
 Guérin, Jules
 Hardenbergh, Henry J.
 Harrison, Alexander
 Harrison, Birge
 Hassam, Childe
 Hastings, Thomas
 Henri, Robert
 Howard, John Galen
 Howe, William Henry
 Howells, J. M.
 Isham, Samuel
 Jaegers, Albert
 Jones, Francis C.
 Jones, H. Bolton
 Kendall, W. Sergeant
 La Farge, Bancel
 Low, Will H.
 MacMonnies, Frederick
 Mac Neil, Hermon A.
 Marr, Carl
 McEwen, Walter
 Mead, William Rutherford
 Melchers, Gari
 Metcalf, Willard L.
 Mowbray, H. Siddons
 Ochtman, Leonard
 Parrish, Maxfield
 Peabody, Robert S.
 Pearce, Charles Sprague
 Pennell, Joseph
 Platt, Charles A.
 Pond, I. K.
 Post, George B.

Potter, Edward Clark
 Pratt, Bela L.
 Proctor, A. Phimister
 Redfield, Edward W.
 Reid, Robert
 Roth, Frederick G. R.
 Ruckstuhl, F. W.
 Ryder, Albert P.
 Sargent, John S.
 Schofield, W. Elmer
 Shrady, Henry M.
 Simmons, Edward
 Smedley, William T.
 Taft, Lorado
 Tarbell, Edmund C.
 Thayer, A. H.
 Tryon, Dwight W.
 Vedder, Elihu
 Walden, Lionel
 Walker, Henry Oliver
 Walker, Horatio
 Warren, Whitney
 Weinman, Adolph A.
 Weir, J. Alden
 Wiles, Irving R.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Bird, Arthur
 Brockway, Howard
 Chadwick, George Whitfield
 Converse, F. S.
 Damrosch, Walter
 De Koven, Reginald
 Foote, Arthur
 Gilchrist, W. W.
 Hadley, H. K.
 Herbert, Victor
 Kelley, Edgar Stillman
 Loeffler, Charles M.
 Parker, Horatio W.
 Shelley, Harry Rowe
 Smith, David Stanley
 Stock, Frederick A.
 Van der Stucken, F.
 Whiting, Arthur

DECEASED MEMBERS

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey
 Bigelow, John
 Clemens, Samuel L. (Mark Twain)
 Conway, Moncure D.
 Crawford, Francis Marion
 Daly, Augustin
 Dodge, Theodore A.
 Eggleston, Edward
 Fawcett, Edgar
 Fiske, Willard
 Ford, Paul Leicester
 Frederic, Harold
 Furness, Horace Howard
 Gilder, Richard Watson
 Gilman, Daniel Coit
 Godkin, E. L.
 Godwin, Parke
 Hale, Edward Everett
 Harland, Henry
 Harris, Joel Chandler

Harte, Bret
 Hay, John
 Herne, James A.
 Higginson, Thomas Wentworth
 Howard, Bronson
 Howe, Julia Ward
 Hutton, Laurence
 Jefferson, Joseph
 Johnston, Richard Malcolm
 Lea, Henry Charles
 Lodge, George Cabot
 Miller, Joaquin
 Mitchell, Donald G.
 Moody, William Vaughn
 Munger, Theodore T.
 Nelson, Henry Loomis
 Norton, Charles Eliot
 Perkins, James Breck
 Schurz, Carl
 Scudder, Horace
 Shaler, N. S.
 Shirlaw, Walter
 Stedman, Edmund Clarence
 Stillman, William J.
 Stockton, Frank R.
 Stoddard, Charles Warren
 Thompson, Maurice
 Tyler, Moses Coit
 Vielé, Herman K.
 Warner, Charles Dudley

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Abbey, Edwin A.
 Bierstadt, Albert
 Blum, Robert Frederick
 Burnham, Daniel Hudson
 Carrère, John M.
 Collins, Alfred Q.
 Homer, Winslow
 La Farge, John
 Lathrop, Francis

Loeb, Louis
 Millet, Francis D.
 McKim, Charles Follen
 Porter, Benjamin C.
 Pyle, Howard
 Remington, Frederic
 Saint-Gaudens, Augustus
 Twachtman, John H.
 Vinton, Frederick P.
 Ward, J. Q. A.
 White, Stanford
 Wood, Thomas W.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Buck, Dudley
 MacDowell, Edward
 Nevin, Ethelbert
 Paine, John K.

OFFICERS

President

Brander Matthews

Vice-Presidents

Arthur Whiting
 Hamlin Garland
 Robert Underwood Johnson
 Hamilton W. Mabie
 Harrison S. Morris
 Jesse Lynch Williams

Secretary

Henry D. Sedgwick

120 E. 22d St., New York

Treasurer

Samuel Isham

471 Park Avenue, New York

[June, 1913]

SKETCH OF THE ACADEMY AND LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

The American Academy of Arts and Letters was founded in 1904 as an interior organization of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which in turn was founded in 1898 by the American Social Science Association. In each case the elder organization left the younger to choose the relations that should exist between them. Article XII of the Constitution of the Institute provides as follows:

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of members of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; *provided* that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and *provided* that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

The manner of the organization of the Academy was prescribed by the following resolution of the Institute adopted April 23, 1904:

Whereas, the amendment to the Constitution known as Article XII, providing for the organization of the Academy of Arts and Letters, has been ratified by a vote of the Institute.

Resolved: that the following method be chosen for the organization of the Academy—to wit, that seven members be selected by ballot as the first members of the Academy, and that these seven be requested and empowered to choose eight other members, and that the fifteen thus chosen be requested and empowered to choose five other

members, and that the twenty members thus chosen shall be requested and empowered to choose ten other members,—the entire thirty to constitute the Academy in conformity with Article XII, and that the first seven members be an executive committee for the purpose of insuring the completion of the number of thirty members.

Under Article XII the Academy has effected a separate organization, but at the same time it has kept in close relationship with the Institute. on the seventh of March, 1908, the membership was increased from thirty to fifty members, and on the seventh of November, 1908, the following Constitution was adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE ACADEMY

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

The American Academy of Arts and Letters is an association primarily organized by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Its aim is to represent and further the interests of the Fine Arts and Literature.

II. MEMBERSHIP AND ELECTIONS

It shall consist of not more than fifty members, and all vacancies shall be filled from the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. No one shall be elected a member of the Academy who shall not have received the votes of a majority of the members. The votes shall be opened and counted at a meeting of the Academy. In case the first ballot shall not result in an election a second ballot shall be taken to determine the choice between the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes on the first ballot. Elections shall be held only on due notice under rules to be established by the Academy.

III. AIMS

That the Academy may be bound together in community of taste and interest, its members shall meet regularly for discussion, and for the expression of artistic, literary and scholarly opinion of such topics as are brought to its attention. For the purpose of promoting the highest standards, the Academy may also award such prizes as may be founded by itself or entrusted to it for administration.

IV. OFFICERS

The officers shall consist of a President and a Chancellor, both elected annually from among the members to serve for one year only; a Permanent Secretary, not necessarily a member, who shall be elected by the Academy to serve for an indeterminate period, subject to removal by a majority vote; and a Treasurer. The Treasurer shall be appointed as follows: Three members of the Academy shall be elected at each annual meeting to serve as a Committee on Finance for the ensuing year. They shall appoint one of their number Treasurer of the Academy to serve for one year. He shall receive and protect its funds and make disbursements for its expenses as directed by the Committee. He shall also make such investments, upon the order of the President, as may be approved by both the Committee on Finance and the Executive Committee.

V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence of the Chancellor, to preside at all meetings throughout his term of office, and to safeguard in general all the interests of the Academy. It shall be the duty of the Chancellor to select and prepare the business for each meeting of his term. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the records; to conduct the correspondence of the Academy under the direction of the President or Chancellor; to issue its authorized statements; and to draw up as required such writing as pertain to the ordinary business of the Academy and its committees. These three officers shall constitute the Executive Committee.

VI. AMENDMENTS.

Any proposed amendment to this Constitution must be sent in writing to the Secretary signed by at least ten members; and it shall then be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. It shall not be considered until three months after it has been thus submitted. No proposed amendment shall be adopted unless it receives the votes in writing of two-thirds of the members.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Following is the list of members in the order of their election:

William Dean Howells
 *Augustus Saint-Gaudens
 *Edmund Clarence Stedman
 *John La Farge
 *Samuel Langhorne Clemens
 *John Hay
 *Edward MacDowell
 Henry James
 *Charles Follen McKim
 Henry Adams
 *Charles Eliot Norton

*John Quincy Adams Ward
 Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury
 Theodore Roosevelt
 *Thomas Bailey Aldrich
 *Joseph Jefferson
 John Singer Sargent
 *Richard Watson Gilder
 *Horace Howard Furness
 *John Bigelow
 *Winslow Homer
 *Carl Schurz
 Alfred Thayer Mahan
 *Joel Chandler Harris
 Daniel Chester French
 John Burroughs
 James Ford Rhodes
 *Edwin Austin Abbey
 Horatio William Parker
 William Milligan Sloane
 *Edward Everett Hale
 Robert Underwood Johnson
 George Washington Cable
 *Daniel Coit Gilman
 *Thomas Wentworth Higginson
 *Donald Grant Mitchell
 Andrew Dickson White
 Henry van Dyke
 William Crary Brownell
 Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve
 *Julia Ward Howe
 Woodrow Wilson
 Arthur Twining Hadley
 Henry Cabot Lodge
 Francis Hopkinson Smith
 *Francis Marion Crawford
 *Henry Charles Lea
 Edwin Howland Blashfield
 William Merritt Chase
 Thomas Hastings
 Hamilton Wright Mabie
 *Bronson Howard
 Brander Matthews
 Thomas Nelson Page
 Elihu Vedder
 George Edward Woodberry
 *William Vaughn Moody
 Kenyon Cox
 George Whitefield Chadwick
 Abbott Handerson Thayer
 John Muir
 Charles Francis Adams
 Henry Mills Alden
 George deForest Brush
 William Rutherford Mead
 John White Alexander
 Bliss Perry
 *Francis Davis Millet
 Abbott Lawrence Lowell
 James Whitcomb Riley
 Nicholas Murray Butler
 Paul Wayland Bartlett
 George Browne Post
 Owen Wister
 Herbert Adams
 Augustus Thomas
 Timothy Cole
 *Deceased

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1913

President: MR. HOWELLS. Chancellor: MR. SLOANE. Acting Chancellor: MR. SMITH.
 Permanent Secretary: MR. JOHNSON.
 Finance Committee: MESSRS. SLOANE, RHODES, and HASTINGS.



PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

AND OF THE

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

Number VII: 1914



NEW YORK



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THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

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Chancellor of the Academy, Presiding

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President of the Institute, Presiding

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PREFATORY NOTE

The regular sessions herein recorded were preceded by a banquet to the two organizations on the evening of November 13 in the Sculpture Hall of the Art Institute, the hosts of the occasion being these institutions: The City of Chicago, The Art Institute of Chicago, The Caxton Club, The Chicago Society of Arts, The Chicago Theatre Society, The Cliff Dwellers, The Friends of American Art, The Illinois Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, Lake Forest College, The Literary Club, The Little Room, The Musical Art Society, The Northwestern University, The Orchestral Association, The Press Club, The University of Chicago and The Writers' Guild.

The Chairman was Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor and the toastmaster Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson. The Mayor of Chicago, being absent from the city, was represented by the Hon. William H. Sexton, Corporation Counsel. Other speakers were Hon. Walter L. Fisher, the Chancellor of the Academy, the President of the Institute, Mr. Lorado Taft, and Mr. Hamlin Garland.

Among the other hospitalities to the visiting members were a luncheon by The Cliff Dwellers on the 14th, followed by the concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and a reception at the Art Institute, and in the evening Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor was the host of the National Institute at the Chicago Club at its annual dinner and meeting.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
American Academy of Arts and Letters
AND OF THE
National Institute of Arts and Letters

Published at intervals by the Societies

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VOL. II.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1914

No. 1

THE ACADEMY AND THE INSTITUTE

Public Meetings held at The Art Institute, Chicago
November 14-15, 1913



WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE, Chancellor of the Academy
and BRANDER MATTHEWS, President of the Institute, Presiding

REMARKS OF MR. SLOANE

AT THE BANQUET, NOVEMBER 13

In response to a toast to the Academy, the Chancellor of that body, Mr. William M. Sloane, said, in part:

MR. PRESIDENT: The Academy and the Institute are not self-appointed, but came into existence through a selection and a mandate of an old, a numerous, and a highly respected association. We arrogate no superiority beyond what our membership and activities may secure for us in the effort to maintain high standards in literature and the fine arts. We deprecate all comparisons with foreign bodies of similar name, because we are essentially American in temper and aspiration, and are hampered in our work by misleading

parallels. We aim at an eventual activity so far impossible on account of poverty, every penny expended for publication and the dissemination of our views having, throughout a fairly long history, come out of our own pockets. In the association in such a way of such a group of men, there is opportunity for immense usefulness, provided we be accepted for what we are—national not local, comprehensive and not specialized, laborious and not judicial, above all American, and though glad to take the best whenever found, not copying the style and ceremony of the past.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

President of the Academy

(Read at the Banquet)

NEW YORK, November 11, 1913.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY:

You know how very proud and glad I should be to share the welcome offered you of the Institute and Academy by the lovers of arts and letters in the most hospitable city of Chicago. I cannot go with you, not because Chicago is so far, but because I am. Chicago is very near, near every heart that loves great and generous things, and believes them more and more possible as time goes on, and the perplexed and anxious present becomes the secure and radiant future, when all

the poems and novels, the pictures and statues, shall be as good as those we should each like to create. When I tell over to myself the names of the Chicagoans who have done fine and beautiful things already in those kinds, I begin to envy the inspiration you will find among them. I hope you will bring something of it back to me, whom adverse conditions keep from going with you.

Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

R. U. JOHNSON, ESQ.,

Secretary of the Academy.

LETTER FROM WOODROW WILSON

President of the United States

(Read at the Opening of the First Session)

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON, November 5, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON:

I wish most sincerely that I were free to be present at the joint meeting of the Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, but I am held fast here by duties from which I cannot in conscience turn away, even for a little while.

I should like to be present to say how sincerely I believe in the usefulness of the two bodies joining in the meeting. It is of no small import to the country

that such influences for upholding ideal standards of creative art should be encouraged. The commerce and material development of the country are of deep consequence to it, but above all must rise the objects we have in view. If those objects are disinterested and touched with insight, our greatness will bear greater distinction and enjoy the greater spiritual soundness and health.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

MR. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON,

Permanent Secretary.

THE SONG OF SONGS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

*I heard a Spirit singing as, beyond the morning winging,
Its radiant form went swinging like a star:
In its song prophetic voices mixed their sounds with trumpet-noises,
As when, loud, a Land rejoices after war.
And it said:*

I.

Hear me!
Above the roar of cities,
The clamor and conflict of Trade,
The frenzy and fury of Commercialism,
Is heard my voice,
Chanting, intoning.
Down the long corridors of Time it comes,
Bearing my message, bidding the soul of man arise
To the realization of his dream.
Now and then discords seem to intrude,
Tones that are false and feeble—
Beginnings of the perfect chord
From which is evolved the unattainable, the ideal whole.
Hear me!
Ever and ever, above the tumult of the years,
The blatant cacophonies of war,
The wranglings of politics,
Arch-demons of unrest,
My song persists, addressing the soul
With the urge of an astral something,
Supernal, elemental, Promethean,
Instinct with an everlasting fire.

II.

Hear me!
I am the expression of the subconscious,
The utterance of intellect,
The voice of mind
That stands for civilization.
Out of my singing sprang, Minerva-like,
Full-armed and fearless,
Liberty,
Conqueror of tyrants, who feed on the strength of Nations.
Out of my chanting arose,
As Aphrodite arose from the foam of the ocean,
The Dream of Spiritual Desire,
Mother of Knowledge,

Victor o'er Hate and Derision,
 Ancient and elemental Daemons,
Who, with Ignorance and Evil, their consorts,
 Have ruled for eons of years.

III.

Hear me!
 Should my chanting cease,
 My music utterly fail you,
 Behold!
 Out of the hoary Past, most swiftly, surely,
 Would gather the Evils of Earth,
 The Hydras and harpies, forgotten,
 And buried in darkness:
 Amorphous of form,
 Tyrannies and Superstitions,
 Torturing body and soul:
 And with them,
 Gargoyls of dreams that groaned in the Middle Ages—
 Aspects of darkness and death and hollow idols,
 Cruel, inhuman,
 Wearing the faces and forms of all the wrongs of the world.
 Barbarian hordes whose shapes make hideous
 The cycles of error and crime:
 Grendels of darkness,
 Devouring the manhood of Nations;
 Demogorgons
 Of War and Misrule, blackening the Earth with blood.
 Hear me!
 Out of my song have grown
 Beauty and joy,
 And with them the triumph of Reason,
 The confirmation of Hope,
 Of Faith and Endeavor:
 The Dream that 's immortal,
 To whose creation Thought gives concrete form,
 And of which Vision makes permanent substance.

IV.

Fragmentary, out of the Past,
 Down the long aisles of the Centuries,
 Uneasy at first and uncertain,
 Hesitant and harsh of expression,
 My song was heard,
 Stammering, appealing,
 A murmur merely:
Then, coherent, singing itself into form,
 Assertive, ecstatic,
 Louder and lovelier, more insistent,
Sonorous, proclaiming;
 Clearer and surer and stronger,

Attaining the desired expression, evermore truer and truer :
 Masterful, mighty at last,
 Committed to conquest, and with beauty coeval,
 Part of the wonder of life,
 The triumph of light over darkness :
 Taking the form of Art,
 Art, that is voice and vision of the soul of man.
 Hear me !
 Confident ever,
 One with the beauty my song shall evolve,
 My voice is become as an army with banners,
 Marching irresistibly forward,
 With the roll of the drums of attainment,
 The blare of the bugles of fame,
 Tramping, tramping, evermore advancing,
 Till the last redoubt of prejudice is overcome,
 And the Eagles and Fasces of learning
 Make glorious the van o' the world.

V.

They who are deaf to my singing,
 Who disregard me,
 Let them beware lest the splendor escape them,
 The splendor of light that is back o' the blackness of life,
 And with it,
 The blindness of spirit o'erwhelm them.
 They who reject me
 Reject the gleam that goes to the making of Beauty ;
 And put away
 The loftier impulses of heart and of brain.
 They shall not possess the dream of ultimate things,
 That is part of the soul that aspires,
 That sits with the spirit of Thought,
 The radiant spirit who weaves,
 Directed of Destiny,
 At its infinite pattern of stars.
 They shall not know the exaltations that make
 Endurable here upon Earth,
 The ponderable veil of the flesh.

VI.

Hear me !
 I control, and direct ;
 I wound and heal ; elevate and subdue
 The vaulting energies of man.
 I am part of the cosmic strain o' the universe :
 I captain the thoughts that grow into deeds,
 Material and spiritual facts,
 Pointing the world to greater and higher things.
 Hear me !
 My dædal expression peoples the past and the present

With forms that symbolize Beauty:
The Beauty expressing itself now—as Poetry,
And now—as Philosophy;
As Truth and Religion now—
And now—
As Science and Law, vaunt-couriers of Civilization.

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE ON MODERN ART

BY THOMAS HASTINGS

In my address before the meeting of the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, held at Washington in December, 1909, I endeavored to show why the architectural styles of past ages do not stand in any intellectual relation to our age, and how these styles, in their growth, have always been governed by the universal law of development, an evolution which has manifested itself in the architects' designs under the imperatives of new practical problems. I contended that in the nineteenth century, for the first time in the history of civilization the architect made the vital error of endeavoring to adapt the style or language of other periods to the solution of modern problems; I pleaded for modernity and for historic continuity, with the hope that we should some day have an art expressive of our own age.

We are here today representing literature and the arts, in friendly intercourse; therefore, speaking frankly and without fear of being misunderstood, I do not hesitate to say that I attribute a great deal of this modern confusion, or this want of modernity, to the influence of modern literature upon art.

The modern improvements in the printing-press, facilitating the publishing of books to distribute broadcast among the people of all classes, have revolutionized the intellectual world far more than its original conception, or perhaps even more than all the combined inventions, discoveries, and reforms that took place at the dawn of the Renaissance. This fact has produced a great volume of criticism which, because of the facility of publication, is largely irresponsible and unintelligent.

Alas! as long as this condition exists, I fear that the artist must be resigned to meet this kind of hostile criticism in the same spirit in which he encounters and finds a way to surmount other difficulties in his work, for it is only another condition in modern life, a moral situation which must have its influence upon architectural style, in its development, as truly as does the introduction of steel in building-construction, or any other modern physical innovation imposed upon the architect in his every-day practice.

It is unfortunate that the word "criticism" so frequently suggests hostility, especially as the best criticism is constructive rather than destructive.

How strange it is that there are so many men in modern times who will take advantage of this medium without considering the sensibilities of an artist, and say things to the whole world about him and his work which they would not have the courage to say to his face!

Friendly criticism and the informal discussion of art is usually stimulating and uplifting, and has always obtained, but not until modern times has criticism been put into print to impress itself in so lasting a way,—and as though with authority,—upon so vast a number of people.

Would that we might have less literature in art, and more art in our literature; perhaps also the artist might exchange some of his story-telling and pedantic thought of the subject-matter for better composition, and the writer find more study of the art of expression in literature; fewer pictures that only tell stories, and stories that have no pictorial side.

Words may have color as full and

luminous as may be found in any school of painting, and form as subtle and radiant as may be revealed in the art of the sculptor or architect, and music as beautiful and melodious as a song,—there are symphonies of words in prose as well as in poetry; indeed the art of literature, or language well expressed, may be claimed to be the mother of all the arts.

The extremist reaction from adaptation and from the modern archaeological tendency in art, brought about, I believe, by literary criticism, has driven us into what we call realism, which is art with the art of design omitted. We are sadly in need of more invention, or idealism, and serious study, and less realism and so-called impressionism, more especially in painting and sculpture.

The painter or sculptor may with untiring practice arrive at great dexterity and agility of expression, without much thought of design, reproducing in color or form only what he sees; such men may be painters and sculptors, but they are not artists, for we have a right to expect of them as much thought and design in their work as in the work of the architect, or the musician, to whom Nature can give no direct suggestion, but who can only imbibe constant help from the general principle suggested by the laws of the Universe. The so-called "Art Nouveau" of today is probably the expression of modern realism in its influence upon architecture, while it seems to me, under the same influence, much of our modern music, which many pretend to enjoy without even understanding, has become more or less mere jargon or sound without either harmony or melody.

With all the ingenuity and brilliant mechanism of the modern stage, I believe that the mere reproduction of scenes that we encounter in every-day life is not the real art of the drama, and I, for one, long for more of the application to modern life of the ancient

traditions expressed in dramatic eloquence, declamation, and oratory.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, the over-production of literary criticism has unquestionably awakened the public interest and stimulated enthusiasm in this age. It has shaken us out of the dry and uninteresting period of a generation or two ago, but it might be interesting to question whether the public interest has not run riot; whether we might not find in Art as in Government that, if, solely in the interest of a selfish demagogue whose one thought is to obtain votes, an entire people is to be consulted in the affairs of the nation, by means of universal suffrage, and all the safeguards of the Constitution, created to protect the unintelligent majority are to be removed, it may be only a question of time until representation will be what it represents, ignorance and confusion.

It may be that this enlivened interest in art, and consequent independent judgment without respect for authority, has evolved a revolution, and divorced us from the traditions of our forefathers. In matters of art as in politics, there is too much talk to the people about the people and their interests. Should not the majority always be led by the minority? The people want and should have what is best for them, and perhaps this can only be administered by the intelligent minority without too much interference.

Let us consider the fallacy of some of our recent literary criticism. One of the most striking instances, misleading even the most intelligent layman, is the oft-expressed opinion in our schools of learning as well as in our books, to the effect that the Roman architects were mere copyists of the Greeks, mere engineers or constructors, and not artists. No practicing architect or man who has been apprenticed in the art can help but feel the deepest debt of gratitude to the Roman architects. They were in no sense of the word copyists, they were perhaps

the most original and creative artists that the world has ever known. Greek architecture in all its perfection was slowly evolved, one generation after another had similar problems to solve, such as the Choragic Monument or the Temple, until, for example, they arrived at such perfection in monumental building as the Parthenon.

Rome was the birthplace of modern architecture, and it was in Rome that the individual began to think for himself more than ever before. He was obliged to solve in his time the modern living-problems which until then had never been presented, and which were similar to ours of today and almost as varied,—triumphal arches, colonnades, great amphitheatres, monumental baths and bridges, intricate floor-planning, and the beautiful and general application of the use of the arch and the dome in construction. All of these were the expression of the life of the people in a reconstructed government, and in the quick upbuilding of a great city. In the last four hundred years the beginning of the working architect's education has always been in the study of the Roman orders and not the Greek. The Renaissance was, and should still be, built upon the traditions of Rome and not upon those of Greece. The adaptation of Greek art to modern life has resulted in a neo-Greek modern art, cold and lifeless, not to be commended.

Let us consider another illustration. Books have been written in raptural eloquence of the poetry and beauty of Gothic architecture, and men of real literary genius have decried the very birth of the Renaissance, and have wished that it had never happened. In the so-called Victorian age, writers about art have tried to persuade us that all architecture since the fifteenth or sixteenth century has been a failure. They would have us believe that all the great artists of the past four hundred years have been misled. While we share their admiration of the Gothic, we see no reason for a mediæval re-

vival. One might continue to illustrate the fallacy of much of the literary criticism of the day that has been promulgated through the medium of the modern press to bring about chaos in modern thought.

Men who have learned about art only in a literary way write hostile criticism about it, creating unreasonable prejudices even against some of the greatest artistic works. Men have always freely expressed their opinions about art, and always should do so, but the printing-press has not always existed for the widespread promulgation of such criticism. Until modern times writers on art usually have been familiar with working methods,—they have been apprenticed in the art itself,—like Vitruvius, Vasari, Vignola, and Alberti.

Let the literary man criticize literature if he must. Let Aristophanes criticize and ridicule the plans of Euripides in his Comedy of the Frogs; or Aristotle write his Poetics and Rhetoric; let live the school of critic-grammarians, and Lucian, and Longinus, the splendor of whose style lifts him to the highest rank among literary critics. Let Servius commentate upon Virgil; who would not humble himself at the thought of Dante and Boccaccio, in their relation to the art of their time, or revel in the keen philosophical criticism of Samuel Johnson. Let the modern literary critic tell writers how to write, but not tell architects how to plan, or painters how to paint, nor endeavor to instruct sculptors and musicians in the methods of their work.

In matters of art the literary critic is a layman and may know what he likes, but he should not, in his wisdom or ignorance, whichever the case may be, endeavor to instruct others as to what they should like.

One of the greatest modern critics, Sainte-Beuve, has given us the true principles which should obtain in this relation. He said: "The *Revue des Deux Mondes* mixes a good deal of its

wishes and its hopes with its criticisms; and its endeavor is to explain and to stimulate rather than to judge. I hold very little to literary opinions. What does occupy me seriously is life itself and the object of it. I am accustomed to call my judgments in question anew, and to recast my opinions the moment I suspect them to be without validity. What I have wished is to say not a word more than I thought; to stop even a little short of what I believed in certain cases, in order that my words might acquire more weight as historical testimony." This is high authority.

These strong words have a lesson for our time. I am convinced that the modern confusion in architectural styles comes from the endless diversity of opinions which are too hastily put into print. Perhaps the confusion in building has come from a confusion of tongues. It is a modern Tower of Babel that confronts us. Those who would write about architecture should first be familiar with the working methods of the art. Only so can they become an integral part of the life and growth of true art, and only so can they be qualified to write that which the time needs to read.

No artist would deny the well-informed literary critic the right of speaking or writing about art in all its phases, if his aim be to stimulate and encourage. We may look to him for the history of art, and of its influence upon the human race. We should be the last to deny ourselves the pleasure of enjoying and benefiting by much good literary work which may be done in this way. We should, in fact, insist upon its being every man's duty to express freely the impressions that different works of art make upon himself. This would be helpful in promoting a more general interest in art; but only the artist can so know the principles and working methods of his art as to be qualified to write that which will help progress.

Where is the literary man who would write about disease without knowing

pathology or having a hospital experience? Why, then, should not men who would write critically about architecture learn the structural principles of the art?

The man who does the most good is the man who can teach the public to appreciate what is generally conceded to be good, rather than the man who would make bad things more conspicuous by calling attention to them. The literary critic sees and understands the subject-matter, the story told; the artist, the way in which it is told. And this is art.

Too often we are misled by a lack of thought under a flow of words generally concealed by pompous generalization. It has been said that the proper aim of criticism is to see the object as in itself it really is, but I contend that this object can be seen only by the man who has been apprenticed. Voltaire says that false critics have built domes of glass between the heavens and themselves, domes which genius has to shatter in pieces before it can make itself comprehended.

Poor John Vanbrugh, one of England's greatest architects, whose charming floor-plan of Blenheim Palace will be admired for all time to come, notwithstanding elevations inexplicably unworthy of so great an artist, how was he written about by no less a man than Pope! The poet little thought that he was building a lasting monument to his own want of appreciation of anything good in architecture when he wrote of Vanbrugh's work:

"Lo! what huge heaps of littleness around.
The whole a labored quarry above ground."

What a total insensibility to good composition, perhaps the very best that was being done in England at that time!

I have always had a feeling of admiration for Sir Joshua Reynolds' appreciation of an architect's work in that he came to the rescue of Vanbrugh and expressed his admiration of the Blen-

heim plan in opposition to so strong a criticism.

Let us more and more realize that the true way for a man to educate the public judgment is to teach it how to discriminate for itself. The surprising thing to me is that so many honest men have done so much harm inadvertently, and I look forward to the day when the artists will come forth, though with

perhaps feeble literary ability, to respond to such opportunities as are offered them to speak for themselves and for their fellow-artists, if only to add something of what they have learned from their working experience to counteract the ill effects of illegitimate fault-finding, and to complement much of the refining and uplifting influence of true literary criticism.

“THE ILLUSION OF THE FIRST TIME” IN DRAMA

BY WILLIAM GILLETTE

I am to talk a brief paper this morning on a phase of what is called Drama, by which is meant a certain well-known variety of stage performance usually but not necessarily taking place in a theatre or some such public building, or even transplanted out into the grass, as it occasionally is in these degenerate days.

If you care at all to know how I feel about having to talk on this subject—which I do not suppose you do—but I'll tell you anyway—I am not as highly elated at the prospect as you might imagine. Were I about to deliver a Monograph on Medicine or Valuable Observations on Settlement Work and that sort of thing—or even if I had been so particularly fortunate as to discover the Bacillus of Poetry and could now report progress toward the concoction of a serum that would exterminate the disease without killing the poet—that is, without quite killing him, I could feel that I was doing some good. But I can't do any good to Drama. Nobody can. Nothing that is said or written or otherwise promulgated on the subject will affect it in the slightest degree. And the reason for this rather discouraging view of the matter is, I am sorry to say, the very simplest in the world as well as the most unassailable, and that is, the Record.

And what is meant by a “Record” is, roughly speaking, a History of Behavior along a certain line—a history of what has been done—of what has taken place, happened, occurred—of what effect has been produced, in the particular direction under consideration. We might say that Records are past performances or conditions along a specified line.

And upon these Records or Histories of Behavior, Occurrences, or Condi-

tions, depend all that we know or may ever hope to know; for even Experiment and Research are but endeavors to produce or discover Records that have been hidden from our eyes. To know anything—to have any opinion or estimate or knowledge or wisdom worth having, we must take account of Past Performances, or be aware of the results of their consideration by others—perhaps more expert than we. Yet, notwithstanding this perfectly elementary fact of existence, there is a group or class of these Records, many of them relating to matters of the utmost interest and importance, the consideration of which would at least keep people from being so shamelessly duped and fooled as they frequently are, to which no one appears to pay the slightest attention.

This class or group of forgotten or ignored Items of Behavior I have ventured, for my own amusement, to call the Dead Records,—meaning thereby that they are *dead to us*—dead so far as having the slightest effect upon human judgment or knowledge or wisdom is concerned, buried out of sight by our carelessness and neglect. And in this interesting but unfortunate group, and evidently gone to its last long rest, reposes the Record of the Effect upon Drama of what has been said and written about it by scholars and thinkers and critics. And if this Record could be roused to life—that is, to consideration but for a moment, it would demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that Drama is perfectly immune from the manœuvres of any germ that may lurk in what people who are supposed to be “Intellectual” may say or write or otherwise put forth regarding it.

The unending torrent of variegated

criticism, condemnation, advice, contempt,—the floods of space-writing, prophesying, high-brow and low-brow dinner-table and midnight-supper anathematizing that has cascaded down upon Drama for centuries has never failed to roll lightly off like water from the celebrated back of a duck—not even moistening a feather.

From all of which you will be able to infer without difficulty that it is perfectly hopeless for me to try to do any good to Drama. And I can't do it any harm either. Even that would be something. In fact nothing at all can be done to it. And as I am cut off in that direction there seems to be nothing left but to try if, by describing a rather extraordinary and harassing phase of the subject involving certain conditions and requirements from a Workshop point of view, it is possible so to irritate or annoy those who sit helpless before me, that I can feel something has been accomplished, even if not precisely what one might wish.

It must be a splendid thing to be able to begin right—to take hold of and wrestle with one's work in life from a firm and reliable standing-ground, and to obtain a comprehensive view of the various recognized divisions, forms, and limitations of that work, so that one may choose with intelligence the most advantageous direction in which to apply his efforts. The followers of other occupations, arts, and professions appear to have these advantages to a greater or less degree, while we who struggle to bring forth attractive material for the theatre are without them altogether; and not only without them, but the jumble and confusion in which we find ourselves is infinitely increased by the inane, contradictory, and ridiculous things that are written and printed on the subject. Even ordinary names which might be supposed to define the common varieties of stage work are in a perfectly hopeless muddle. No one that I have ever met

or heard of has appeared to know what Melodrama really is; we know very well that it is *not* Drama-with-Music as the word implies. I have asked people who were supposed to have quite powerful intellects (of course the cheap ones can tell you all about it—just as the silliest and most feeble-minded are those who instantly inform you regarding the vast mysteries of the universe)—I say I have made inquiries regarding Melodrama of really intellectual people, and none of them have appeared to be certain. Then there's plain Drama—without the Melo, a very loose word applied to any sort of performance your fancy dictates. And Comedy—some people tell you it's a funny, amusing, laughable affair, and the Dictionaries bear them out in this; while others insist that it is any sort of a play, serious or otherwise, which is not Tragedy or Farce. And there's Farce, which derives itself from force—to stuff,—because it was originally an affair stuffed full of grotesque antics and absurdities;—yet we who have occasion to appear in Farce at the present day very well know that unless it is not only written but performed with the utmost fidelity to life it is a dead and useless thing. In fact it must not by any chance *be* Farce! And there is the good old word Play that covers any and every kind of Theatrical Exhibition and a great many other things besides. Therefore, in what appears—at least to us—to be this hopeless confusion, we in the workshops find it necessary to make a classification of Stage Work for our own use. I am not advising anyone else to make it, but am confessing, and with considerable trepidation—for these things are supposed to be sacred from human touch—that *we* do it. Merely to hint to a real Student of the Drama that such a liberty has been taken would be like shaking a red bull before a rag. Sacrilege is the name of this crime.

More or less unconsciously, the... and without giving any names or definitions

(I am doing that for you this morning), we who labor in the shops divide Stage Performances in which people endeavor to represent others than themselves for the amusement and edification of spectators, into two sections:

1. Drama.
2. Other Things.

That's all. Its so simple that I suppose you'll be annoyed with me for talking about it. Drama—in the dictionary which we make for ourselves, is that form of Play or Stage Representation which expresses what it has to express in Terms of Human Life. Other Things are those which do not. Without doubt those Other Things may be classified in all sorts of interesting and amusing ways, but that is not our department. What we must do is to extricate Drama from among them;—and not only that, but we must carefully clear off and brush away any shreds or patches of them that may cling to it. We do not do this because we want to, but because we have to.

For us, then, Drama is composed of—or its object is attained by—simulated life episodes and complications, serious, tragic, humorous, as the case may be; by the interplay of simulated human passion and human character.

Other Things aim to edify, interest, amuse, thrill, delight, or whatever else they may aim to do, by the employment of language, of voice, of motion, of behavior, etc., as they would not be employed in the natural course of human existence. These unlife-like things, though they may be and frequently are, stretched upon a framework of Drama, are not Drama; for that framework so decorated and encumbered can never be brought to a semblance or a simulation of life.

Although I have stated, in order to shock no one's sensibilities, that this is our own private and personal classification of Stage Work, I want to whisper to you very confidentially that it doesn't happen to be original with

us; for the development and specialization of this great Life-Class, *Drama*—or whatever you may please to call it, has been slowly but surely brought about by that section of the Public which has long patronized the better class of theatres. It has had no theories—no philosophy—not even a realization of what it does, but has very well known what it *wants*—yet by its average and united choosing has the character of Stage Work been changed and shaped and moulded, ever developing and progressing by the survival of that which was fittest to survive in the curious world of Human Preference.

Be so good as to understand that I am not advocating this classification in the slightest degree, or recommending the use of any name for it. I am merely calling attention to the fact that this Grand Division of Stage Work is here—with us—at the present day; and not only here, but as a *class* of work—as a method or medium for the expressing of what we have to express—is in exceedingly good condition. After years and centuries of development, always in the direction of the humanities, it closely approximates a perfect instrument, capable of producing an unlimited range of effects, from the utterly trivial and inconsequent to the absolutely stupendous. These may be poetical with the deep and vital poetry of Life itself, rather than the pleasing arrangement of words, thoughts, and phrases; tragical with the quivering tragedy of humanity—not the mock tragedy of vocal heroics; comical with the absolute comedy of human nature and human character—not the forced antics of clowns or the supernatural witticisms of professional humorists.

The possibilities of the instrument as we have it to-day are infinite. But those who attempt to use it—the writers and makers and constructors of Drama, are, of course, very finite indeed. They must, as always, range from the multitudes of poor workers—of the cheap and shallow-minded, to the few who

are truly admirable. I have an impression that the conditions prevailing in other arts and professions are not entirely dissimilar. Some one has whispered that there are quite a few Paintings in existence which could hardly be said to have the highest character; a considerable quantity of third, fourth, and fifth rate Music—and some of no rate at all; and at least six hundred billion trashy, worthless, or even criminally objectionable, Novels. It would not greatly surprise me if we of the theatre—even in these days of splendid decadence—had a shade the best of it. But whether we have or have not, the explanation of whatever decline there may be in Dramatic Work is so perfectly simple that it should put to shame the vast army of writers who make their living by formulating indignant inquiries regarding it. For the highest authority in existence has stated in plain language that the true purpose of the Play is to hold the mirror up to Nature—meaning, of course, human nature; and this being done at the present day a child in a kindergarten could see why the reflections in that mirror are of the cheapest, meanest, most vulgar and revolting description. Imagine for one moment what would appear in a mirror that could truthfully reflect, upon being held up to the average Newspaper of to-day in the United States! But I admit that this is an extreme case.

And now I am going to ask you—(but it is one of those questions that orators use with no expectation of an answer)—I am going to inquire if anyone here or any where else goes so far as to imagine for an instant that a Drama—a Comedy—a Farce—a Melodrama—or, in one word, a Play, is the manuscript or printed book which is ordinarily handed about as such? And now I will answer myself—as I knew I should all the time. One probably does so imagine unless he has thought about it. Doubtless you all suppose that when a person hands you a

play to read he hands you that Play—to read. And I am here with the unpleasant task before me of trying to dislodge this perfectly innocent impression from your minds. The person does nothing of that description. In a fairly similar case he might say, “Here is the Music,” putting into your hands some sheets of paper covered with different kinds of dots and things strung along what appears to be a barbed-wire fence. It is hardly necessary to remind you that that is not the Music. If you are in very bad luck it may be a “Song” that is passed to you, and as you roll it up and put it in your hand-bag or your inside overcoat-pocket, do you really think that is the *Song* you have stuffed in there? If so, how cruel! But no! You are perfectly well aware that it is not the Song which you have in your hand-bag or music-roll, but merely the Directions for a Song. And that Song cannot, does not, and never will exist until the specific vibrations of the atmosphere indicated by those Directions actually take place, and only during the time in which they *are* taking place.

And quite similarly the Music which we imagined in your possession a moment ago was not Music at all, but merely a few sheets of paper on which were written or printed certain Directions for Music; and it will not be Music until those Directions are properly complied with.

And again quite similarly the Play which you were supposed to be holding in your hand is not a Play at all, but simply the written or printed Directions for bringing one into being; and that Play will exist only when these Directions for it are being followed out—and not then unless the producers are very careful about it.

Incredible as it may seem there are people in existence who imagine that they can *read* a Play. It would not surprise me a great deal to hear that there are some present with us this very morning who are in this pitiable condi-

tion. Let me relieve it without delay. The feat is impossible. No one on earth can read a Play. You may read the *Directions* for a Play and from these Directions imagine as best you can what the Play would be like; but you could no more read the *Play* than you could read a Fire or an Automobile Accident or a Base-Ball Game. The Play—if it is Drama—does not even *exist* until it appeals in the form of Simulated Life. Reading a list of the things to be said and done in order to make this appeal is not reading the appeal itself.

And now that all these matters have been amicably adjusted, and you have so quietly and peaceably given up whatever delusion you may have entertained as to being able to read a Play, I would like to have you proceed a step further in the direction indicated and suppose that a Fortunate Dramatic Author has entered into a contract with a Fortunate Producing Manager for the staging of his work. I refer to the Manager as fortunate because we will assume that the Dramatist's Work appears promising; and I use the same expression in regard to the Author, as it is taken for granted that the Manager with whom he has contracted is of the most desirable description—one of the essentials being that he is what is known as a Commercial Manager.

If you wish me to classify Managers for you,—or, indeed, whether you wish it or not,—I will cheerfully do so. There are precisely two kinds, Commercial Managers and Crazy Managers. The Commercial Managers have from fifty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year rent to pay for their theatres, and, strange as it may seem, their desire is to have the productions they make draw money enough to pay it, together with other large expenses necessary to the operation of a modern playhouse. If you read what is written you will find unending abuse and insult for these men. The followers of any other calling on the face of the earth may be and are commercial with im-

punity. Artists, Musicians, Opera Singers, Art Dealers, Publishers, Novelists, Dentists, Professors, Doctors, Lawyers, Newspaper and Magazine Men and all the rest—even Secretaries of State—are madly hunting for money. But *Managers*—Scandalous, Monstrous, and Infamous! And because of a sneaking desire which most of them nourish to produce plays that people will go to see, they are the lowest and most contemptible of all the brutes that live. I am making no reference to the managerial abilities of these men; in that they must vary as do those engaged in any other pursuit, from the multitudinous poor to the very few good. My allusion is solely to this everlasting din about their commercialism; and I pause long enough to propound the inquiry whether other things that proceed from intellects so painfully puerile should receive the slightest attention from sensible people.

Well, then, our Book of Directions is in the hands of one of these Wretches, and, thinking well of it, he is about to assemble the various elements necessary to bring the Drama for which it calls into existence. Being a Commercial Person of the basest description he greatly desires it to attract the paying public, *and for this reason* he must give it every possible advantage. In consultation with the Author, with his Stage-Manager and the heads of his Scenic, Electric, and Property Departments he proceeds to the work of complying with the requirements of the Book.

So far as painted, manufactured, and mechanical elements are concerned, there is comparatively little trouble. To keep these things precisely as much in the background as they would appear were a similar episode in actual life under observation—and *no more*—is the most pronounced difficulty. But when it comes to the Human Beings required to assume the Characters which the Directions indicate, and not only to assume them but to breathe

into them the Breath of Life—and not the *Breath* of Life alone but all other elements and details and items of Life so far as they can be simulated, many and serious discouragements arise.

For in these latter days Life-Elements are required. Not long ago they were not. In these latter days the merest slip from true Life-Simulation is the death or crippling of the Character involved, and it has thereafter to be dragged through the course of the play as a disabled or lifeless thing. Not all plays are sufficiently strong in themselves to carry on this sort of morgue or hospital service for any of their important rôles.

The perfectly obvious methods of Character Assassination such as the sing-song or “reading” intonation, the exaggerated and grotesque use of gesture and facial expression, the stilted and unnatural stride and strut, cause little difficulty. These, with many other inherited blessings from the “Palmy Days” when there was acting that really amounted to something, may easily be recognized and thrown out.

But the closeness to Life which now prevails has made audiences sensitive to thousands of minor things that would not formerly have affected them. To illustrate my meaning, I am going to speak of two classes of these defects. I always seem to have two classes of everything—but in this case it isn't so. There are plenty more where these came from. I select these two because they are good full ones, bubbling over with Dramatic Death and Destruction. One I shall call—to distinguish it, “The Neglect of the Illusion of the First Time”; the other, “The Disillusion of Doing it Correctly.” There is an interesting lot of them which might be assembled under the heading “The Illusion of Unconsciousness of What Could Not Be Known”—but there will not be time to talk about it. All these groups, however, are closely related, and the “First Time” one is fairly representative. And of

course I need not tell you that we have no names for these things—no groups—no classification; we merely fight them as a whole—as an army or mob of enemies that strives for the downfall of our Life-Simulation, with poisoned javelins. I have separated a couple of these poisons so that you may see how they work, and incidentally how great little things now are.

Unfortunately for an actor (to save time I mean all known sexes by that), unfortunately for an actor he knows or is supposed to know his part. He is fully aware—especially after several performances—of what he is going to say. The Character he is representing, however, does *not* know what he is going to say, but, if he is a human being, various thoughts occur to him one by one, and he puts such of those thoughts as he decides to, into such speech as he happens to be able to command at the time. Now it is a very difficult thing—and even now rather an uncommon thing—for an actor who knows exactly what he is going to say to behave exactly as though he didn't; to let his thoughts (apparently) occur to him as he goes along, even though they are there in his mind already; and (apparently) to search for and find the words by which to express those thoughts, even though these words are at his tongue's very end. That's the terrible thing—at his tongue's very end! Living and breathing creatures do not carry their words in that part of their systems; they have to find them and send them there—with more or less rapidity according to their facility in that respect—as occasion arises. And audiences of today, without knowing the nature of the fatal malady are fully conscious of the untimely demise of the Character when the actor portraying it apparently fails to do this.

In matters of speech, of pauses, of giving a Character who would think time to think; in behavior of eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, ears, hands, feet, etc., while he does think and while he selects

his words to express the thought—this ramifies into a thousand things to be considered in relation to the language or dialogue alone.

This menace of Death from "Neglect of the Illusion of the First Time" is not confined to matters and methods of speech and mentality, but extends to every part of the presentation, from the most climacteric and important action or emotion to the most insignificant item of behavior—a glance of the eye at some unexpected occurrence—the careless picking up of some small object which (supposedly) has not been seen or handled before. Take the simple matter of entering a room to which, according to the plot or story, the Character coming in is supposed to be a stranger: unless there is vigilance the actor will waft himself blithely across the threshold, conveying the impression that he has at least been born in the house—finding it quite unnecessary to look where he is going and not in the least worth while to watch out for thoughtless pieces of furniture that may, in their ignorance of his approach, have established themselves in his path. And the different scenes with the different people; and the behavior resulting from *their* behavior; and the love-scenes as they are called—these have a little tragedy all their own for the performers involved; for, if an actor plays his part in one of these with the gentle awkwardness and natural embarrassment of one in love for the first time—as the plot supposes him to be—he will have the delight of reading the most withering and caustic ridicule of himself in the next day's papers, indicating in no polite terms that he is an awkward amateur who does not know his business, and that the country will be greatly relieved if he can see his way clear to quitting the stage at once; whereas if he behaves with the careless ease and grace and fluency of the Palmy Day Actor, softly breathing airy and poetic love-messages down the back of the lady's neck as he feelingly stands

behind her so that they can both face to the front at the same time, the audience will be perfectly certain that the young man has had at least fifty-seven varieties of love-affairs before and that the plot has been shamelessly lying about him.

The foregoing are a few only of the numberless parts or items in Drama-Presentation which must conform to the "Illusion of the First Time." But this is one of the rather unusual cases in which the sum of all the parts does *not* equal the whole. For although every single item from the most important to the least important be successfully safeguarded, there yet remains the Spirit of the Presentation as a whole. Each successive audience before which it is given must feel—not think or reason about it, but *feel*—that it is witnessing, not one of a thousand weary repetitions, but a Life Episode that is being lived just across the magic barrier of the footlights. That is to say, the Whole must have that indescribable Life-Spirit or Effect which produces the Illusion of Happening for the First Time. Worth his weight in something extremely valuable is the Stage-Director who can conjure up this rare and precious spirit!

The dangers to dramatic life and limb from "The Disillusion of Doing it Correctly" are scarcely less than those in the "First Time" class, but not so difficult to detect and eliminate. Speaking, breathing, walking, sitting, rising, standing, gesturing—in short behaving correctly, when the character under representation would not naturally or customarily do so, will either kill that character outright or make it very sick indeed. Drama can make its appeal only in the form of Simulated Life as it is Lived—not as various authorities on Grammar, Pronunciation, Etiquette, and Elocution happen to announce at that particular time that it ought to be lived.

But we find it well to go much further than the keeping of studied and unusual

correctness *out*, and to put common and to-be-expected errors *in*, when they may be employed appropriately and unobtrusively. To use every possible means and device for giving Drama that which makes it Drama—Life-Simulation—must be the aim of the modern Play-Constructor and Producer. And not alone ordinary errors but numberless individual habits, traits, peculiarities are of the utmost value for this purpose.

Among these elements of Life and Vitality but greatly surpassing all others in importance is the human characteristic or essential quality which passes under the execrated name of Personality. The very word must send an unpleasant shudder through this highly sensitive assembly; for it is supposed to be quite the proper and highly cultured thing to sneer at Personality as an altogether cheap affair and not worthy to be associated for a moment with what is highest in Dramatic Art. Nevertheless, cheap or otherwise, inartistic or otherwise, and whatever it really is or is not, it is the most singularly important factor for infusing the Life-Illusion into modern stage creations that is known to man. Indeed it is something a great deal more than important, for in these days of Drama's close approximation to Life, it is essential. As no human being exists without Personality of one sort or another, an actor who omits it in his impersonation of a human being omits one of the vital elements of existence.

In all the history of the stage no performer has yet been able to simulate or make use of a Personality not his own. Individual tricks, mannerisms, peculiarities of speech and action may be easily accomplished. They are the capital and stock in trade of the “Character Comedian” and the “Lightning-Change Artist,” and have nothing whatever to do with Personality.

The actors of recent times who have been universally acknowledged to be great have invariably been so because

of their successful use of their own strong and compelling Personalities in the rôles which they made famous. And when they undertook parts, as they occasionally did, unsuited to their Personalities, they were great no longer and frequently quite the reverse. The elder Salvini's “Othello” towered so far above all other renditions of the character known to modern times that they were lost to sight below it. His “Gladiator” was superb. His “Hamlet” was an unfortunate occurrence. His personality was marvelous for “Othello” and the “Gladiator,” but unsuited to the Dane. Mr. Booth's personality brought him almost adoration in his “Hamlet”—selections from it served him well in “Iago,” “Richelieu,” and one or two other rôles, but for “Othello” it was not all that could be desired. And Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and Modjeska, Janauschek and Joseph Jefferson and Mary Anderson, each and every one of them with marvelous skill transferred their Personalities to the appropriate rôles. Even now—once in a while—one may see “Rip Van Winkle” excellently well played, but without Mr. Jefferson's Personality. There it is in simple arithmetic for you—a case of mere subtraction.

As indicated a moment ago I am only too well aware that the foregoing view of the matter is sadly at variance with what we are told is the Highest Form of the Actor's Art. According to the deep thinkers and writers on matters of the theatre, the really great actor is not one who represents with marvelous power and truth to life the characters within the limited scope of his Personality, but the performer who is able to assume an unlimited number of totally divergent rôles. It is not the thing at all to consider a single magnificent performance such as Salvini's “Othello,” but to discover the Highest Art we must inquire how many kinds of things the man can do. This, you will observe, brings it down to a question of pure stage gymnastics. Watch the actor who

can balance the largest number of rôles in the air without allowing any of them to spill over. Doubtless an interesting exhibition if you are looking for that form of sport. In another art it would be: "Do not consider this man's paintings, even though masterpieces, for he

is only a Landscape Artist. Find the chap who can paint **forty different kinds.**" I have an idea the Theatre-going Public is to be congratulated that none of the great Stage Performers, at any rate of modern times, has entered for any such competition.

OPERA IN ENGLISH IN ITS BEARING ON THE AMERICAN COMPOSER AND MUSIC IN AMERICA

BY REGINALD DEKOVEN

It can hardly be denied that the prevailing tendencies of modern creative musical expression are definitely empiric; cacophony, clamor, and complexity, the triple octave of modernity, are the distinguishing signs today of our musical progress or retrogression—according to the varying standpoint of the onlooker or commentator. The great musicians of the time, the men of genius with a real message, seem inclined to exalt a formula of expression at the expense of artistic sincerity, imagination, and inspiration; while the lesser talents, the imitators, the camp-followers of any army on the march forward, having absorbed or appropriated some formula not their own, and distorted and exaggerated it in a painful endeavor for some new thing, force their eccentric lucubrations on a long-suffering public with the smug assurance that they have contributed something to musical literature.

If the capacity among composers for writing absolute or pure music along traditional and accepted lines has not entirely lapsed, the desire for so doing has certainly disappeared, and opera, or one of its kindred and allied forms of musico-dramatic expression, has become the goal and Mecca of the majority of the workers in the field of creative music, as affording them the greatest latitude and opportunity, the widest publicity, and the surest attention, for the promulgation of whatever theories, vagaries, or idiosyncrasies the modern decadent desire for the novel and the eccentric may impel them to.

Whether Strauss or Debussy should be the High Priest and King of this now most popular form of musical Art; whether the stentorian and aggressive

intensity of the one or the elusive, colorful, mystic formlessness of the other should most be emulated; whether the voice or the orchestra should rule and dominate the operatic realm; or whether music-drama, melodrama, or the more conventional and accepted operatic formulæ are most desirable in this class of work, it is not my intention to discuss in this paper. The question, however, of the language in which opera—not opera in general, but our opera in America, in particular—should be sung, is, in my judgment, and in its bearing on the future activities of the American composer, and the development of his creative ability, one of the most vital and important for, if not in, this country at the present time. Just how the giving of opera in the vernacular may affect music in America and the American composer, and more particularly from a National standpoint, it will, therefore, be my endeavor to point out.

Opera in the vernacular—opera sung in the English language—is no new thing in this country. More than a generation ago, when grand opera was a heavily subsidized luxury for the wealthy and cultured few, and the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was still a tentative and costly experiment, the so-called standard operas were being sung in English throughout the country by traveling operatic organizations, like those of Emma Abbott, the Boston Ideals, the Bostonians and others, generally adequately interpreted by competent artists, with a degree of popular interest and appreciation and consequent financial success, which made handsome fortunes for the projectors of

these enterprises. The artistic success achieved by the Thurber Opera Company—really the first to give opera in English on anything like a complete and Metropolitan scale—showed that the lack of permanence of this praiseworthy experiment was due to extravagant conditions of organization and to financial mismanagement, rather than because the public at large did not desire or care for opera in English. In later years, both Mr. Henry W. Savage and the Messrs. Aborn have given grand opera in English in more or less satisfactory artistic fashion throughout the country, and with generally uniform financial success.

In view of these facts, it is hard to see why we are not forced to admit that opera in English in this country has not been for some time a definite and accepted fact, rather than a questionable possibility. Within the last decade, however, the conditions of opera-giving have very much changed. After years of expensive struggle the Metropolitan Opera House grew by degrees out of a tentative experiment into a quasi-National institution, which centralized in itself, and practically entirely dominated and controlled operatic interests and activities in this country. From its success, and the enterprise and liberality of its directors and supporters, the present permanent opera companies in Boston and Chicago came into being, and opera, once a luxury of the few, has developed into a generally popular form of intellectual recreation, a necessity, almost, of the many. It is only within the last few years, when interest in opera as a form of entertainment has spread and increased to a notable extent, that individual writers and critics, and societies and organizations, like the National Federation of Musical Clubs, and the National Society for the Propagation of Opera in English, of which I have the honor to be president, have voiced a rapidly growing popular sentiment, desire, and opinion by asking the ques-

tion why opera in English should not be admitted to our great opera houses. The foreign influences which have controlled, and to a great and regrettable extent still control, these enterprises, were at first definitely inimical to including opera in the vernacular in their scheme of opera-giving. But popular opinion is mighty and will prevail; so that now opera in the vernacular, both original and in translations of standard works, has gained a permanent place in the regular repertoires and plans of our three leading operatic institutions.

This being so, it might seem superfluous to argue the question further pro or con, or to insist that we are the only musical people of the world—England as an essentially non-operatic country being excepted—who permit their opera to be sung to them otherwise than in the vernacular, or to demand that all their opera should be so sung. But the entering wedge for opera in English has only just been driven in, and there are still so many intelligent opera-lovers and musicians who declaim against and decry opera sung in English, that it may not be amiss briefly to indicate the points at issue, and, if possible, clinch the argument in favor of a proposition which has a definite and important bearing on the future development of music in America.

From a purely aesthetic standpoint, it must, I think, be admitted that the contention that opera should be sung in the language which originally inspired the music is a valid one. From the standpoint of practical possibilities, however, this contention can hardly be sustained; as otherwise the Russian opera "Pique Dame" would not be sung to us in Italian; we should not be obliged to hear the original Bohemian text of the "Bartered Bride" in a German translation; or have the original German idiom of "Kuhreigen" distorted into French. If the text of operas must, of necessity, be translated, why, in an English-speaking country, not translate them into Eng-

lish? Inconsistencies of this kind must surely invalidate the aesthetic plea for the original text so often urged against opera in the vernacular.

The principal arguments against opera in English, as I have heard them raised, would seem to be:

First. The unaccustomed sound of the language, making the sentiments expressed in song seem oftentimes strange, uncouth, and even ludicrous.

Second. The inferior and inartistic qualities of the translations of the texts in use.

Third. The limitations and difficulties of the English language as a language of Song.

Fourth. The lack of artists competent to sing in that language.

The first two of the above objections may readily be answered as one; for were we to have the proper artistic translations of foreign texts, now readily obtainable, both would disappear. It is certain, in answer to the third objection, that anyone who has heard Signor Bonci sing a song in English can no longer maintain that English as a singing language is either difficult or impractical; and it is equally certain, to reply to the last objection, that if the public should demand, as in time it surely will, that all opera be sung in the vernacular, singers a plenty to sing them can and will be found. As a practical musician, having sung myself in four languages, I maintain confidently that to an English-speaking person, English, always next to Italian the pure language of song, when properly studied, is the easiest language in which to sing. In this day and age of dramatic opera when intelligible dramatic diction has become a *sine qua non* for any kind of intelligent enjoyment, the hackneyed and lackadaisical argument that opera is always unintelligible, and that, therefore, the language in which it is sung matters not at all, seems too puerile to discuss.

The gist and inwardness of the whole question of opera in English for

American audiences, is, I think, summed up and set forth in a conversation I had a couple of years ago with Signor Gatti-Casazza, the Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, then newly arrived on these shores, in reference to his including opera in English in his regular operatic plans. Knowing that a large portion of his reputation as an impresario was due to his mounting of the Wagner operas at La Scala, I said to him: "May I ask, Mr. Gatti, when you gave your performances of Wagner in Milan, in what language these operas were sung?" He replied: "In Italian, of course." "May I ask further?" I continued, "had you given these operas with the original German text, what would have been the result?" He then replied: "Why, nobody would have come to see them;" thus proving conclusively that in Italy, at least, it is impossible from either an artistic or financial standpoint to give opera in any language other than the vernacular. But if the Italians insist imperatively that their opera shall be sung to them exclusively in their native tongue, thereby making of Opera an intelligible, and, therefore, more popular and generally interesting entertainment, making of it in fact a National institution, for the masses and not alone for the classes—all of which arguments for opera in the vernacular apply equally here—why should not we opera-lovers of America free ourselves from the chains and fetters imposed by foreign influences which bind and impede our National operatic development, and demand the same thing. We must, I believe, admit that opera in English is practical from the standpoint of language; desirable from its resultant intelligibility and consequent wider appeal to popular interest and sympathy; and, therefore, finally inevitable for us, as an English-speaking musical people. For, if to-day, opera, as it undoubtedly is, be the dominant, the most popularly appealing and most opportunistic musical form for the

expression of creative musical thought, it is also inevitable that the future activities of the American composer must be largely operatic to assure to himself artistic progress and development, and secure for his Art the needed wider National recognition, significance and importance. And to what language shall a composer write opera, if not his own?

I have so far employed the term "Opera in English," in referring to that language when used in connection with music in opera. But there is another term—"English Opera"—which has a far more pertinent and important significance in its bearing on the subject under discussion, as affecting the development of National musical art, both creative and interpretative. Opera in English and English Opera, though correlated terms, are, nevertheless, not sufficiently coincident to be employed interchangeably. Opera in English, as I take it, means the performance in the English language of the operas of the standard repertoire; while English Opera would mean the production of operas originally written to an English text by composers of whatever nationality. Bearing in mind the undoubted influence of a language on the conception and expression of a composer's thought, the consideration of English Opera opens up an entirely new range of artistic suggestion. However opinions may vary as to the desirability or suitability of Opera in English, there can be at the present time but one opinion as to the positive necessity of English Opera as the readiest means to our hand not only to stimulate and develop American musical art and the American composer, but also to encourage and increase that much needed National confidence in native musical possibilities which begets a National Art and the love and respect of a Nation for it.

As giving the American composer important and available opportunities for the display of his abilities to a still

somewhat incredulous public, the benefits of English Opera can hardly be doubted; while the case of Opera in English cannot be considered as conclusively proved until the popular demand for it in our great opera-houses has been registered, as it has hardly been hitherto, in unmistakable fashion. Indications at the present time definitely point to the fact that the operatic powers-that-be have realized that there is a genuine feeling abroad among the public, that the time has come for at least an experiment in English Opera-giving, and the repertoire of our principal opera-houses for 1913-14, as announced thus far, show that English Opera rather than Opera in English has been chosen to illustrate the experiment. I believe confidently that, were opera to be once generally sung in English, the appreciation for this form of Art and of music in general, by the public at large, would be notably increased. Such increased appreciation, would, I further believe, in its turn and by degrees, foster and develop that National interest in and feeling for music as an art, which we still lack, and which we instantly need in order that this art with us may assume in the minds of the people the position and National significance which it enjoys abroad, and to which it owes its influence and importance there.

Any development of a National School of Music in this country depends, therefore, to my thinking, entirely upon the stimulus to music in general, which Opera in English and English Opera would undoubtedly give.

My friend, the late Mr. McDowell, was always very impatient at being put forward as an American composer, and was wont to declare, with some heat, that he would rather not be heard at all than to be known simply as a composer whose works were exploited for purely National reasons. While one may understand and appreciate his reluctance to be judged as a composer

seeking for international reputation by merely local standards and because of local indulgence, I am inclined to think that his attitude in this matter was wrongly taken. The greatest music known to the world today is so strongly marked and influenced by distinctively National characteristics and feeling, that it may almost be set down as axiomatic that music to be great must, in a sense, be National; for the history of music shows that the best music—that music which has shown the greatest permanence—has been written by the composers of those countries where the greatest amount of National feeling prevails. Perhaps what music in America most needs today for its proper and progressive development, is a larger measure of national confidence in National ability in this particular field of Art. It is National pride as well as National feeling that begets and fosters a National Art.

Paris is now the great art-producing center that it is, because the French in all matters pertaining to Art are so intensely National. To a Frenchman, French Art is better and more perfect than any other Art; and in order that French Art should be encouraged and developed, Frenchmen are ready to incur even the charge of provincialism. It cannot be doubted that this National confidence in a National ability has everything to do with the productive vitality which is characteristic of French Art in all its branches to-day. It is also beyond question that the lack of that National confidence in National artistic capacity which distinguishes France, is the principal cause why we in America are, to a great extent, a Nation of adapters and imitators rather than originators and creators, artistically speaking; why, from a dramatic standpoint, our theatrical managers reproduce rather than produce; why, at any of our principal opera-houses an unknown German, Frenchman, or Italian has a better chance of having an unknown and untried work pro-

duced, than an American; why we have had, strictly speaking, hitherto no National drama, no National music, and far too little National pride or interest in National achievement in any branch of Art. Literature, on the other hand, has ever fared better. Is there any reason why, with the proper opportunity and the needed encouragement, which, as I contend, will best be secured by giving him the chance of being heard in opera, the time is not ripe for the American composer to take an equal place in popular affection and esteem with that occupied by the workers in literary fields?

It is, perhaps, not surprising, that up to now our musical productiveness has not been on a par with, or attained equal eminence or distinction with, our achievements in the other branches of Art and Literature. The hurry and bustle, the ceaseless activity and untiring energy of our busy life, have left to our people little time for meditation and the contemplation and cultivation of the higher emotions and faculties. Music is the natural expression, the wordless language of a part of our being which our daily business and commercial pursuits have not only not encouraged but, of necessity, impeded. I well remember on my first arrival in Chicago, more years ago than I care to think of, being told by a gentleman—a leader at the Bar—who represented at that time the literary culture of the City, that he considered that any man—with the accent on the MAN—who devoted any attention to music was little better than a fool! And Chicago was not alone in this point of view at that time; and I feel sure that the solid business man, even today, is still only too ready to look upon any worker in artistic fields from much the same standpoint; to measure his achievements by a purely financial standard, and regard his failure to obtain important financial returns for his work as conclusive evidence that Art as a profession is but a poor thing at best.

It is certainly true that in music, at least, and until very recently, our culture has been from the top down, rather than, as it should be, from the bottom up. The American composer, largely owing to the difficulties of obtaining anything like an adequate and comprehensive musical training in this country, has been, by education, association, environment, sympathy, and acquired tradition in thought and feeling, in method and practice, essentially foreign, rather than distinctively American.

We do not possess in this country the folk-music which makes the music of Spain and Italy, Russia and Sweden, Germany and the Czech countries so individual and so characteristic, wherewith a composer might start in to build up a National School of Music; for it is idle to allege, in spite of the efforts of Dr. Dvořák and others, that the folk-music—Indian, Negro, and Creole—which undoubtedly exists in this country is really valuable as a basic foundation for a School of Music which could be considered in any sense National.

The popular airs, or folk-music, of a Nation might well be called the almost unconscious soul-utterances of the people; their very existence in most instances is due to some National crisis, some wave of National feeling or emotion; at times they emerge from the fiery crucible of a Nation's anguish, and at other times the irresistible outburst of a Nation's joy gives them being. But, up to comparatively recent times, we have been a people rather than a Nation; and until we shall finally and once for all have done away with our hyphenated nationalities and consequently divided National feeling, we cannot expect to have an expression in music which shall be distinctly American, and readily recognizable as such. It was because of the divided National feeling which caused the Civil War, that the numerous melodies brought into being by the emotions of that

titanic struggle, which otherwise might well have ranked with many of the most characteristic folk-songs of Foreign Nations, obtained little or no permanence. The Spanish War which for the first time really bridged the bloody chasm between North and South and began to build up a feeling of united Nationality, marked, in my judgment, a definite period and milestone in our musical history and progress. Since that time music in this country has received an impetus and gained a development, not alone artistic, but popular, that it had never compassed before.

If folk-music be an inevitable necessity for the foundation of a National School of Music, we are but now beginning to be that Nation which could find a vent for its emotions or feelings in such a form. I am not one of those who decry or cavil at the enormous and heterogeneous output of so-called popular music—be it ragtime or what you will—which is characteristic of Music in America today. In bringing music as a fact and a pleasurable feature of daily life to people who had previously never considered or known it at all, this music has achieved a definite result and worked an enduring benefit. Because of it, and for the first time in our musical history, musical culture has been begun, as it should begin, from the bottom up; for publishers of popular music are responsible for the statement that the popular song has vastly improved in character and artistic quality during the past decade, and that a song of merit sufficient to obtain a vogue and widespread popularity five years ago is now no longer good enough to secure general popular sympathy and recognition. All this is certainly vastly encouraging, and tends to show that music is becoming that factor and interest in the daily life of the many, and not alone of the cultured few, which, when properly assimilated, will lead the public, as the result of an emotion, to express itself musically.

when occasion shall arise, in a manner, and with a voice that shall be recognizably American. So, it is possible that this popular music of the day, ephemeral though it be, may contain the germ of the folk-song, that unconscious utterance of the people referred to above, which some day will make American music as distinctively National as that of other nations. And, our composers of to-day would do well to heed these signs of the times.

The trend of all music at the present time is away from form, formalism, and pre-accepted theory. Greater latitude and unlimited freedom of expression is now the cry of the musician, who has by slow degrees been emancipated from the chains and shackles of tradition and convention which bound and fettered musical Art through long years of progressive development; and what the American composer now most needs, in order to secure the National confidence and pride in his abilities which will in time render a distinctively National School of Music a possibility, is to be heard. Opera in any one of its numerous forms or varieties—Grand, Lyric, Light or Comic—would seem to afford him the needed opportunity, and if he write opera at all, he must write English Opera; hence the vast importance of English Opera and Opera in English—the latter surely a preparation for the former—to the American composer as a formative influence towards an ultimate National expression, and as a means of inducing the public at large, to whom Opera every year more and more appeals, to support and recognize his abilities and assist in his development.

But, any argument in support of English Opera and Opera in English would be only half stated, any discussion on the bearing of Opera in the vernacular on music in America and the American composer, would be incomplete and half-hearted, without reference to the significance and importance of the undoubted influence of such

Opera upon the American singer and operatic artist. If a country the size of Italy can support, as it does today, more than sixty theatres and opera-houses where original Opera is produced, think of the possibilities of operatic production in a country of the size and wealth of America, when Opera through being sung in the vernacular, shall attain that measure of popular interest and appreciation which will render it an essential part of the intellectual and artistic life and enjoyment of the people here, as it is in Italy at the present time. Were such a condition of opera-giving ever to obtain in this country, as is by no means unlikely, we should have permanent opera-companies, not only in our three principal cities, but in a score; while the thousands of young American singers who are now barnstorming in opera in foreign countries, singing minor rôles at starvation salaries, would have the needed and much-to-be-desired opportunity of being heard and appreciated in the country where they belong, and from which this present lack of opportunity has, to a great extent, exiled them. There are to-day hundreds of thousands of young men and women studying singing in this country, waiting, hoping, and too often in vain, for the hardly-won chance to show their talents to the public, and thus justify the labor, time, and money they have spent in cultivating them. Now that it is possible, as never before, to obtain in this country a competent and thorough vocal training, there is all the more need for those who elect to gain an education here to be heard here, without being first compelled to go abroad, to obtain the reputation which now seems necessary to secure them even a hearing at home. The fact that the diction of so many of our native-born singers is faulty and imperfect in English has been due largely to the necessity of singing almost exclusively in foreign languages, consequent upon their having been trained abroad.

It is a great point in favor of the development of Opera in this country that this necessity no longer exists. In this connection, it is a little curious to note that the principal opponents of Opera in English at the Metropolitan Opera House have so far been the American-born and English-speaking members of that organization, who, because of their foreign training having never studied how to sing in their own language, and, moreover, being generally unintelligible in any language, have been seemingly disinclined to place their faulty and imperfect diction in bold relief by singing in English.

It is certain, and I cannot make the contention too emphatic, that any intelligent person, with proper study, can sing the English language intelligibly. The fact has been proven, and should, therefore, no longer be cited as a principal and prohibitive objection to the English language as a language of opera and song.

Critics have long denied the existence of conditions founded on arbitrary conventions, which, according to them, would render the existence of a National School of Music a possibility;

why, it is a little hard to see. In every other branch of Science, or Art, or Industry, we have, as a Nation, equaled, if not excelled, the achievements of older civilizations, and the very variety of the elements which are now forming the American Nation would argue in favor of the possibility of the ultimate establishment of a School of Music, which, by uniting the characteristics of many peoples, might well, in time, develop into something broader, stronger, fresher, and more spontaneous than anything the world has yet seen. As a people today we have an eminently original imaginative and constructive faculty, and when the rapid civilizing and developing processes which we are now undergoing shall have given us more leisure, and broadened our perception to the extent of enabling us to see in the cultivation of the Arts one of the noblest fields for the exercise of human energy, we may confidently expect to see the American composer take a place in the world of Music commensurate with the position to which workers in Literature and the other Arts, as well as in the Sciences, in this country have already attained.

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

It is not in the act of seeing things or apprehending facts that we differ so much from one another, as in the act of interpreting what we see or apprehend. Interpretation opens the door to the play of temperament and imagination, and to the bias of personality. A mind that has a lively fancy and a sense of mystery will interpret phenomena quite differently from a mind in which these things are absent. The poetic, the religious, the ethical mind, will never be satisfied with the interpretation of the physical universe given us by the scientific mind. To these mental types such an interpretation seems hard and barren; it leaves a large part of our human nature unsatisfied. If a man of science were to explain to a mother all the physical properties, functions, and powers of her baby, and all its natural history, would the mother see her baby in such a portraiture? Would he had told her why she loves it? Is it the province of literature and art to tell her why she loves it, and to make her love it more; of science to tell her how she came by it, and how to secure its physical well-being. Literature interprets life and nature in terms of our sentiments and emotions; science interprets them in terms of our understanding.

The habit of mind begotten by the contemplation of Nature, and by our emotional intercourse with her, is in many ways at enmity with the habit of mind begotten by the scientific study of nature. The former has given us literature, art, religion; out of the latter has come our material civilization. Out of it has also come our enlarged conception of the physical universe, and a true insight as to our relations with, albeit this gain seems to have been purchased, more or less, at the expense of that state of mind that in the past has given us the great poets and prophets and religious teachers and inspirers.

As I have said, the two types of mind, the scientific and the artistic, the analytic and the synthetic, look upon nature and life with quite different eyes. Wordsworth said of his poet that he was quite "contented to enjoy what others understood." When Whitman, as he records in one of his poems, fled from the lecture-hall where the "learned astronomer" was discoursing about the stars, and in silence gazed up at the sky gemmed with them, he showed clearly to which type he belonged. Tyndall said that men of warm feelings, with minds open to the elevating impressions produced by nature as a whole, whose satisfaction therefore is rather ethical than logical, lean to the synthetic side, while the analytic harmonizes best with the more precise and more mechanical bias which seeks the satisfaction of the understanding. Tyndall said of Goethe that while his discipline as a poet went well with his natural history studies, it hindered his approach to the physical and mechanical sciences. "He could not formulate distinct mechanical conceptions; he could not see the force of mechanical reasoning," as Tyndall himself could see it. Tyndall was a notable blending of the two types of mind; to his proficiency in analytical and experimental science he joined literary gifts of a high order. It is these gifts that made his work rank high in the literature of science.

Tyndall was wont to explain his mechanistic views of creation to Carlyle, whom he greatly revered. But Carlyle did not take kindly to them. This was one of the phases of physical science which repelled him. Carlyle revolted at the idea that the sun was the physical basis of life. He could not endure any teaching that savored of materialism. He would not think of the universe as a machine, but as an organism. Igdrysill, the Tree of Life, was his favorite image. Con-

sidering how the concrete forces of the universe circulate and pull together, he found no similitude so true as that of the tree. "Beautiful, altogether beautiful and great," said he. "The Machine of the universe—alas! do think of that in contrast!"

Carlyle was a poet and a prophet and saw the world through his moral and spiritual nature, and not through his logical faculties. He revolted at the conception of the mystery we name life being the outcome of physical and chemical forces alone.

Literature, art and religion are not only not fostered by the scientific spirit, but this spirit, it seems to me, is almost fatal to them, at least so far as it banishes mystery and illusion, and checks or inhibits our anthropomorphic tendencies. Literature and art have their genesis in love, joy, admiration, speculation, and not in the exact knowledge which is the foundation of science. Our creative faculties may profit by exact knowledge of material things, but they can hardly be inspired by it. Inspiration is from within, but scientific knowledge is from without.

There is no literature or art without love and contemplation. We can make literature out of science only when we descend upon it with love, or with some degree of emotional enjoyment. Natural history, geology, biology, astronomy, yield literary material only to the man of emotion and imagination. Into the material gathered from outward nature the creative artist puts himself, as the bee puts herself into the nectar she gathers from the flowers to make it into honey. Honey is the nectar plus the bee; and a poem, or other work of art, is fact and observation plus the man. In so far as scientific knowledge checks our tendency to humanize nature, and to infuse ourselves into it, and give to it the hues of our own spirits, it is the enemy of literature and art. In so far as it gives us a wider and truer conception of the material universe, which it certainly has done in every great

science, it ought to be their friend and benefactor. Our best growth is attained when we match knowledge with love, insight with reverence, understanding with sympathy and enjoyment; else the machine becomes more and more, and the man less and less.

Fear, superstition, misconception, have played a great part in the literature and religion of the past; they have given it reality, picturesqueness and power; it remains to be seen if love, knowledge, democracy and human brotherhood can do as well.

The literary treatment of scientific matter is naturally of much more interest to the general reader than to the man science. By literary treatment I do not mean taking liberties with facts, but treating them so as to give the reader a lively and imaginative realization of them—a sense of their æsthetic and intellectual values. The creative mind can quicken a dead fact and make it mean something in the emotional sphere.

When we humanize things, we are beyond the sphere of science and in the sphere of literature. We may still be dealing with truths, but not with facts. Tyndall, in his *Fragments*, very often rises from the sphere of science into that of literature. He does so, for instance, in considering the question of personal identity in relation to that of molecular change in the body. He asks:

How is the sense of personal identity maintained across this flight of the molecules that goes on incessantly in our bodies, so that while our physical being, after a certain number of years, is entirely renewed, our consciousness exhibits no solution of continuity? Like changing sentinels, the oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon that depart seem to whisper their secret to their comrades that arrive, and thus, while the Non-ego shifts, the Ego remains the same. Constancy of form in the grouping of the molecules, and not constancy of the molecules themselves, is the correlative of this constancy of perception. Life is a *wave* which in no two consecutive moments of existence is composed of the same particles.

Tyndall has here stated a scientific fact in the picturesque and poetic manner of literature. Henri Bergson

does this on nearly every page. When his subject-matter is scientific, his treatment of it is literary. Indeed, the secret of the charm and power of his "Creative Evolution" is the rare fusion and absorption of its scientific and philosophical material by the literary and artistic spirit.

How vividly present Huxley is in everything he writes or speaks, the man shining through his sentences as if the sword were to shine through its scabbard—a different type from Tyndall, more controversial. A lover of combat, he sniffs the battle afar; he is less poetical than Tyndall, less given to rhetoric, but more a part of what he says, and having a more absolutely transparent style. How he charged the foes of Darwin, and cleared the field of them in a hurry. His sentences went through their arguments as steel through lead.

As a sample of fine and eloquent literary statement I have always greatly admired that closing passage in his essay on "Science and Morals" in which he defends physical science against the attacks of Mr. Lilly, who, armed with the weapons of both theology and philosophy, denounced it as the evil genius of modern days:

If the diseases of society, says Huxley, consist in the weakness of its faith in the existence of the God of the theologians, in a future state, and in uncaused volitions, the indication, as the doctors say, is to suppress Theology and Philosophy, whose bickerings about things of which they know nothing have been the prime cause and continual sustenance of that evil scepticism which is the Nemesis of meddling with the unknowable.

Cinderella is modestly conscious of her ignorance of these high matters. She lights the fire, sweeps the house, and provides the dinner; and is rewarded by being told that she is a base creature, devoted to low and material interests. But in her garret she has fairy visions out of the ken of the pair of shrews who are quarreling down-stairs. She sees the order which pervades the seeming disorder of the world; the great drama of evolution, with its full share of pity and terror, but also with abundant goodness and beauty, unrolls itself before her eyes; and she learns in her heart of hearts the lesson, that the foundation of morality is to have done, once and for all, with lying; to give up pretending to believe that for which there is no evidence, and repeating unintelligible

propositions about things beyond the possibilities of knowledge.

She knows that the safety of morality lies neither in the adoption of this or that theological creed but in a real and living belief in that fixed order of nature which sends social disorganization upon the track of immorality as surely as it sends physical disease after physical trespasses. And of that firm and lively faith it is her high mission to be the priestess.

Herbert Spencer, so far as I have read him, never breathes the air of pure literature. "Life," says Spencer, "is a continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." In other words, without air, water and food our bodies would cease to function and life would end. Spencer's definition is of course true so far as it goes, but it is of no more interest than any other statement of mere fact. It is like opaque and inert matter. Tyndall's free characterization of life as a "wave which in no two consecutive moments of its existence is composed of the same particles" pleases much more, because the wave is a beautiful and suggestive object. The mind is at once started upon the inquiry, What is it that lifts the water up in the form of a wave and travels on, while the water stays behind? It is a force imparted by the wind, but where did the wind get it, and what is the force? The impulse we call life lifts the particles of the inorganic up into the organic, into the myriad forms of life—plant, tree, bird, animal—and, when it has run its course, lets them drop back again into their former inanimate condition.

Although Tyndall and Huxley possessed fine literary equipments, making them masters of the art of eloquent and effective statement, they were nevertheless on their guard against any anthropomorphic tendencies. They were not unaware of the emotion of the beautiful, the sublime, the mysterious, but as men of science they could interpret evolution only in terms of matter and energy. Most of their writings are good literature, not because the authors humanize the subject-matter and read themselves into nature's script,

but because they are masters of the art of expression, and give us a lively sense of the workings of their own minds.

Spencer was foreordained to the mechanistic view of life. His mind moves in the geometric plane. It is a military and engineering intellect applied to the problems of organic nature. How smoothly and orderly his intellect runs, with what force and precision, turning out its closely woven philosophical fabric as great looms turn out square miles of textiles, without a break or a flaw in the process. Never was a mind of such power so little inspired; never was an imagination of such compass so completely tamed and broken into the service of the reasoning intellect. There is no more aerial perspective in his pages than there is in a modern manufacturing plant, and no hint whatever of "the light that never was on sea or land." We feel the machine-like run of his sentences, each one coming round with the regularity and precision of the revolving arms of a patent harvester, making a clean sweep and a smooth cut; the homogeneous and the heterogeneous, the external and the internal, the inductive and the deductive processes, alternating in a sort of rhythmic beat like the throb of an engine. Spencer had a prodigious mind crammed with a prodigious number of facts, but a more juiceless, soulless system of philosophy has probably never emanated from the human intellect.

The tendency to get out of the sphere of science—the sphere of the verifiable—into the sphere of literature, or of theology, or of philosophy, is pronounced, even in many scientific minds. It is pronounced in Sir Oliver Lodge, as seen in his book, "Science and Immortality." It is very pronounced in Alfred Russell Wallace; in fact, in his later work his anthropomorphism is rampant. He has cut more fantastic tricks before the high heaven of science than any other man of our time of equal scientific attainments. What a contrast

to the sane, patient and truth-loving mind of Darwin! Yet Darwin, it seems to me, humanized his birds when he endowed the females with human femininity, attributing to them love of ornament and of fine plumage, and this making love of ornamentation the basis of his theory of sexual selection. It seems as though in that case he could not find the key to his problem, and so proceeded to make one—a trick to which we are all prone.

Since science dehumanizes nature, its progress as science is in proportion as it triumphs over the anthropomorphic character which our hopes, our fears, our partialities, in short, our innate humanism, has bestowed upon the outward world. Literature, on the other hand, reverses this process, and humanizes everything it looks upon; its products are the fruit of the human personality playing upon the things of life and nature, making everything redolent of human qualities, and speaking to the heart and to the imagination. Science divests nature of all human attributes and speaks to impersonal reason alone. For science to be anthropomorphic is to cease to be science; and for literature to be anything else is to fail as literature. Accordingly, the poet is poet by virtue of his power to make himself the center and focus of the things about him, but the scientific mind is such by virtue of its power to emancipate itself from human and personal consideration, and rest with the naked fact. There is no art without the play of personality, and there is no science till we have escaped from personality, and from all forms of the anthropomorphism that doth so easily beset us. It is not that science restricts the imagination; it is that it sterilizes nature, so to speak, reducing it to inorganic or non-human elements. This is why the world, as science sees it, is to so many minds a dead world.

When we find fault with science, and accuse it of leading us to a blank wall of material things, or of deadening our esthetic sensibilities, we are finding

fault with it because it looks upon the universe in the light of cold reason, and not through that of the emotions. But our physical well-being demands the dehumanization of the physical world, until we see our true relation to the forces amid which we live and move—our concrete bodily relations—we are like children playing with fire, or with edged tools, or with explosives. Man made no headway against disease, against plague and pestilence, till he outgrew his humanistic views, dissociated them from evil spirits and offended deities, and looked upon them as within the pale of natural causation. Early man saw and felt and heard spirits on all sides of him—in fire, in water, in air, but he controlled and used these things only so far as he was practically scientific. To catch the wind in his sails he had to put himself in right physical relation to it. If he stayed the ravages of flood or fire, he was compelled to cease to propitiate these powers as offended deities, and fight them with non-human forces, as he does to-day. And the man of to-day may have any number of superstitions about his relations to the things around him, and about theirs to him, but he is successful in dealing with them only when he forgets his superstitions and approaches things on rational grounds.

There is no danger that our exact knowledge will ever exhaust the Universe. There will always be vast vistas ahead of inexact knowledge, or of the uncertain, the problematical that will stimulate the imagination and excite the emotions. Both literature and religion may find a congenial field always in advance of our exact knowledge. The more we know, the vaster the outlook into the Universe.

Our fathers who held that every event of their lives was fixed and unalterable, according to the decrees of an omnipotent being, could not have survived had their daily conduct been in harmony with their beliefs. But when ill, they sent for the doctor; if the house got afire, they tried to put the

fire out; if crops failed, they improved their husbandry. They slowly learned that better sanitation lessened the death-rate; that temperate habits prolonged life; that signs and wonders in the heavens and in the earth had no human significance; that wars abated as men grew more just and reasonable. We come to grief the moment that we forget that nature is neither for nor against us. We can master her forces only when we see them as they are in and of themselves, and realize that they make no exception in our behalf.

The superstitious ages, the ages of religious wars and persecutions, the ages of famine and pestilence, were the ages when man's humanization of nature was at its height; and they were the ages of the great literature and art, because, as we have seen, these things thrive best in such an atmosphere. Take the gods and devils, the good and bad spirits, fate and foreknowledge, and the whole supernatural hierarchy out of the literature and art of the past, and what have we left? Take it out of Homer and Æschylus, and Virgil, and Dante, and Milton, and we come pretty near to making ashes of them. In modern literature, or the literature of a scientific age, these things play an insignificant part. Take them out of Shakespeare, and the main things are left; take them out of Tennyson, and the best remains; take them out of Whitman, and the effect is hardly appreciable. Whitman's anthropomorphism is very active. The whole universe is directed to Whitman, to you, to me; but Whitman makes little or no use of the old stock material of the poets. He seeks to draw himself and to assimilate and imbue with the human spirit the entire huge materialism of the modern democratic world. He gives the first honors to science, but its facts, he says, are not his dwelling.

I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling.

Being a poet, he must live in the world of the emotions, the intuitions, the imagination—the world of love,

fellowship, beauty, religion—the super-scientific world. As practical beings with need of food, shelter, transportation, we have to deal with the facts within the sphere of physical science; as social, moral and esthetic beings, we live in the super-scientific world. Our house of life has upper stories that look off to the sky and the stars. We are less as men than our fathers, have less power of character, but are more as tools and vehicles of the scientific intellect.

Man lives in his emotions, his hopes and fears, his loves and sympathies, his predilections, and his affinities, more than in his reason. Hence, as we have more and more science, we must have less and less great literature; less and less religion; less and less war; less and less racial and political antagonisms; more and more freedom and fellowship in all fields and with all peoples. Science tends to unify the nations and make one family of them.

The antique world produced great literature and great art, but much of its science was childish. We produce great science, but much of our literature and art is feeble and imitative.

Science, as such, neither fears, nor dreads, nor wonders, nor trembles, nor scoffs, nor scorns; is not puffed up; thinketh no evil; has no prejudices; turns aside for nothing. Though all our gods totter and fall, it must go its way. It dispels our illusions because it clears our vision. It kills superstition because it banishes our irrational fears.

Mathematical and scientific truths are fixed and stable quantities: they are like the inorganic compounds; but the truths of literature, of art, of religion, of philosophy, are in perpetual flux and transformation, like the same compounds in the stream of life.

How much of the power and the charm of the poetic treatment of nature lies in the fact that the poet reads himself into the objects he portrays, and thus makes everything alive and full of human interest? To him

The jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-top;

he sees the highest peak of the mountain range to be

The last to parley with the setting sun:
he sees

The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing;

while the power and the value of science is to free itself from these tendencies, and see things in the white light of reason. Science is the enemy of our myth-making tendency, but it is the friend of our physical well-being.

Every material thing and process has its physics, which, in most cases, seem utterly inadequate to account for the thing as it stands to us. Life is a flower, and the analysis of it does not tell us why we are so moved by it. The moral, the esthetic, the spiritual values which we find in life and in nature, are utterly beyond the range of physical science, and I suppose it is because the physico-chemical explanation of the phenomenon of life takes no account, and can take no account, of these, that it leaves us cold and uninterested. Spencer with his irrefragible mechanistic theories leaves us indifferent, while Bergson, with his "Creative Evolution," sets mind and spirit all aglow. One interprets organic nature in terms of matter and motion, the other interprets it in terms of life and spirit.

Science is the critic and doctor of life, but never its inspirer. It enlarges the field of literature, but its aims are unliterary. The scientific evolution of the great problems—life, mind, consciousness—seem strangely inadequate: they are like the scientific definition of light as vibrations or electric oscillations in the ether of space, which would not give a blind man much idea of light. The scientific method is supreme in its own sphere, but that sphere is not commensurate with the whole of human life. Life flowers in the subjective world of our sentiments, emotions and aspirations, and to this world literature, art and religion alone have the key.

SOUTHEY AS POET AND HISTORIAN

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Does anyone now read Southey's poetry—that is, anyone besides the special student of literature who regards it a duty to make himself acquainted with what the rest of the world has chosen to neglect? Many are doubtless familiar with certain short pieces of his which usually find a place in anthologies. But it is of the longer poems, especially of the so-called epics, upon which he expected to build the enduring basis of his reputation, that the question is asked. One indeed must guard against the common error of asserting that an author is no longer read because he meets with little favor or abundant dislike in the circle to which the speaker or writer chances to belong. To that not unfrequent contention the constant renewal of editions and their large sale furnishes the all-sufficient and, indeed, the overwhelmingly conclusive disproof. But to the argument that he is still read Southey cannot successfully appeal. Both modern editions of his works and modern purchasers of them are lacking. Readers there doubtless are; but they must be scanty in number. Comparatively few, in fact, were those who read his poems in his lifetime; and the number has certainly not increased since his death.

Yet very high was the reputation of Southey in his own day. Many there were then who looked upon him as a great intellectual leader, and some there were who achieved what seems to us now the peculiarly difficult task of regarding him as being as great a poet as he considered himself to be. One man of eminence there was among his contemporaries who held such a faith firmly and held it unshaken till his death. This was Walter Savage Lan-

dor. The two poets indeed may be said to have formed a limited Mutual Admiration Society. Southey was one of the very few persons of that time who had read Landor's epic of "Gebir." He assured the author in fullest sincerity that while the poem as a poem was not a good one, it nevertheless contained the finest poetry in the language. Some will recall the mortification which De Quincey felt or professed to feel when he found that Southey also was familiar with this epic. He had conceited himself to be the sole reader in England of the work, and the sole purchaser of it. He had fancied himself, while stalking along the streets of Oxford, being pointed out by his fellow students as the one person in Europe who actually possessed a copy of "Gebir," and had possibly read it. Great accordingly was his sorrow to find that Southey also had achieved this feat of literary derring-do. It may have been a mock regard which De Quincey professed. But Southey's admiration for Landor was a genuine one and Landor repaid it in kind. In season and out of season, he celebrated the merits of his widely lauded but little read contemporary. In season and out of season, he extolled him on all occasions and in all companies. One of the great objects of Emerson's visit to Europe in 1833 was to see Landor, who, he thought, was strangely underrated in his own country. Of the interview he has left a vivid description in his "English Traits." But of one of Landor's likes he seemed to have had too much. "He pestered me with Southey," he wrote; "but who is Southey?"

Yet at this particular time many there were who would have been as indignant with Emerson's impatient query as was

Landon himself when it was published much later. A great deal of Southey's repute was undoubtedly due to the fact that he was constantly before the public. All his life he toiled not intermittently but unceasingly. To this he was compelled by the necessity of supporting those dependent upon him. But even had that compulsion not existed, he would have kept at work as earnestly and as incessantly, though the character of his production might have undergone some change. Literary labor was in accordance with his tastes and desires. His life was very largely in his books and his greatest pleasure lay in writing, and in reading the proof-sheets of what he had written. There was scarcely anything in the way of prose or verse which he did not attempt. He wrote ballads, he wrote odes, he wrote elegies, he wrote tales of wonder, he wrote narrative stories, he wrote epics. This was in poetry; and in that, not content with English measures, he sought to introduce the sapphics and hexameters of the classic tongues. In prose he wrote essays on all sorts of topics, reviews of books on all sorts of subjects, treatises discussing all sorts of social and political questions, biographies of persons of the most diverse character, and histories both civil and ecclesiastical. He edited the works of poets of great repute, of small repute, and of no repute. His talents, which were of an exceedingly high order, were so constantly employed upon such a vast variety of subjects that they not only kept his name always before the public but they gave it the impression of a force which was entitled to be called genius. In his incessant industry and the effects wrought by it, Southey corresponded very closely to the well-known Puritan conception of the devil, who, of course, is in no way equal to the Almighty, but somehow manages to make up in a measure for his inferiority in power by his infernal activity. There was little indeed in the way of literary undertakings which he had not

at times contemplated in imagination. From his early years he was always planning great or at least bulky enterprises. "Is it not a pity," he said to a friend in 1796, "that I should not execute my intention of writing more verses than Lope de Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore? The more I write, the more I have to write." To his friend, Grosvenor Bedford, he wrote in 1801, asking him his opinion of "Thalaba." In his letter he expressed his intention of trying the different mythologies that were almost new to poetry. He had begun with the Moham-medan. "The Hindoo, the Runic, and the Old Persian," he went on to say, "are all striking enough and enough known. Of the Runic I have hardly yet dreamt. I have fixed the ground-plan of the Persian. The Hindoo is completely sketched; you can make little of its title, 'The Curse of Keradon.'" This state of mind never left him. To the very end of his active career, he was projecting works, the proper completion of any one of which would have required the conscientious labor of a good part of a lifetime.

To men of the present day it may seem strange that there should ever have been a time when Southey was reckoned a great poet; that his name should be regularly mentioned in conjunction with those of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and should be almost universally ranked above that of Shelley or of Keats. Yet it is certain that for a long time he was regarded, at least by a large number, with not merely respect for his life—which he more than deserved—but with a belief in his genius which it is no longer easy to comprehend. His works, to be sure, had usually no large sale. But as he wrote much, he was always before the public; and the number of his productions compensated to some extent for their lack of circulation. What was perhaps of more importance to the spread of his reputation was the fact

that he was always spoken of in the very highest terms by a body of influential reviewers. A deference was felt for his learning which later scholarship cannot sanction; for while multifarious, it was neither accurate nor profound. A further deference was expressed for his imputed genius which men of modern times do not feel. Especially was this true, during that long prevalence of Tory domination which extended from the fall of Napoleon to the passage of the Reform Bill. He was universally celebrated in the reactionary periodicals of the period as one of the most eminent authors of the time, occasionally as the most eminent. He was reckoned among the sublimest of poets, the profoundest of scholars, the most excellent of prose writers. These were the assertions constantly made by the men of the party to which he belonged. They were not seriously contested by the men of the party to which he was opposed. His works, as fast as they appeared—and they appeared very fast—were regularly reviewed in about every prominent periodical, and so far as the periodicals professing his own political faith were concerned, they were almost invariably reviewed with high praise.

Nor did this estimate of Southey, which ranked him on an equality with Coleridge and Wordsworth, come entirely from ordinary men. The unqualified praise of Landor—almost the only continuous praise ever expressed by him of anybody—may be disregarded; for in several instances, though particularly in this one, Landor had a perversity of admiration which excited on the part of his fellow men sometimes surprise, sometimes amusement, and sometimes irritation. But as an illustration of a by no means uncommon attitude at the time, take the letter to Southey written in 1813 by Walter Scott in regard to the laureateship. For the sake of the writer's character, it is to be hoped that he meant what he said, little as it resounds

to the credit of his judgment. "I am not such an ass," wrote Scott, "as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had (probably but for a time) the tide of popularity in my favor."

Against this laudatory estimate of professional critics—and to some extent of authors of high repute—stood then, and has always continued to stand, unshaken the indifference of the general public of cultivated men. They could not be induced to read, or, if induced, they could not be made to admire. Their attitude toward Southey is another proof among the many proofs familiar to the student of literary history, of the truth of the dictum, when properly understood, of the great Greek philosopher, that the people at large, however contemptible they may appear when taken one by one, are not, when collectively considered, unworthy of sovereignty. "The principle," said Aristotle, "that the multitude ought to be supreme rather than the few best is capable of a satisfactory explanation. Each individual among the many has a share of virtue and judgment, and when they meet together they become in a manner one man. . . . Hence the many are better judges than a single man of music and poetry; for some understand one part and some another, and among them they understand the whole."

There is, indeed, something almost pathetic in Southey's career, and in the contrast furnished by it between the great anticipations he cherished and the proportionately petty realities he accomplished. He believed in himself so sincerely and so thoroughly that it was perhaps well that he lived no longer than he did, to witness any further crumbling of his hopes and expectations than that which he actually experienced. And in certain ways he had a right to believe in himself. Never was there a man who did his full duty with more consistent regularity and fidelity. In all the relations of private life he was

more than blameless; he was in the highest degree exemplary. Never was there a better husband, a kinder father. Never was there a man more bent on looking after the well-being of those intrusted to his charge, either by his own act or the improvidence of those to whom he was allied. Never was there one more willing to sacrifice himself for the sake of his friends, never one more generous in hastening to the aid of strangers in distress whom he deemed deserving. He brought hope and help from his own scanty resources to those struggling with difficulties. He was, in truth, unwearied in well-doing; and in spite of his positive opinions there was in his nature a wide and embracing charity for the views of men, whether living or dead, for whose character and ability he had respect if any common ground could be discovered upon which they could stand.

All this can be said justly; even more could be said truly. The praise, though in certain respects of the very highest kind, is not in the least degree exaggerated. But a man may be the best of husbands and fathers, the most faithful of friends, generous in feeling, upright in conduct, without being a man of genius; and Southey, though possessed of great and varied talents, was very far from being a man of genius. Flawless too as he was in all the relations of private life, he was also in his way one of the most unreasoning, intolerant, and narrow-minded bigots that ever lived. He thought and spoke of political and literary foes with a bitterness and uncharitableness which to men of the present day is none the less offensive because he honestly believed that in so doing he was acting as the special champion of the Lord. He had started out in life, holding the most extreme radical opinions. He had then given expression to sentiments which had brought down upon him the invectives of the men who styled themselves Anti-Jacobins. His political views and his metrical experiments had been travestied by

Canning in imitations which are far superior to the originals. From the extreme position in one direction which he had early taken he had gone to the extreme in the other direction. It was inevitable that the intemperance of opinion he displayed on some topics should lead to his opinions on others being misinterpreted and misrepresented. He was more than once charged with expressing views which he was so far from entertaining that he felt for them actual aversion. He was, for instance, thoroughly out of sympathy with the tone of the *Quarterly Review* when speaking of American men and American affairs. He protested not only against the injustice of the attitude but against its folly. Yet so close was his own connection with that periodical that he was then held and has sometimes been held since responsible for the very utterances he disliked and deplored.

There is nothing very unnatural in the change of opinion which Southey underwent, nor under ordinary conditions is there anything about it objectionable. What was offensive was the fury he exhibited toward those who continued to advocate the views which he himself had abandoned. Against them he was continually breathing out threatenings and slaughter. The private utterances preserved in his published correspondence read often like the ravings of a fanatic monk, and display the spirit of a Spanish inquisitor. It is hard to believe that a good man, which Southey unquestionably was, could give vent to the aspersions he did upon the character and motives of those whose opinions differed from his own; or that an intelligent man living in the nineteenth century should indulge in beliefs which would have been almost discreditable to an ignorant monk of the ninth. Nothing irritated him more than that the men of the party to which he was opposed should be permitted to express their opinions unchecked. During the years of Tory domination that

followed the battle of Waterloo, he was constantly clamoring for restraints upon the liberty, or as he called it, the licentiousness of the press. The newspapers, he declared in 1820, ought to be under the control of the government. Nothing inflammatory, nothing hostile to existing institutions should be suffered to appear. In the same year he declared that the freedom of the press was incompatible with public security.

His later correspondence, in truth, is fairly dolorous with its predictions of coming calamity; for the prophetic rage took hold of him as the poetic rage abated; only it was not on the lyre but in his letters that he "struck the deep sorrows of his soul." In the concession of the Catholic claims he foresaw as early as 1822 the approaching ruin of the country. The measure, he said, might be staved off for a while, but it was certain to be carried at last. "I do not dream of preserving our liberties," he wrote; "the question is how much it will be possible to save from the wreck, and how long before we arrive at that strong and armed government with which all changes of that nature must end." A little earlier he had written to a friend to the same mournful effect. "Things cannot continue thus," he said in 1820, "and whatever course they may take, if you and I should reach the age of three-score years and ten, we shall, in all human probability, have outlived the English constitution and the liberties of England." All the industrial development of modern society met with his unqualified disapproval. As late as 1832 he wrote to a friend that he could not conceive of a great cotton manufactory as anything but an abomination to God and man. These establishments in fact were producing more goods than the world could afford a market for, and the ebb tide of prosperity was as certain as the flow; and then, he added, in some neap tide Radicalism, Rebellion, and Ruin will rush in through the breach which hunger has made. "I was born,"

he wrote in a letter of September, 1829, "during the American revolution; the French revolution broke out just as I grew up, and my latter days will in all likelihood be disturbed by a third revolution more terrible than either."

Men who sincerely entertain such sentiments are not apt to regard with tenderness those who hold contrary views. All such were, in Southey's opinion, the vilest of the vile. It can be well understood therefore that a person of this character should become an object of dislike, and almost of detestation, to the men of the opposite party. He was constantly termed a turn-coat and a renegade; and the epithets he sent out were returned to him with added virulence. His life in consequence was in certain aspects little more than a long conflict with literary and political foes. But in one respect he occupied a position of peculiar advantage. This was the perfect satisfaction he felt with everything he himself said or did. In all of Southey's trials and tribulations—and in some ways they were numerous and in all ways nobly borne—he was invariably comforted with the consciousness that in any and every view he expressed at any time on any subject he was absolutely right. If during the course of his career he had changed his opinions, it was something for which he felt neither moral nor intellectual contrition. The discarded views, even if they were mistaken, belonged properly to the period in life in which they were held. They were no more to his discredit than teething in an infant.

There must have been something peculiarly exasperating to Southey's opponents in the knowledge they could not fail to gain of this tranquil self-sufficiency. The rock of serene self-satisfaction upon which he was perched, constituted an impregnable barrier from which argument retired baffled; against it the waves of criticism and calumny dashed in vain. As a rule over the minds of the most positive of men there comes at times doubt as to the absolute

correctness of their own conclusions. If we can trust Southey's recorded utterances, never did there appear among his convictions the slightest trace of that weak paltering with one's own self-confidence, which sometimes obtrudes its hateful presence into the thoughts of the most opinionated—that, upon any subject about which he expressed himself with assurance, he could be mistaken. In whatever dispute he became engaged, he did not merely suppose, he was positively certain that he was completely in the right. In any historic or literary discussion in which he took part, he never had a moment's doubt that he knew far more of the subject than his opponent. He was consequently always sure to come off victorious. In the controversies he carried on, he professed himself to be always in good humor with his opponents. He could not be heartily angry with them, because they lay so completely at his mercy. Every attack they directed against any position he had taken, served only to make manifest its strength. Such are his very words found on more than one occasion in his letters. They represented accurately his state of mind. The serene happiness brought to life by the conviction that one is always right and one's adversaries are always wrong, is something that defies any estimate of value which the ordinary imagination is able either to calculate or to comprehend. Southey possessed in its perfection this most precious of treasures. Thrice is he armed, says the poet, who hath his quarrel just; but thrice three times is he armed that hath an unwavering confidence in the justness of his quarrel.

Along with this faith in the correctness of his views went an equal faith in his own greatness—especially in his greatness as a poet and as a historian. In 1796, at the age of twenty-two, he made his most successful poetic venture in an epic entitled "Joan of Arc." Two years later it appeared in a second and revised edition. Then followed in

succession a number of works remarkable for their extent, if not for their merit,—*"Thalaba the Destroyer"* in 1801, *"Madoc"* in 1805, *"The Curse of Kehama"* in 1810, and *"Roderick the Last of the Goths"* in 1814. There were many other poems produced both before and after the appearance of these. But it is these of which he himself had the highest opinion; it is upon these that praises were lavished by distinguished contemporaries. Upon these too his poetical reputation mainly rested then and rests now, so far as he can be said to have poetical reputation at all. "Joan of Arc," as he himself asserted, set him up in the world. It gave him hopes of a popularity which was never realized by the success of the productions which followed. That the great excellence of his verse would be recognized ultimately he never had the slightest question from the outset, though he was compelled to put off the happy day, first to his later years, and then to posterity. For as time went on, his poetry met with less and less favor, so far as favor depends not on the praise of critics but on the multitude of readers. Its sale diminished instead of increasing. But it was not his fault that his writings were not popular; it was entirely the fault of the public. Future times would reverse the verdict of the present; and upon that which was now disregarded and frequently decried would be built the enduring monument of his fame.

No one embraced more heartily than Southey and promulgated more constantly the dictum that the great author must create his own audience, and that the opinion of contemporaries must be of little or no value. As late as 1831 he expressed his thorough conviction that they who seek anxiously the applause of their own age must be contented with it, for they would never have that of any succeeding one. "Many years must elapse," he wrote at another time, "before the opinion of the few can become the law of the many." To posterity the poet must always be

looking, forgetting that posterity has so much laid upon its shoulders by the living who are demanding its attention, that it has but comparatively little leisure left it to rehabilitate the dead. His state of mind, as revealed in his correspondence, shows the slow declension of confidence in immediate success into almost absolute hopelessness; and there would be something saddening in watching the gradual decadence of high-wrought expectation, were not such feelings counteracted by observing the steady increase which went on in his own self-estimate. There can, indeed, be found in his earlier correspondence one half-hearted doubt expressed as to the absolute supremacy of his position. This was in 1811. In a letter of that year to Grosvenor Bedford, he modestly disavowed the character which that friend had given him in an article on "The Curse of Kehama," written for the *Quarterly Review*, but never printed. "I wish," he wrote in serious remonstrance, "you would not call me the most sublime poet of the age, because on this point both Wordsworth and Landor are at least my equals. You will not suspect me of any mock-modesty in this. On the whole I shall have done greater things than either, but not because I possess greater powers."

It was this sort of conviction that sustained Southey's courage during a career in which his poetry was much praised but little read. It enabled him to look with a certain degree of equanimity upon the success of contemporary authors. He admired and respected Scott; of his own superiority to him as a poet he had not, however, the slightest question. "We shall both be remembered hereafter," he wrote to him in 1813, "and ill betide him who shall institute a comparison between us. There has been no race; we have both got to the top of the hill by different paths, and meet there not as rivals but as friends." "You and I," he wrote to him the following year, "are not yet

off the stage; and whenever we quit it, it will not be to men who make a better figure there." Through all these years of working and waiting he gave his friends to understand that his standard of achievement was something to which only a few of the world's great poets had attained. As like them he stood on lofty and lonely heights, like them he must expect to be visited but by the few. This state of mind was reached only as a result of the chastenings of experience. The success of "Joan of Arc" led him to anticipate more for "Thalaba." Before it was published, he wrote that its sale was of importance to him. He would not, he declared, sell his whole property in it "because I expect the poem will become popular and of course productive." His expectations were disappointed. The work appeared in the first half of 1801. In November of that year he wrote to a friend an account of its success. "The sale of 'Thalaba' is slow," he said; "about three hundred only gone."

Naturally after this experience, he did not look with confidence upon the prospects of "Madoc," his next work, to which in particular he trusted for immortality. "I shall get by it less money than fame," he wrote to his brother in October, 1803, "and less fame than envy; but the envy will be only life-long." In 1808 he wrote to a friend about certain great poems he was still planning. "Considering," he said, "that the first edition of 'Thalaba' is lying in the warehouse, and that my whole profits upon it have amounted to five and twenty pounds, this is having good heart. But I cast my bread upon the waters, and if I myself should not live to find it after many days, my children will." Later in that same year he communicated to the same friend the news that this work had at last reached the end of its slow seven years' sale, and that its reprinting at once was recommended by the publishers. He took courage, though he was far from being duly exultant. "Slow and sure,"

he wrote, "but it is satisfactory to see the fruit trees of one's own planting beginning to bear, however slender the first crop." A few years later he seemed to take a melancholy pride in the little acceptance of his work by the public as compared with the enormous success which waited upon the productions of some of his contemporaries. He contrasted the disproportion between the sale of "The Curse of Kehama," and that of "The Lady of the Lake," which had been published at nearly the same time. Of the latter twenty-five thousand copies had been printed; of the former five hundred. Even of this five hundred, he wrote in February, 1811, "if they sell in seven years I shall be surprised." But as he was enabled to gain his support from other sources, it was a matter of little consequence. "So," he added, "as I feel no want of any profit from these works, which are for futurity, I am completely indifferent concerning the immediate success."

As will be inferred from the extracts already quoted, the failure of his poems to sell did not shake in the slightest Southey's faith in himself or his confidence that the neglect of contemporaries would be more than made up by the admiring reverence of future generations. After he was gone, he would receive that justice which is as seldom denied to the dead as it is granted to the living. Of "Kehama" he observed that it would increase his reputation without increasing his popularity. "Every generation," he wrote to his brother in 1809, "will afford me some half-dozen admirers of it, and the everlasting column of Dante's fame does not stand upon a wider basis." Later in the same year he wrote to a friend about the same poem. "With regard to 'Kehama,'" he said, "I was perfectly aware that I was planting acorns, while my contemporaries were setting Turkey beans. The oak will grow; and though I may never sit under its shade, my children will." Four

years later he expressed himself to the same effect about "Roderick, the Last of the Goths." The work could not have a great sale. "I am neither sanguine," he wrote to Cottle in 1814, "about its early nor doubtful about its ultimate acceptance in the world." "The sale of it," he said to another friend, "will become of importance, when by the laws of literary property it will no longer benefit the author or his family." "The passion for novelty is soon satisfied," he wrote to his brother in December, 1815, "and the poem is of far too high a character to become popular till time has made it so. It is like an acorn upon Latrigg. The thistles and the fern will shoot up faster, and put it out of sight for a season, but the oak will strike root and grow."

As no one would buy his poetry, he was compelled to turn to prose for his subsistence. It was very well, he observed, to be content with posthumous fame; but it was impossible to be so with posthumous bread and cheese. In this department of intellectual exertion, he was far more fortunate. Herein he met with a fair degree of success; in a few instances with great success. What is more it was a success rightfully won. His prose, though lacking in the very highest graces of style, and by no means deserving of the excessive laudation sometimes bestowed upon it, is generally delightful and fully merited the favor with which it was regarded. It was simple, clear, and unaffected, and was frequently marked by felicities of phrase which arrest the attention and enforce the idea. It is even now always read with pleasure save when he sought to play the part of a humorist. The drollery of Southey is one of the most depressing things in literature. It excites a distrust in human nature, almost a sense of shame, that anything so preposterous should ever have been mistaken for facetiousness by any civilized man, still more by a man of a high order of ability. Yet it has further to be said that even in his prose his success

was largely due to work which he himself regarded as comparatively unimportant. These were the little sketches, essays, and reviews which he produced merely as potboilers. One of these short pieces has done more to keep his name before the world of readers than his most laborious performances. The "Life of Nelson," is the most popular work he ever wrote. In its first form it was an article in the *Quarterly Review*. Even at this day its circulation in England is very large.

But there was one field in the department of prose which he purposed to make peculiarly his own. This was history. To build upon it a great name was one of his most ardent ambitions. To one work in particular he devoted his attention at an early period and labored at it more or less during his whole life. This was a history of Portugal. It was never completed and no portion of it was ever published. An offshoot of it, indeed—the history of Brazil—came out between the years 1810 and 1819 in three very bulky volumes. I have never read it—a peculiarity I share with nearly all the members of the English-speaking race—and therefore have not a right to express an opinion as to its merits; but in regard to its fortune, it can be asserted that it met with no more favor from the public than did "Madoc," and, in this instance, with much less mercy from the reviewers. A history of the Peninsular War,—which appeared between 1823 and 1832,—was received with somewhat greater indulgence, owing to the more general interest in the subject; but it did not at the time satisfy the requirements of those best acquainted with the events and most interested in their proper representation. As a consequence it was cast in the shade then, and has been still more so in modern times, by the slightly later production of Colonel Napier. But the prospective publication of the work of another for which Wellington had reserved his materials, did not abate in

the slightest Southey's serene confidence in the inevitable superiority of his own work. The Duke might have behaved with more wisdom, he wrote to Caroline Bowles. "Let who may write the military history," he added, "it is in my book that posterity will read of his campaigns."

The truth is that Southey was unfitted both by temperament and training for a historian. By nature he was the intensest of partisans. To every investigation he made or question he considered he brought a bundle of prejudices and preconceived views. He lacked entirely the judicial cast of mind which is never swerved from the truth by the merely plausible. He lacked still more that high historical imagination which gives to its possessor an almost intuitive insight into the motives which sway both individuals and masses of men. Furthermore he had only the most elementary notions of research. With his own private library, large as it was,—especially in Spanish and Portuguese books—he could not have written an enduring work for the history of a modern state. It would require the study of an infinitude of detail which he could never have made the claim of having accomplished, and of the necessity of which he had not the slightest comprehension. Nor was the resulting lack of accuracy counterbalanced in his case by the interest which wrath and partiality usually lend to that mixture of fact and fable which we agree to call history.

Yet of his greatness as a historian Southey had no more doubt than of his greatness as a poet. What he did in the former capacity he recognized must be slower of production than in the latter; but it would be just as enduring. "Pyramids are not built in a day," he wrote in 1801, "and I mean to make mine"—by which he meant the history of Portugal—"to outlive and outrage the Egyptian ones." He knew, he declared, that his work would be of more permanent reputation than Gib-

bon's. Pages could be filled with extracts from his private correspondence expressing these laudatory estimates of himself as a historian. The future, to which he was constantly appealing from the verdict of contemporary opinion, has failed to accept him at his own valuation. Yet during a great part of the fourth decade of the nineteenth century—in fact till toward its close—Southey, owing to the multiplicity of his undertakings, filled on the whole a larger space in the public eye than any other living man of letters. Posterity, instead of wondering at his greatness, as he anticipated, now finds itself wondering at the fame he achieved in his lifetime. Its present attitude is a singular commentary upon his remark in a letter to a friend as late as 1832: "It is more profitable to have your reputation spread itself in *breadth*; I am satisfied with looking to the probable *length* of mine."

One purely literary production of his of some notoriety, if not of much importance, made its appearance during this same decade. It had been in his mind a score of years before he prepared it for publication. This was the work entitled "The Doctor," the first part of which came out in 1834. The last two of its seven volumes did not appear till after his death. There are, it may be said, interesting passages in it, but it is not interesting as a whole. Worse than anything else, it is everywhere deformed by that terrible facetiousness in which Southey took delight, and in that bastard wit which relies for its effect not upon the idea which is sought to be conveyed but upon the variations of type in which the words are printed. Literature in fact has little more depressing than the ghastly attempts at humor found here. An elephant playfully endeavoring to gambol like a kitten may give one a physical counterpart to the mental feats of Southey in his desperate struggles to be jocose.

The work was anonymous. It never

had a large sale, in spite of Southey's persistent efforts to arouse interest in it by making inquiries about it, and suggesting the name of some noted man as its possible author. This practice he carried on in a way that has occasionally shocked the sentiments or excited the indignation of moralists. His conduct, indeed, in the methods he followed to conceal his having any concern with the work, brings up for consideration one of the most mooted questions in casuistry. Has an author, who desires to remain unknown, the right to deny his having written any particular production when the question is put to him directly? On this point controversy has raged for an indefinite period. That sturdy moralist, Dr. Johnson, apparently took the affirmative view. He told Boswell that he was sure that Burke was not the author of "Junius." He was sure of it because Burke had told him so of his own accord. "The case would have been different," he added, "had I asked him; a man so questioned, as to an anonymous publication, may think he has a right to deny it." Obviously the contrary view puts the writer at the mercy of any impudent seeker after information whose social position or physical strength suggests the inadvisability or prevents the possibility of returning that proper answer which can be made only through the agency of the boot.

But those who dissent from this view assure us that a direct denial is never justifiable. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, discussed this question in his "Elements of Morality." He took strongly the negative side. He insisted upon the wrongfulness of a direct denial even when the mere refusal to answer at all would be equivalent to answering in the affirmative. Other methods could be followed by the persecuted author who sought to save himself from the impertinent inquisitor. "He may evade the question," this moralist tells us, "or turn off the subject. There is nothing to prevent his saying, 'How can

you ask me such a question?' or anything of the like kind." Again he informs us that the author interrogated may seek for some turn of conversation by which he may baffle curiosity without violating truth. This is the course of conduct recommended in this particular case by the moralist who in the same work had previously laid it down as a dictum that he "who has used expressions with a view to their being misunderstood" has violated the duty of truth; who had further said that "not only lying but every mode of conveying a false belief is prohibited by the principle of truth." The doctrine is assuredly sound. The whole essence of a lie consists in the intention to produce in the mind of another a false impression of a given fact. That impression this professed moralist tells us it is wrong to produce directly; but it is right to produce it indirectly. You may word your answer so as to induce your hearer to believe something contrary to the truth. Having achieved this desired result, if confronted later with your supposed denial, when the truth has come out, you can proudly point to the fact that your language is susceptible of quite another interpretation from that which it would naturally bear and which at the time you actually intended to have it bear. This is a sort of cheap morality which is held in high esteem by a certain class of advocates of so-called truth. To any but a moralist of this sort it would seem much more manly for the writer, who is determined to have his identity concealed, to lie boldly like a gentleman, than to palter, like a sneak, with words in a double sense intended to produce an impression contrary to the truth.

However this may be, neither of these methods can Southey be said to have followed. Among intelligent men familiar with his writings there was never doubt as to his authorship of "The Doctor." The opinions expressed, both literary and political, were his, the likes and dislikes were his, the

methods of expression were his. Conjecture accordingly pointed to him almost invariably from the outset. Now had he been content to deny the authorship, whenever charged with it or asked about it, no serious fault could be found with his conduct by those who hold the view taken by Dr. Johnson. But it is only the direct personal questioning that justifies the denial. What may be called a negative mendacity is all that the most tolerant of casuists would be willing to treat as legitimate. Positive mendacity in such a matter can plead nothing in its defense. The anonymous author cannot be permitted to go out of his way to create the impression that he is not responsible for the work under consideration. Yet this is something which "the great and good Southey," as his admirers delighted to term him, actually did. His concealment of his authorship of the work assumed an almost aggressive character. Again and again he introduced, of his own accord, the subject in letters so worded as to lead inevitably to the inference that he had nothing whatever to do with its production. His son tells us in his biography that his father's mystification in regard to the matter was "one of his chief sources of amusement, and indeed his only recreation during his latter years."

In an unremitting devotion to this peculiar sort of pleasure Southey anticipated the necessity of making any positive denial of his authorship by sedulously attempting to saddle it upon various other writers. His suggestion of their names was always accompanied with high encomiums of the work itself. One of the latest he selected for this compliment, as he assuredly considered it, was Theodore Hook. "I have to thank you for a copy of 'The Doctor,'" he wrote to him on one occasion. To him also he duly forwarded letters on the work which had come addressed to himself. He tried another experiment of the same general kind of denial upon Lockhart, the editor of the

Quarterly. This was utterly unprovoked by any inquiry of the latter or by any curiosity expressed by him about the book. "The Doctor," Southey wrote to him in February, 1834, "has been sent to me with my name in rubric letters on the back of the title-page, and with the author's compliments, but with no indication who that author is; nor has the channel through which it came enabled me to guess the source. Some guesses that seemed likely enough were met by greater unlikelihoods; but when I heard Frere named as the supposed author, I wondered I had not thought of him at first. I know not in what other person we could find the wit, the humor, the knowledge and the consummate mastery of style." Lockhart was a good deal surprised at receiving this unsolicited information; for in his own mind he had fastened upon Southey as the author. But after such a volunteered disclaimer, as it seemed, of having written it, he naturally assumed that it could not be his. He wrote a review of it for the *Quarterly*, which while giving up much of its space to extracts from its better portions, contained remarks upon it as a whole which could hardly have been pleasing for Southey to read. For most of what the anonymous author had written Lockhart expressed little admiration. "Two-thirds of his performance," he said, "look as if they might have been penned in the vestibule of Bedlam." He suspected, indeed, that the work was the production of a man who stood more in need of physic than of criticism. He furthermore spoke of the author's self-esteem, his heavy magniloquence, his prolix babble on various topics and his dolorous jesting. Southey must have gained from this review a clear impression of the inadvisability of successfully imposing upon an editor. For once, at least, the contributor got from the *Quarterly* an unbiased view of the way

his work was regarded when its authorship was not known.

With the fifth volume of "The Doctor," which came out in 1838. Southey's literary life practically ended. In the following year came the beginning of his breakdown. It was not, however, until 1843, that the body was relieved from an existence in which the mind had largely ceased to share. It was a tragic ending to what had been in many ways a long and honorable career. It may have been as well that his life was not protracted to witness what would have been to him the more tragic gradual decadence of the estimate in which he was held. All his anticipations of a popularity with posterity that would more than counterbalance the indifference of his contemporaries have come to nought. The burden he cast upon it, so far it has declined to take up. Charles Lamb stood infinitely lower than he in repute while the two were living. Him Southey liked exceedingly and on one or two occasions championed vigorously. But that his dear but, in his opinion, humble friend would ever rival him in the regard of posterity never so much as occurred to his thoughts. Yet Lamb's writings, even the most trivial, have been carefully collected and brought out in edition after edition. Their popularity, in truth, shows every sign of increasing. No such fortune has befallen Southey. There has been no call for that complete posthumous edition of his works, by the sale of which he expected his descendants to be enriched; which by containing his latest additions and corrections would effectually prevent the piratical attempts of unscrupulous publishers. His reputation in fact has slowly but steadily sunk since his death, in spite of occasional efforts to revive it; and that posterity, which in his opinion was to revere his memory, is already beginning to come dangerously near to forgetting his name.

THE SUNNY SLOPES OF FORTY

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

We who gain the watershed of the years, no matter how humble our station or how flimsy our achievements, may be pardoned for loitering to throw out and reappraise the accumulations in our pack with a view to lightening the load for further traveling. Those who, climbing the ladder of the parallels toward the white North, pause at life's meridian to compare notes of their adventures, may still profit by criticism; whereas others who wait to catch the reflections of their senectitude in the polar ice, to be resurrected by later travelers, may commit themselves irrevocably to error. If we have gained the ridge in good spirits we are still able to fight back, and to defend ourselves from attack.

The sunny slopes of forty are those that dip down on the farther side of the Great Divide. Any one can see with half an eye that they are less precipitous than the geographers describe them. It appears from a cautious survey that by following the more deliberate streams that longest hold the heat of the sun we may delay appreciably our arrival at the polar waste. We are not of those who, having mislaid their charcoal tablets:

"in disdainful silence turn away,
Stand mute, self-centered, stern, and dream
no more."

We mean to give the official chloroformer a lively sprint before he overtakes us. We shall fool the world as long as we can by keeping our trousers pressed and flaunting the bravest neckwear the haberdasher affords. By tacking a new collar to our spring overcoat and shaking out the moth balls we may carry it—thrown indifferently over the arm as though we never expected to use it—a long way into November.

Those of us who have reached the great watershed certainly cannot complain of the fate that launched us on our pilgrimage in the last half of the nineteenth century. The drama has never been dull and we have watched the course of many excellent players. An imaginative boy, born in the later sixties, could still hear the bugles and the clash of arms. Throughout this mid-western country every hearthside had its Iliad. Now and then, within my own recollection, there appeared at the doorstep men who, unable to redomesticate themselves after four years of camp and field, still clung to the open road. How long the faded old army overcoat hung together—and on how many shoulders it became an advertisement of valor, an asset, a plea for alms! Having been denied the thrills of war itself it was no small compensation to look upon its heroes—to observe daily in the street men who had commanded armies, to attend those gatherings of veterans that so brightly visualized for curious youth the magnitude of the great struggle of the sixties. If one's father had been of the mighty legion; if there existed in the garret a musket or a sword that he had borne in the conflict; if there remained, in a soap-box under the eaves, the roster of his company, an order or a report or a bundle of old letters, for inspection on rainy days, the luckier the lad to whom such memorabilia came as a birthright. It is inconceivable that any boy born in those times could have escaped the fascination of those heroes, whether he sat at meat with them daily in his own household, or saw them in the streets with the stamp of the drill sergeant still upon them. And nothing was so impressive as the fact that they

had flung down their youth as the gage of battle.

We are none of us without our wistful tenderness for those who won "the immortal youthfulness of the early dead":

"Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair,
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;
And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize,
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality:
Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee
The youth that thrilled them to the finger tips."

The historian and the philosopher have not yet exhausted those decades that immediately followed the war. The social and political conditions of the post-bellum period present phenomena as interesting as any in our history, and in spite of the dark, shameful pages of reconstruction it still seems little short of a miracle that the combatants yielded themselves as readily as they did to readjustment. I remember when "The Fool's Errand" was a novel much discussed; it must have been the best seller of its day. But quite aside from its value as a criticism of life or as a protest against Ku-Klux ferocity, I recall Judge Tourgee's appearance in a Methodist pulpit in my town one Sunday morning, dashing arrayed in evening dress.

The display of these obscene vestments, so coolly flaunted in the sanctuary, deepened my early impression of the literary life as a gay adventure against which even the terrors of a provincial Sabbath could not prevail. However, the garment oftenest in the eyes of the youth of those days was the enticingly described bloody shirt, whose pleasant appellation envisaged it in glowing scarlet and seemed to set it dancing on all the clothes-lines in Christendom. It was, I fancy, from the sheer contrariness of youth, that having

heard from the cradle so much of the unreconstructed and menacing character of the Southern colonels and brigadiers, I clearly resolved to identify myself with the political party whose strength lay chiefly in the states lately in rebellion. I must be pardoned if I mention this the least bit jauntily, for in dark alleys and on vacant lots safely remote from the domestic altar my irreconcilable playmates made necessary the defense of my apostasy with fists none too skillful and a frame wherein anaemia threatened early extinction. My sinful leanings toward magnanimity and tolerance I shall not seek to justify on any high grounds: though perhaps there was a degree of sincerity in my feeling that the war being over it was preposterous to renew the fight every time the community was called upon to elect a constable.

Those feelings and agitations had the effect nevertheless of stimulating in most of my generation an interest in politics. The idealism that had flowered in the war not unnaturally withered and awaited a refreshing of the exhausted soil. It was with real astonishment that most of us whose youth synchronized with the complete unbroken domination of the humbled South and who saw the spirit of military triumph revived in all political struggles, began to hear strange murmurings on our own side of the Ohio as we approached manhood. In 1876 there had been rumblings that threatened for a time to deepen into the bellowings of cannon—when it seemed that those swords that had not been beaten into plowshares but providentially stored away in the attic, might be oiled and sharpened for other battles.

The limitations of time compel me to compress in a word a belief, by no means original with me, that the campaign of 1884 marked a reflowering of idealism in our political life. It seems in the retrospect that the exalted faith which had planted its bright gonfalon

on the heights of so many battlefields in the sixties had begun once more to assert itself. Not the last interesting circumstances attending Mr. Cleveland's appearance as the protagonist of a new gospel was his unconscious appeal to what may be called the academic element in our population, long scorned as an impractical body of visionaries, but which from his advent has exerted an increasingly salutary influence in public affairs. The once despised professor with his preposterous ideals, his fatuous insistence that human experience is not to be neglected in the scrutiny of present tasks and duties, has now become a force to reckon with in public matters great and small. It must be with a certain grim humor that those of us who take our politics seriously glance toward Washington and see there, in the seat of the Presidents, a gentleman finely representative of the academic type—who on ceremonial occasions in the groves of academe wore so demure and cloistral an air—administering the affairs of the United States with an intelligence, a poise, a courage, that are so admirable to the majority of his countrymen, so bewildering to the hungry and thirsty among his fellow partisans.

I beg to be indulged a moment longer to reflect a conviction held by many that our colleges and universities are to exert more and more an influence upon our political ideals and the efficiency of governmental administration. I shall not attempt to enumerate the long list of scholars in universities who have in the past twenty years taught political morality and economic freedom, or who have not scrupled to stand on the firing line when there was work for fighting men to do; but the individual cases are not so impressive as the appearance in so many states, and notably in so many state universities, of men who, often with personal discomfort and sacrifice, are stimulating in American youth a faith in ideals and the courage to defend and support

them. It is not, I believe, a fantastic notion, that within twenty years we shall find in American universities, schools for the education of men and women in all branches of municipal administration, and that towns and cities will draw upon these specially-trained students for their public servants in the same spirit in which other corporations seek the best available talent to administer their business. And manifestly there is no sane reason why any community should choose to be governed from the gutter rather than by experts with no other ambition than to serve the public honestly and efficiently.

The boy that I seem to have been in those green valleys below was not interested solely in military and political heroes, though my first literary admirations were linked in some degree to the earlier passion. I took into my boyish pantheon Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow and Thoreau, whom I appraised as quite worthy to trail their austere robes among the military and political heroes of my adoration; and their New England, which none of my forbears had ever looked upon, became a half-mythical and fabled world. Nor can I think of them now as other than priests of high consecration who stood valiantly at their simple altars and preached the clean gospel that was in them. Democracy, as they interpreted it, became a finer thing than it had been before and fortunate are the new generations if they do not wholly neglect them.

By what transitional processes or under what guidance I gave over the concealment and perusal of trash and dipped into those deeper and cleaner currents I have no impression, but I recall that at sixteen I was the most devoted of Emersonians. Having habitually secreted innumerable copies of Beadle's most seductive romances in the lining of my waistcoat or, as being more in keeping with the daring spirit of the tales themselves, tucked

them into the top boots which boys wore in those days, the open display of pocket volumes of Emerson marked an advance in moral tone as well as in taste. Conceit and priggishness which dance malevolently on the ink-bottle at this point must vanish before my admission that in the case of Emerson at least, I had found and pocketed only an odd stone, as puzzling in its way as a magnet and affording the unexpected shocks of a toy battery. The very discontinuity of the essays and their allusiveness and irrelevances were well calculated to arrest and charm the young mind. And they were so amazingly plausible! Higher up on the slopes of youth I was to find the English poets, but quite likely they would have bound me less strongly if the New Englanders had not fallen in my way just when they did.

I have since learned that Emerson propounded no consistent philosophy; that he was after all only a kind of rural almanac man, the keeper of a wayside spring who handed up cold water in a rusty dipper to the passerby; and yet I have never escaped his charm; and an acquaintance with him and his contemporaries implanted in me a reverence for the New England landscape over which in my fancy they roamed, uttering wisdom and chanting songs. I speak of this only because it is fair to assume that to many thousands of us in these prairies those New England voices came as a great inspiration. In these days of literary exploitation, when a new genius is heralded every morning and eclipsed by another at sundown, when the horse power of every novelist's motor is advertised to hasten the steps of the hesitating purchaser toward the bookshop, those austere Olympians appear a trifle dingy. We are assured that Emerson was a peddler of discarded rubbish from old garrets, that Whittier piped a thin music, and that Longfellow was only a benevolent Sunday-school teacher leading his class for a picnic in the forest

primeval. Lowell has been described as a dull essayist and a poet who gleaned a negligible aftermath in older fields, Hawthorne as a melancholy bore, and Holmes as a cheerful one; and yet for those of us who found them in youth, when returning travelers brought news of them from the seat of the Brahmins, they still speak with golden tongues.

We may well wonder, now that everyone and everyone's aunt writes a novel, whether the literary calling will ever again enjoy the dignity of those days. Authorship seems bent upon confusing itself with journalism, with which, we used to be told, it has no kinship whatever. I can recall at the moment no new shrine at a Concord, a Cambridge or a Salem, no lately discovered cottage in a snow-bound Amesbury that is likely to lure the pious pilgrim. Those brooding New Englanders seem rather absurd in these roaring times when every daily newspaper boasts a staff poet and when a novelist who fails to utter two books a year is neglecting his opportunities. Where some prosperous manufacturer of salacious romance is becalmed in his motor, and dictates to his secretary while a new tire is being adjusted—there indeed may the delighted villagers pour forth to render him homage; but those who attempt to look upon the author at home are as likely as not to be whipped from the estate by the game keepers or drowned for my lord's entertainment in the lilled moat beneath the royal windows.

The literature of Democracy has its own path to blaze, and its opportunities for service are enormous. Certain recent tendencies toward the vulgar and vicious in fiction are disturbing and disheartening, but it is to be hoped that they are only temporary. It is hardly possible that the novel is to be linked permanently to the garbage can; that the strength of the "strong" books of which we hear lies merely in their malodorousness, or that the novel as

a representation of life and manners is to be abandoned wholly to literary adventurers who combine the confectioner's trade with the fragrant calling of the scavenger. American fiction has not lacked noble servants, and there are writers still abiding with us—Howells, James and Cable, to go no further—who have carried the torch high and firmly planted it for our guidance.

We need chant no miserere as we lift our pack and look down upon our further course. We are still alive, midway of a great era, and some things of worth we have seen accomplished. A perceptible strengthening of moral fibre in our political life and an increasing patience with idealism in its many expressions we may safely jot down on our tablets.

I take it as a good omen that this society, whose purpose is the encouragement of sobriety and earnestness in all the arts, has unfolded its young banner in this teeming Chicago. As a citizen of another state no sentiment of local pride inspires my feeling that here in this great city, whose aspect is not without its terrors for the unfamiliar eye, idealism is struggling to flower with as fine a spirit as may be found anywhere in America. Nothing is more cheering than the knowledge that here at the foot of the lakes, in this great western clearing house, this huge caldron of the nations, so many great-hearted and earnest men and women are addressing themselves to social

betterment, to political freedom and honesty, to the dissemination of sweetness and light. The ills of Chicago may strike the unfriendly critic as appalling, but there are many wise and skilled physicians seeking to diagnose her afflictions and supply the remedies. It may be doubted whether any city of its size in the world, with any similar history, ever offered encouragement along so many lines of progress as this western capital. If to Chicagoans this tribute appear gratuitous and presumptuous, I make it nevertheless with a feeling that I should like some such expression to become a part of the record of this society. We find here not only groups of people interested in civic administration, in social uplift, and in education along broad lines, but we find a municipal spirit that we have only to know to admire. It is conceivable that here within the lives of many of us the municipal riddle shall be solved and ideals of beauty and utility so blended and standardized as to become an example to forward-looking cities everywhere. And it is a privilege and a pleasure thus to bring from a sister province and a sister city this frail wreath to hang upon the huge door, imaginably wrought of iron and somewhat battered, that stands at this western gate. The pillars may loom grim and forbidding against the unsoftened glare of the prairies, but at the top there are already tracings of "lily-work," as on the columns that Hiram lifted to the glory of Solomon.

A PLEA FOR CHORAL SINGING

BY GEORGE WHITEFIELD CHADWICK

About the year 1836, a musical society was organized in the little town of Boscawen, N. H. The town records state that it had a membership of singers, and of players on the flute, clarinet, bugle, violin, and bass viol, and that it was in existence for more than forty years. This society was the successor of an earlier one which was organized before the beginning of the eighteenth century, called the Martin Luther Society, of which Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were members, and to which they contributed a bass viol and a bassoon.

Such musical activities were not exceptional or peculiar to that little town; on the contrary they were typical of the interest in music all over rural New England, for in those days every village had its church and every church its choir, and in that church and choir the social as well as the religious interests of the place were largely concentrated. There were very few organs in the churches, so they brought their bass viols, large and small, and sometimes their clarinets and flute. To this day these old instruments, mostly of American manufacture, are to be found in the garrets of old New England houses.

This musical interest was not confined to the rural districts; it invaded the towns and cities, and from these choirs was eventually developed the Musical Convention, a kind of periodical singing-school, of which the Worcester Festival, in Massachusetts, is a direct descendant. Also, great choral societies were formed, like the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, which has been one of the most powerful factors in the creation and preservation of musical taste in that city. Besides this, some of these country players of the

viol, the bugle, and the clarinet strayed into Harvard College (it was easier then than at present), and, to the consternation of the Faculty, formed a Musical Club called the Pierian Society. From that small and much disparaged association descended in the third generation, through the generosity and public spirit of one who had himself quaffed the Pierian spring, the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For the Harvard Musical Association sprang from the Pierian Sodality, and through its efforts orchestral music was nurtured and kept alive in Boston amid a period of storm and stress until the Symphony Orchestra was organized; and largely owing to the influence of the Harvard Musical Association, the chair of music at Harvard University was established. Such was musical New England in the early part of the last century.

And how is it now? In the country, beyond the reach of the trolley, a musical desert, a barren waste broken only by the occasional squeak of a wheezy cabinet organ drooling out a ragtime gospel hymn, or a vulgar scrap of vaudeville music issuing from the strident horn of a talking-machine. The village blacksmith no longer rejoices to hear his daughter's voice singing in the choir. He listens to a paid—and usually overpaid—quartet choir simpering and snickering behind their curtain, and to an organist who regales the congregation with selections from the operas, or thinly disguised imitations of them. And in the cities, grand opera, so-called musical comedy, symphony concerts, chamber concerts, artists' recitals, great schools of music, pianolas and talking-machines—everything to amuse and entertain the public.

but not much which includes it in active musical life.

All these things are very well, very amusing, sometimes even educating; but they can never take the place of that music which is made in the home and by the family,—made by the people, for the people, and through which the people may achieve a part of that spiritual uplift which is the highest and best element of the musical art. For without the interest of the people themselves in choral singing and in home music, the support of the general public is not to be expected.

Why is Germany considered to be the most music-loving nation? Not because opera and concerts are cheap and good; that is the effect, not the cause. It is because everybody, from the Emperor down, is expected to sing, and does sing. Students sing in their corps-meetings, and soldiers on the march. Every workman in a factory belongs to his little *Gesang-Verein*. In Leipsic alone there are sixty or seventy of these societies.

The English have the reputation of being an unmusical nation, which, in my opinion, is not at all deserved. They may be somewhat lacking in discrimination, but their appetite for music is simply omnivorous, and there is no town of a thousand inhabitants in England without its choral society. Very often it has an amateur orchestral society also. The great choral festivals of England, in Birmingham, Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford, Sheffield, and London would not be possible except for this widespread interest in choral singing among the people. It is their joy and delight, and they even have a musical notation of their own which is a direct result of it.

To be sure, there are many choral societies in the large cities of the United States, and in many places musical festivals are annually given, with performances of choral works of greater or less importance, at which the choral forces study during a portion of the

year. These festivals are usually assisted and sometimes arranged by the symphony orchestras of large cities, which happen to be on tour. In such cases, as for example at Worcester and Cincinnati, at the University at Evanston, at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and, above all, at Toronto, where the unrivaled Mendelssohn choir holds an annual festival assisted by the splendid Chicago Orchestra, the results—both artistic and financial—are so decided that the struggling choral societies of larger cities may well envy them their success.

In the larger cities the choral societies, particularly those which have been longest established, are meeting with little support from the public, and with a lack of interest on the part of singers which makes it difficult for them to keep their ranks full. The young people who are trying to study singing with a teacher, but who would learn much more by singing in a chorus, usually regard their voices as too precious for that purpose, and the others would much rather play bridge-whist, or dance, or go to a moving-picture show. They dislike to bind themselves to attend rehearsals of serious music which may possibly interfere with these diversions.

And this is not altogether, as some have supposed, because our American public has lost interest in the older forms of classic choral music,—the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn and the great works of Bach; rather, it is because our young people have not been brought up to sing, and thus have never experienced the keen delight of self-expression through the singing voice and the inspiration that comes through participation in a choral performance.

But there is a class of our people who have discovered these pleasures for themselves. They are the wage-earners, the artisans, the domestics, even the day-laborers, who have been organized into People's Choral Unions in several places. This movement, originally

started by Mr. Frank Damrosch in New York, has spread to other cities, large and small, with excellent results to the community, both socially and artistically. These choral societies in a certain way have taken the place of the old-fashioned singing-school. The conductor is usually an enthusiast who gives his services gratis. The members pay a small sum at each rehearsal for the running expenses and the organization is self-supporting.

Beginning with elementary instruction in sight-singing and voice-production, these people are eventually trained to take part in the performance of oratorios and choral works. A large proportion of the members in large cities is of foreign birth, and they are setting a good example to our native-born citizens who are idling away their Sunday afternoons or dozing over lurid Sunday papers.

If we hope ever to become a really musical nation, this interest in choral singing must extend to all classes of society. The great choruses of England are recruited from families of the well-to-do, and even from the nobility, as well as from the working-classes. In Germany, the *Gesang-Verein* includes people of every station in life, banded together by their common love of music. And so it must be in this country if we are to realize the vision of Walt Whitman, and "hear America singing."

But before this millennium can arrive there is much work to be done. The soil must be fertilized and made ready to receive this seed from which a musical nation is to grow. To do this we must begin at the very beginning. And the beginning is in the *school*; not only in the public but in the private school. For in the boy's preparatory schools, with the exception of those which have a daily church service and choir, the teaching of singing is almost wholly neglected; and one direct result of this is that college choral singing, with the exception of the glee clubs, is almost

entirely confined to the football-field, or to convivial occasions.

In the public schools good work is being done and much has already been accomplished. In some of the Eastern schools works like Haydn's *Creation* have been performed by high-school choruses. When their students can accomplish so much it would seem money well spent for the school authorities to provide competent solo singers and an orchestral accompaniment,—but unfortunately they are not always so liberal. There is room for improvement not only in methods but in administration, and especially in the adjustment of the study of music to the rest of the curriculum of the school. Above all, the question of politics should be absolutely eliminated. The training of youthful voices should never be intrusted to unqualified persons—be they ever so useful Republicans, Democrats or Progressives.

One thing more! The women's musical clubs have become a potent musical influence all over the country. They are ceaselessly working, studying and organizing, and to them more than to any other one factor is due the growing appreciation of good music in this country. To them the American composer owes much, for they have insisted that he shall be heard, and respected. These clubs usually include a chorus,—necessarily of sopranos and altos only; but could the "mere men" be annexed, in a strictly ex-officio capacity of course, what glorious choral results would soon follow! No longer would choral music languish in this country. In one generation, or before, choral singing would become universal, as it is in England and Germany, to the great advantage of the community socially, morally, and vocally; for it is no longer a subject of controversy that music does exert a salutary influence. It is conceded, even by those who are oblivious of its delight and deaf to its appeal; even its therapeutic value has been demonstrated.

So, let these devoted women use all those arts of persuasion for which their sex is so justly renowned, and, even by force if necessary, bring their husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers into the musical hive; and there compel them to serve their queens loyally and faithfully in the cause of song. It would add the brightest jewel to their already glittering diadem.

FREE TRADE *versus* PROTECTION IN LITERATURE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

In the old-fashioned text-book we used to be told that the branch of learning that was treated was at once an art and a science. Literature is much more than that. It is an art, a science, a profession, a trade, and an accident. The literature that is of lasting value is an accident. It is something that happens. After it has happened, the historical critics busy themselves in explaining it. But they are not able to predict the next stroke of genius.

Shelley defines poetry as the record of "the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." When we are fortunate enough to happen in upon an author at one of these happy moments, then, as the country newspaper would say, "a very enjoyable time was had." After we have said all that can be said about art and craftsmanship, we put our hopes upon a happy chance. Literature cannot be standardized. We never know how the most painstaking work may turn out. The most that can be said of the literary life is what Sancho Panza said of the profession of knight-errantry: "There is something delightful in going about in expectation of accidents."

After a meeting in behalf of Social Justice, an eager, distraught young man met me, in the streets of Boston, and asked:

"You believe in the principle of equality?"

"Yes."

"Don't I then have just as much right to be a genius as Shakespeare had?"

"Yes."

"Then why ain't I?"

I had to confess that I didn't know.

It is with this chastened sense of our limitations that we meet for any organ-

ized attempt at the encouragement of literary productivity. Matthew Arnold's favorite bit of irreverence in which he seemed to find endless enjoyment was in twitting the unfortunate Bishop who had said that "something ought to be gone" for the Holy Trinity. It was a business-like proposition that involved a spiritual incongruity.

A confusion of values is likely to take place when we try to "do something" for American Literature. It is an object that appeals to the uplifter who is anxious to "get results." But the difficulty is that if a piece of writing is literature, it does not need to be uplifted. If it is not literature, it is likely to be so heavy that you can't lift it. We have been told that a man by taking thought cannot add a cubit to his stature. It is certainly true that we cannot add many cubits to our literary stature. If we could we should all be giants.

When literary men discourse with one another about their art, they often seem to labor under a weight of responsibility which a friendly outsider would seek to lighten. They are under the impression that they have left undone many things which they ought to have done, and that the Public blames them for their manifold transgressions.

That Great American Novel ought to have been written long ago. There ought to be more local color and less imitation of European models. There ought to have been more plain speaking to demonstrate that we are not squeamish and are not tied to the apron-strings of Mrs. Grundy. There ought to be a literary centre and those who are at it ought to live up to it.

In all this it is assumed that contem-

porary writers can control the literary situation.

Let me comfort the over-strained consciences of the members of the writing fraternity. Your responsibility is not nearly so great as you imagine.

Literature differs from the other arts in the relation in which the producer stands to the consumer. Literature can never be made one of the protected industries. In the Drama the living actor has a complete monopoly. One might express a preference for Garrick or Booth, but if he goes to the theatre he must take what is set before him. The monopoly of the singer is not quite so complete as it once was. But until canned music is improved, most people will prefer to get theirs fresh. In painting and in sculpture there is more or less competition with the work of other ages. Yet even here there is a measure of natural protection. The old masters may be admired, but they are expensive. The living artist can control a certain market of his own.

There is also a great opportunity for the artist and his friends to exert pressure. When you go to an exhibition of new paintings, you are not a free agent. You are aware that the artist or his friends may be in the vicinity to observe how First Citizen and Second Citizen enjoy the masterpiece. Conscious of this espionage, you endeavor to look pleased. You observe a picture which outrages your ideas of the possible. You mildly remark to a bystander that you have never seen anything like that before.

"Probably not," he replies, "it is not a picture of any outward scene, it represents the artist's state of mind."

"Oh," you reply, "I understand. He is making an exhibition of himself."

It is all so personal that you do not feel like carrying the investigation further. You take what is set before you and ask no questions.

But with a book the relation to the producer is altogether different. You go into your library and shut the door,

and you have the same sense of intellectual freedom that you have when you go into the polling-booth and mark your Australian ballot. You are a sovereign citizen. Nobody can know what you are reading unless you choose to tell. You snap your fingers at the critics. In the "tumultuous privacy" of print you enjoy what you find enjoyable, and let the rest go.

Your mind is a free port. There are no customs-house officers to examine the cargoes that are unladen. The book which has just come from the press has no advantage over the book that is a century old. In the matter of legibility the old volume may be preferable, and its price is less. Whatever choice you make is in the face of the free competition of all the ages. Literature is the timeless art.

Clever writers who start fashions in the literary world should take account of this secrecy of the reader's position. It is easy enough to start a fashion; the difficulty is to get people to follow it. Few people will follow a fashion except when other people are looking at them. When they are alone they relapse into something which they enjoy and which they find comfortable.

The ultimate consumer of literature is therefore inclined to take a philosophical view of the contentions among literary people, about what seem to them the violent fluctuations of taste. These fashions come and go, but the quiet reader is undisturbed. There are enough good books already printed to last his life-time. Aware of this, he is not alarmed by the cries of the "calamity-howlers" who predict a famine.

From a purely commercial viewpoint, this competition with writers of all generations is disconcerting. But I do not see that anything can be done to prevent it. The principle of protection fails. Trades-unionism offers no remedy. What if all the living authors should join in a general strike! We tremble to think of the army of strike-

breakers that would rush in from all centuries.

From the literary viewpoint, however, this free competition is very stimulating and even exciting. To hold our own under free-trade conditions, we

must not put all our thought on increasing the output. In order to meet the free competition to which we are exposed, we must improve the quality of our work. Perhaps that may be good for us.

RESPONSE OF AUGUSTUS THOMAS

UPON THE PRESENTATION TO HIM OF THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE INSTITUTE, FOR DRAMA

MR. PRESIDENT: I cannot conceive of a jury in the United States, however that jury might be constituted, however chosen or appointed, however commissioned or delegated or empowered, whose approval in a field of art or of letters would be so authoritative as is the approval of the men and the organization for whom you speak.

The proper fear concerning that approval is not that it may not be sufficiently esteemed, but that its bestowal may in the recipient produce self-consciousness to a benumbing and inhibiting degree.

Nothing like this presentation has ever been done to me except once, and my experience then does not help me now, because then I was alone, and because we had nothing to do but to take it and not let our new shoes squeak so much going back to our seats. In the present parallel to that remembered scene I miss this morning our parents standing about the wall. I miss—my eyes aren't as good as they were then—I almost miss the girls in their pink ribbons. I miss the lilacs on the teacher's desk and, just behind her, the Tropic of Capricorn. It had been there all winter, but never so awfully plain as on that shiny morning in May with the sun outside, and then the cowbells, and the trees, and the great, wonderful world turning on its own axis once in every twenty-four hours. That was forty-five years ago, and although I have remembered it ever since, the

Tropic of Capricorn has never been of any real help to me until now.

My mother was eighty-nine last March, and, besides, she is not very well. The other children couldn't get away, and she has had to live in St. Louis. I have decided not to go back to New York to-night, but to go home and show her this medal. She will not appreciate it as much as I do, and although I shall explain to her how kind you men are, and how careful you have to be, she will only wonder what has made all the delay.

When we grow up it is not good to be too proud, but one may certainly take to himself such comfort as he may find in that clause of your constitution which provides that this medal must be given to a living person or to one who has not been dead more than one year; and as this embarrassing moment prolongs itself, there is comfort also toward which I reach, perhaps needlessly, in that other clause which says the medal must not be awarded twice to any one person.

But, Dr. Matthews, knowing as I do the greatness of the honor, and knowing also at first hand much of human weakness, I see no happiness in this business except by regarding this award as the Institute's comment upon the intentions of the recipient and the seeming direction of his efforts, rather than upon their results, and in accepting it not as a record but as a stimulus and an obligation.

Compositions by members of the Institute made up in its entirety the Fifth Program of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's Twenty-third Season, the concert being given on Friday afternoon, November 14, 1913, and repeated Saturday evening, November 15, 1913.

- †*PRELUDE TO ACT III, "Natoma"*.....HERBERT
†*A NORTHERN BALLAD, Opus 46*.....PARKER
**DRAMATIC OVERTURE, "Melpomene"*.....CHADWICK
†*CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE No. 2, D minor, Opus 23*....MACDOWELL
LARGHETTO CALMATO.
PRESTO GIOCOLO.
LARGO—MOLTO ALLEGRO.

Soloist: MISS EDITH THOMPSON

INTERMISSION

- **"THE DEFEAT OF MACBETH"*.....KELLEY
**FOUR CHARACTER PIECES, Opus 48*.....FOOTE
**FESTIVAL MARCH AND HYMN TO LIBERTY*.....STOCK

*Conducted by the Composer at the first concert.
†Conducted by Mr. Frederick A. Stock, leader of the Orchestra.

PROGRAM NOTES

(Published by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra)

PREPARED BY FELIX BOROWSKI OF CHICAGO

INTRODUCTION TO ACT III

"NATOMA"

Victor Herbert

Born Feb. 1., 1859, at Dublin

"Natoma," Victor Herbert's first contribution to the literature of serious opera, was produced for the first time February 25, 1911, by the Chicago Opera Company, at Philadelphia. The cast was as follows: Natoma: Miss Mary Garden; Barbara: Miss Lillian Grenville; Lieut. Paul Merrill: John MacCormack; Alvarado: Mario Sammarco; Father Peralta: Hector Durfranne; Don Francisco de la Guerra: Gustave Huberdeau; Pico: Armand Crabbe; José Castro: Frank Preisch. Cleofonte Campanini was the conductor. Four days after the Philadelphia performance "Natoma" was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with the cast that had played and sung it at the first performance. The opera was not interpreted in Chicago until December 15, 1911. The libretto of Mr. Herbert's work was written by Joseph D. Redding.* This author placed the scene of the opera in California—its first act on the Island of Santa Cruz; the second in the plaza of the town of Santa Barbara on the mainland, and the third inside the mission church, whose exterior had formed the background of the plaza in the second act. The time of the action was 1820, under the Spanish régime.

*Joseph Deighn Redding (born Sept. 13, 1859, at Sacramento, Cal.) is by profession a lawyer. Educated first at California Military Academy, he was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1879, and has been in practice in San Francisco since 1882.

The story of "Natoma" is concerned with the Indian girl, whose name gives the title to the opera, and her love for Lieut. Paul Merrill, of the United States brig Liberty. The latter has had some sentimental passages with Natoma, but when he sets eyes on Barbara, the daughter of Don Francisco de la Guerra—to her Natoma has long been a companion—his fancy for the Indian girl is swallowed up in the stronger passion for her mistress. The young Spaniard, Alvarado, also loves Barbara, who is his cousin, and it is not long before he is made aware that the girl reciprocates the affection of the young lieutenant whose ship is lying off the island of Santa Cruz. Alvarado conceives the plan of killing Merrill, but Castro, a half-breed, persuades him that a safer scheme would be to abduct Barbara and carry her away into the mountains. They propose to do this on the morrow when the festivities of the maiden's name-day will be at their height. Natoma, however, overhears the plot, and when the fiesta is gayest she kills Alvarado with a dagger just as he is about to abduct his cousin. The crowd is on the point of taking vengeance on Natoma when the door of the mission church swings open and Father Peralta, the padre, appears on the steps holding a cross aloft. He gives the Indian girl sanctuary, and under the stress of his pleading Natoma makes a final renunciation; for she gives up the world and love and finds surcease of sorrow among the nuns of the neighboring convent.

Mr. Herbert's prelude is written for the following orchestra: two flutes, piccolo, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, double bassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, kettle-drums, cymbals, triangle, harp and strings. It opens (*Feroce, ma in tempo moderato*) with a marked phrase *ff* in the full orchestra, and a slower section eight measures long leads into a broad theme (*Maestoso e patetico, C sharp minor, 4-4 time*) given out by all the

strings, the double basses excepted. At the eighteenth measure there is heard in the violins and woodwind alternately the motive associated with Natoma, or more properly with the amulet which she wears round her neck and which, connected with the history and destiny of her people, may be considered as signifying Natoma's fate. Following this there comes a division which, frequently recurring in the course of the opera itself, is concerned with Natoma and her love for Lieut. Paul Merrill. Here it is given to the first violins, a broken chord figure in the violas and harp arpeggios accompanying it. After a development of this the prelude ends.

"A NORTHERN BALLAD"

Opus 46

Horatio W. Parker

Born Sept. 5, 1863, at Auburndale, Mass.

This work was composed at New Haven, Conn., in 1899, and was produced for the first time at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Boston, Dec. 29, 1899. Wilhelm Gericke was the conductor. The programme also contained Moszkowski's first suite for orchestra, opus 39—this preceded "A Northern Ballad"—and Beethoven's sixth (Pastoral) symphony, which followed it. The score—still unpublished—bears a dedication to Theodore Thomas. It was performed at these concerts during the ninth season (Feb. 10, 1900), Mr. Thomas having been the conductor. The composer states that "A Northern Ballad" bears no "program." The work is scored for two flutes, piccolo, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba, harp, kettledrums, bass drum, cymbals and strings.

When the piece was played for the first time at Boston in 1899, William F. Apthorp, then the editor of the program book, contributed the following analysis which has been forwarded by the composer for reproduction here:

"The composition is essentially in sonata form. It begins with a slow introduction. *Molto moderato*, E minor, 3-4 time, in which a theme of folk-song character is developed, at first simply, by the woodwind and horns, then against counterphrases in the strings. Episodic phrases from the main body of the composition lead over to the *Allegro non troppo* in E minor (3-4 time). This begins with its fitful first theme, the development, in which there is a good deal of contrapuntal imitation, going on from *piano* to *fortissimo*. After a change to D minor, the 'celli enter with a more *cantabile* phrase against fluttering arpeggios in the woodwind, which is soon taken up by the first violins. This is transitional; the second theme coming in the woodwind in D minor, over a simple accompaniment in the strings. This theme is developed at some length, a new lightly skipping figure coming in the flute, then the clarinet, as the closing developments of the second theme lead over to the free fantasia. This begins with fragments of the first theme, of the folk-song theme of the introduction, and a new dancing phrase. The working-out, though not so very long, is often of an elaborate description. The third part begins in the tonic, but somewhat irregularly, with figures from the first theme, not with the theme itself in the shape in which it appeared at the beginning of the first part; it sounds like a continuation of the working-out, when all of a sudden you find yourself in the midst of the first theme itself, and become conscious that the third part has begun. Its relation to the first part is regular, the second theme coming now in the tonic E major. There is a long coda running almost entirely on the second theme, the composition ending *pianissimo* in the full orchestra in D flat major."

DRAMATIC OVERTURE, "MELPOMENE."

George Whitefield Chadwick.

Born Nov. 13, 1854, at Lowell, Mass.

Concerning his overture "Melpomene," Mr. Chadwick has supplied the following information for the purposes of this program: "It was composed in the year 1886 and first performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Gericke in December of the same year. It was originally intended as a companion piece for my earlier overture 'Thalia,' the full title of which was 'Overture to an Imaginary Comedy.' 'Melpomene,' however, somewhat out-

grew its original scope, so that it can hardly be called 'Overture to an Imaginary Tragedy' but rather a piece which typifies an atmosphere of tragic poetry in general. It was published in 1887, since which time it has probably been played more than any of my other orchestral works, having been performed at the Philharmonic in London, at the Worcester Festival, in England, Paris, Leipzig, Copenhagen, and several other European cities."

Melpomene was one of the nine muses who, originally included among the nymphs, were afterward regarded as quite distinct from them. Although Hesiod in his "Theogony" calls the muses the nine daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, the enumeration varied with other poets. Homer, writing now of one and now of many muses, considered them as deities dwelling in Olympus who, at the banquets of the gods, sing to the lyre of Apollo and inspire his song. According to Hesiod the names and attributes of the muses were as follows: 1. Calliope, the muse of epic song, represented as standing with a wax tablet and a pencil in her hand. 2. Clio, the muse of history, with a scroll. 3. Euterpe, the muse of lyric song, with a double flute. 4. Thalia, the muse of comedy and bucolic poetry, with the comic mask, the ivy wreath and the shepherd's staff. 5. Melpomene, the muse of tragedy, with tragic mask and ivy wreath. 6. Terpsichore, the muse of dancing, with the lyre. 7. Erato, the muse of erotic poetry, with a smaller lyre. 8. Polyhymnia, the muse of sacred songs, usually represented as veiled and pensive. 9. Urania, the muse of astronomy, with the celestial globe.

"Melpomene" is scored for two flutes, piccolo, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba, kettle drums, bass drum, cymbals and strings. The overture opens with a slow Introduction (*Lento e dolente*, D minor, 4-4 time), its theme given out by the English horn over sustained harmony of the trombones. The phrase thus played by the English horn is repeated by the oboe a

fourth higher. Following this idea there is heard a melody, based on the same material and given to the oboe. This leads to the main movement (*Allegro agitato*, D minor, 2-2 time) whose subject, after some introductory chords in the full orchestra, is announced by the strings. There is a *crescendo*, and the principal theme is thundered out *ff* and in augmentation by the basses and trombones. After some stormy treatment of this material, the second theme enters with the oboes, English horn and violoncellos. Following this comes (in the woodwind) a theme which had been heard in the Introduction, its accompaniment being given *pizzicato* to the strings, and to a broken chord figure in the clarinet. *Allegro*. There is a fanfare for the trumpets, and the character of the music becomes one of greater excitement. A motive in the trombones *forte* suggests that which had been given to the English horn at the beginning of the Introduction. After a climax has been attained, the excitement subsides, and a new division (*Un poco piu moderato*) is introduced, its material being, however, a fugato based on the principal theme. The Introduction's motive returns (*animato*) in the woodwind, following the opening phrase of the principal theme given in augmentation to the trombones, this being, in reality, the beginning of the Recapitulation. There is a *ritardando* and the second subject is sung by the oboe and English horn in octaves. The trumpet fanfare returns, and the mood is again one of excitement. There is a great climax, a crash of cymbals followed by a pause. *Lento*. The material of the Introduction is now reheard in modified form, and with this the overture is brought to a conclusion.

CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE

No. 2, D minor, Opus 23

Edward Alexander MacDowell

Born Dec. 18, 1861, at New York

Died Jan. 23, 1908, at New York

MacDowell began the composition of the second of his two concertos for piano in 1884 at Frankfort, and the work was completed in 1885 at Weisbaden. Some of the material in the scherzo of the concerto had been written in the summer of 1884 as sketches for a symphonic poem—it was to have been entitled "Beatrice and Benedick"—which had been inspired by a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" given by Henry Irving and Ellen

Terry at the Lyceum Theatre, London.* The symphonic poem was eventually abandoned. The first performance of MacDowell's second concerto took place March 5, 1889, at a Theodore Thomas Symphony concert, Chickering Hall, New York, the composer having also been the soloist. At the same concert Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony was played for the first time in America. Four months later (July 12) MacDowell played his work at an "American Concert" given at the Paris Exposition. In England the second concerto was first played by Mme. Teresa Carreño at a Crystal Palace Concert, April 7, 1900.

The orchestra employed by MacDowell in the accompaniment of his second concerto comprises two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, kettle drums and strings.

I. (*Larghetto calmato*, D minor, 6-8 time). The movement is constructed in a somewhat irregular sonata form. It opens with a subject given to the muted strings *pianissimo*. The piano enters alone with a broader theme, *fortissimo*. The first idea is taken up again, this time by the woodwind and second violins, the solo instrument then stating alone (*poco piu mosso e con passione*) the real principal subject of the movement. This is worked over at some length, eventually giving way to the second theme in F major, which is heard in the violoncellos, with a running accompaniment in the violins. The piano takes up the running figure, and the first violins play a countersubject against the second theme played by the second violins and violas. There follows a strongly marked idea in the brass, drawn from the first piano theme. Development takes place and the piano plays a passage based on the principal subject, which leads into a Recapitulation. The second theme, now in D major, is given to the violins, its running accompaniment in the piano part. There is

a short coda which brings the movement to a soft and tranquil close.

II. (*Presto giocoso*, B flat major, 2-4 time). Although not so entitled on the score, this movement is practically a scherzo. It opens with an elf-like subject given partly to the woodwind and strings and partly to the piano. It is followed by a more vigorous idea, the true second theme appearing in the horns (F major), the piano accompanying it with a semi-trill. The first theme reappears and there is a *tutti*, which opens the Development section. An episode (first for the solo instrument, afterward taken up by the strings) is now introduced, it, in its turn, being succeeded by the first theme. There is development of the episode and the Recapitulation sets in, the principal subject being given out much as in the opening portion of the movement. The second theme is allotted once more to the horns. There is a short coda ending *pianissimo*.

III. The movement opens (*Largo*, D minor, 3-4 time) with an Introduction in which the principal theme of the main movement is foreshadowed. (*Molto Allegro*, D major, 3-4 time). The woodwind prepare the way for the entrance of the first subject, stated by the piano, *ff*. Another idea, drawn from the first, is given out lightly by the piano and strings in F major. The first theme is worked out, and a new and vigorous theme appears *ff* in B minor in the full orchestra. This is developed together with the opening subject. The Recapitulation of the first theme opens with the first theme in the brass and the movement ends with a brilliant and sonorous coda.

"THE DEFEAT OF MACBETH"

Edgar Stillman Kelley

Born April 14, 1857, at Sparta, Wis.

Mr. Kelley, who with "The Defeat of Macbeth" is given representation for the first time on the programs of these concerts, obtained his musical training from F. W. Merriam (1870-74); Clarence Eddy and N. Ledochowski in Chicago (1874-76); in 1876 he went to Stuttgart where for four years he was a pupil of Max Seifriz (in composition), Wilhelm Krüger and Wilhelm Speidel (in piano playing) and Friedrich Finck (organ playing). Mr. Kelley acted as organist in Oakland and San Francisco, Cal. He conducted a light opera company in the Eastern

*It was a representation of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" given by Henry Irving and Miss Terry at the Lyceum Theatre in 1884 which inspired MacDowell to the composition of his symphonic poem "Hamlet and Ophelia" (1885). The score of that work he dedicated to the two artists.

States (1890-91) and taught piano playing, organ and composition in various schools in California and New York. He was musical critic for the San Francisco *Examiner* from 1893 until 1895; in 1896 special instructor in composition at New York College of Music; in 1901-02 at Yale University. In connection with music for the stage Mr. Kelley has written music to "Macbeth" (produced 1885 and 1887). Newly written and given at the Ducal Court Theatre, Coburg (1909-10); music to "Ben Hur" (1899); music to "Prometheus Bound"; comic opera "Puritania" (given first at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, June 9, 1892). He has composed for orchestra a Chinese Suite, "Aladdin"—the Chinese themes in this were the result of a study of Chinese music made by Mr. Kelley during his residence in San Francisco; "Gulliver," humorous symphony; "New England" symphony, produced at the Norfolk Festival, 1913.

"The Defeat of Macbeth" is the last number of a Suite for orchestra which—containing five movements—was constructed from the incidental music to Shakespeare's tragedy to which reference has been made in a preceding paragraph. The Suite is thus composed: I. Overture; II. "Arrival of King Duncan"; III. Introduction to Act II; IV. Banquet Music; V. "The Defeat of Macbeth."

"The Defeat of Macbeth" is scored for two flutes, piccolo, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, tuba, kettle-drums, bass drum, side drum, triangle, cymbals, gong and strings. On a fly leaf of the autograph score the composer has written the following program of the work:

"Trumpets in the English camp summon the allied armies to advance on Dunsinane. The peaceful mood of the Highlands is broken by distant galloping of Macbeth's horsemen. The war-horns of the approaching Scots are an-

swered by the English trumpets preceding the shock of arms. Macbeth falls and his forces fly. The English trumpets signal the conquerors to assemble and Malcolm is proclaimed King of Scotland." The following additional explanation was inserted in the program book of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, when Mr. Kelley's work was played by that organization at Cincinnati, Feb. 28-Mar. 1, 1913:

" 'The Defeat of Macbeth,' when given in connection with the play, is the introduction to the final act and is based on the closing events of the tragedy. Primitive trumpet calls in divers keys, answering each other, form the introduction, and lead to the march of the English. As the movement dies away, the mood of the Scotch hills is suggested by a quieter section (given out by the oboe). A second allusion to the English soldiery is followed by the approach of Macbeth's horsemen (galloping figure in violas and violoncellos). It is heard first in the distance and ever growing nearer. Now the hoarse, challenging tones of the Scotch war-horns are answered by the bright *fanfare* of the English trumpets. The varied events of medieval warfare are portrayed by the well-adapted use of some of the devices of modern orchestration in which numerous harmonic designs may be traced. Macbeth falls and his forces fly. To those familiar with the preceding numbers of the work, additional significance is imparted by the final pronouncement of the motive associated with the weird sisters and their prophecy concerning Macbeth's fate (trombones and tuba). This motive, heard first in the overture, then in connection with Macbeth's first interview with the witches, and again in the incantation scene, where the sybillic admonition—that he has no cause to fear till Birnam Wood come to high Dunsinane Hill—finds, at the fulfillment of the prophecy, its fullest and most elaborate development."

FOUR CHARACTER PIECES

Opus 48

Arthur William Foote

Born March 5, 1853, at Salem, Mass.

These Four Character Pieces are transcriptions of some piano compositions which, entitled "Five Poems after Omar Khayyam"—were written by Mr. Foote at Dedham, Mass., in the summer of 1898. Of these five poems, four were orchestrated in July and August, 1900, and they were performed for the first time Dec. 20-21, 1907, at the eleventh concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra—at that time the Theodore Thomas Orchestra—under the direction of Frederick Stock. The program also comprised Elgar's "Froissart" overture; the Pastorale from the Christmas Oratorio by Bach; Wilm's Concertstück for harp and orchestra (performed by Enrico Tramonti); Block's "Triptyque Symphonique" and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes." The work, dedicated to Georg Henschel, was published in 1912. For the program book of the Chicago concerts Mr. Foote supplied the following explanation of his music which, as has been said, is based on quatrains from the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam:

I

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no
one knows;

But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

Andante comodo, in B major and 3-4 time:—The theme heard at the outset in the solo clarinet runs through the whole, with a contrasting counter-subject; while always there is an accompaniment persisting with a "strumming" sort of rhythm.

II

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep:

And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter—the Wild
Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his
Sleep.

Allegro, in B minor and 3-4 time:—
The basis of this is a strongly accented theme stated at the commencement of the first violins. For this the fullest orchestra is used, and there are occasional touches of cymbals, tambourine, etc.

The middle part is as a reverie.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the
Rose!

That Youth's sweet-scented manuscripts
should close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who
knows!

In this the accompaniment is softly given by the strings, harp, etc., the melody being sung by clarinet and by flute. This dies out, and the first theme returns—ending *ff*.

III

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Comodo, in A major and 4-4 time:—
The subject heard at the start in the strings appears in changing forms—without any other contrasting theme, and is throughout based on an organ-point on the dominant (prolonged E in the bass). It fades out in the strings in their highest positions, with a few last Es in the harp.

IV

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in
vain!

With strongly marked rhythm, in E minor and 6-8 time:—After some chords with harp and strings *pizzicato* the theme enters in the solo horn and violoncello—rises to *ff* and, again, dies out in the E minor chord, being succeeded by the *Piu allegro* (in B major and 3-4 time)—

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

This next is a sort of Scherzo, toward the end of which is a reminiscence of the theme of the first piece, *fortissimo*. This subsides, and after a pause the first theme returns, with a wavy accompaniment in divided strings—the movement proceeding to an expressive *pianissimo* close.

FESTIVAL MARCH
Frederick A. Stock

Born Nov. 11, 1872, at Jülich, Germany

In commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra—it was at the time of that foundation, in 1891, the Chicago Orchestra—Mr. Stock composed his Festival March, which received its first performance at the first concerts of the season, Oct. 14-15, 1910. A note at the end of the manuscript score states that the March was composed at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) and that it was begun August 11, 1910, and completed August 25—the work having been an artistic product of its composer's vacation spent in Germany.

Since the labors of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra have been entirely devoted to the cause of musical progress in America it was, perhaps, a natural decision which led Mr. Stock to incorporate with his own creative material certain national tunes which have long been associated with the folk music of this country. As will be heard during the interpretation of the March these tunes are, with the exception of "The Star Spangled Banner," rather suggested than unfolded at length, and they are largely given contrapuntal development with other material. The national melodies thus drawn upon are "The Old Folks at Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie" and "The Star Spangled Banner." His composition the writer dedicated to the officers and members of the association which for so long has sup-

ported the provision of the highest type of orchestral art in this city, and of which he has been the musical director since its founder's death. The Festival March is written for a large orchestra, the following instruments being called for by the score—two flutes, piccolo, three oboes (one interchangeable with an English horn), two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, double bassoon, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, tuba, kettle drums, bass drum, side drum, cymbals, triangle, bells, glockenspiel castagnettes, tambourine, harp and strings.

The work opens with an introduction (*Moderato, Maestoso e Pesante*) twenty-five measures long in which the principal theme is foreshadowed in passages for the lower strings over a long continued organ-point on F. There is a hint of the two first measures of "The Star Spangled Banner" occurring in the trombones eleven bars after the beginning of the piece. Still later a suggestion of "Yankee Doodle" is heard in the violoncellos and trombones. A *crescendo* working up to a *ff* leads into the main theme, put forward by the full orchestra.

The subject having been worked over at some length and with much sonority, the music becomes more tranquil, and over a tremolo in the divided violoncellos there is heard (in the woodwind) four measures of "Dixie," this being interwoven with "The Old Folks at Home" in the second violin. The development of these melodies is continued, with hints of "Yankee Doodle" given out by the violoncellos and trombones.

Working over of the main theme is resumed, and nine measures later the whole first phrase of "Yankee Doodle" is given to the tuba and bass clarinet, following this there being heard the first phrase of "Dixie" in the woodwind. The main theme returns *ff*. A climax, followed by a *diminuendo* and a *rallentando*, leads into the Trio, the subject of which (*Sehr ruhig*) is allotted to the first violins.

At the close of the Trio a return is made to the main subject-matter over a long organ-point on F, "Dixie" and, later, "Yankee Doodle" also being suggested. A long *crescendo* leads to the climax of the work in which, after a pause, "The Star Spangled Banner" is shouted forth first by the brass (*Maestoso*) and after it by the full orchestra; and with this Hymn to Liberty the March comes to its conclusion.

THE INSTITUTE MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Institute is annually awarded to any citizen of the United States, whether a member of the Institute or not, for distinguished services to arts or letters in the creation of original work.

The conditions of the award are these:

(1) "That the medal shall be awarded for the entire work of the recipient, without limit of time during which it shall have been done; that it shall be awarded to a living person or to one who shall not have been dead more than one year at the time of the award; and that it shall not be awarded more than once to any one person.

(2) "That it shall be awarded in the following order: First year, for Sculpture; second year, for History or Biography; third year, for Music; fourth year, for Poetry; fifth year, for Architecture; sixth year, for Drama; seventh year, for Painting; eighth year, for Fiction; ninth year, for Essays or Belles-Lettres—returning to each subject every tenth year in the order named.

(3) "That it shall be the duty of the Secretary each year to poll the members of the section of the Institute dealing with the

subject in which the medal is that year to be awarded, and to report the result of the poll to the Institute at its Annual Meeting, at which meeting the medal shall be awarded by vote of the Institute."

The medal was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, of the Institute, in 1909.

The first award—for sculpture—was to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The medal was presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens at the meeting held in memory of her husband, November 20, 1909.

The second medal—for history—was awarded to James Ford Rhodes, 1910.

The third medal—for poetry—was awarded to James Whitcomb Riley, 1911.

The fourth medal—for architecture—was awarded to William Rutherford Mead, 1912.

The fifth medal—for drama—was awarded to Augustus Thomas, 1913.

On November 14, 1913, the Fifteenth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the National Institute of Arts and Letters was held, when the fifth Gold Medal of the Institute was awarded, in the Department of Drama, to

AUGUSTUS THOMAS.



CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

(Founded, 1898, by the American Social Science Association)

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

This society, organized by men nominated and elected by the American Social Science Association at its annual meeting in 1898, with a view to the advancement of art, music and literature, shall be known as the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

II. MEMBERSHIP

1. Qualification for membership shall be notable achievement in art, music or literature.
2. The number of members shall be limited to two hundred and fifty.

III. ELECTIONS

The name of a candidate shall be proposed to the Secretary by three members of the section in which the nominee's principal work has been performed. The name shall then be submitted to the members of that section, and if approved by a majority of the answers received within fifteen days may be submitted by a two-thirds vote of the council to an annual meeting of the Institute for formal election by a majority vote of those present. The voting shall be by ballot.

IV. OFFICERS

1. The officers of the Institute shall consist of a President, six Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, and they shall constitute the council of the Institute.
2. The council shall always include at least one member of each department.

V. ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, but the council may fill a vacancy at any time by a two-thirds vote.

VI. MEETINGS

1. The annual meeting of the Institute shall be held on the first Tuesday in September, unless otherwise ordered by the council.*
2. Special meetings may be called by the President on recommendation of any three members of the council, or by petition of at least one-fourth of the membership of the Institute.

VII. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Institute and of the council.
2. In the absence of the President, the senior Vice-President in attendance shall preside.

3. The Secretary shall keep a minute of all meetings of the Institute and of the council, and shall be the custodian of all records.

4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all funds of the Institute and shall make disbursements only upon order of the council.

VIII. ANNUAL DUES

The annual dues for membership shall be five dollars.

IX. INSIGNIA

The insignia of the Institute shall be a bow of purple ribbon bearing two bars of old gold.

X. EXPULSIONS

Any member may be expelled for unbecoming conduct by a two-thirds vote of the council, a reasonable opportunity for defense having been given.

XI. AMENDMENTS

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the Institute upon the recommendation of the council or upon the request, in writing, of any five members. The Secretary shall be required to send to each member a copy of the proposed amendment at least thirty days before the meeting at which such amendment is to be considered.

XII. THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of membership of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; PROVIDED that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and PROVIDED that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

* For convenience the annual meeting is usually called for November or December.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTE

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Adams, Brooks
Adams, Charles Francis
Adams, Henry
Ade, George
Alden, Henry M.
Aldrich, Richard
Allen, James Lane
Baldwin, Simeon E.
Bates, Arlo
Bridges, Robert
Brownell, W. C.
Burroughs, John
Burton, Richard
Butler, Nicholas Murray
Cable, George W.
Carman, Bliss
Cawein, Madison J.
Chadwick, French E.
Chambers, R. W.
Channing, Edward
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C.
Cheney, John Vance
Churchill, Winston
Connolly, James B.
Cortissoz, Royal
Croly, Herbert D.
Cross, Wilbur L.
Crothers, Samuel McChord
de Kay, Charles
Dunne, Finley P.
Edwards, Harry Stillwell
Egan, Maurice Francis
Fernald, Chester Bailey
Finck, Henry T.
Finley, John Huston
Firkins, O. W.
Ford, Worthington C.
Fox, John, Jr.
Furness, Horace Howard, Jr.
Garland, Hamlin
Gildersleeve, Basil L.
Gillette, William
Gilman, Lawrence
Gordon, George A.
Grant, Robert
Greenslet, Ferris
Griffis, Wm. Elliot
Gummere, F. B.
Hadley, Arthur Twining
Hamilton, Clayton
Harben, Will N.
Hardy, Arthur Sherburne
Harper, George McLean
Herford, Oliver
Herrick, Robert

Hibben, John Grier
Hitchcock, Ripley
Hooker, Brian
Howe, M. A. De Wolfe
Howells, William Dean
Huntington, Archer M.
James, Henry
Johnson, Owen
Johnson, Robert Underwood
Kennan, George
Lloyd, Nelson
Lodge, Henry Cabot
Long, John Luther
Lounsbury, Thomas R.
Lovett, Robert Morss
Lowell, Abbott Lawrence
Lummis, Charles F.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright
Mackaye, Percy
Mahan, Alfred T.
Markham, Edwin
Martin, Edward S.
Mather, F. J., Jr.
Matthews, Brander
McKelway, St. Clair
McMaster, John Bach
Mitchell, John Ames
Mitchell, Langdon E.
More, Paul Elmer
Morris, Harrison S.
Morse, John Torrey, Jr.
Muir, John
Nicholson, Meredith
Page, Thomas Nelson
Payne, Will
Payne, William Morton
Perry, Bliss
Perry, Thomas Sergeant
Phelps, William Lyon
Pier, Arthur S.
Rhodes, James Ford
Riley, James Whitcomb
Roberts, Charles G. D.
Robinson, Edward Arlington
Roosevelt, Theodore
Royce, Josiah
Schelling, Felix Emanuel
Schouler, James
Scollard, Clinton
Sedgwick, Henry D.
Seton, Ernest Thompson
Sherman, Frank Dempster
Shorey, Paul
Sloane, William M.
Smith, F. Hopkinson

Sullivan, Thomas Russell
 Tarkington, Booth
 Thayer, William Roscoe
 Thomas, Augustus
 Thorndike, A. H.
 Tooker, L. Frank
 Torrence, Ridgely
 Trent, William P.
 van Dyke, Henry
 Van Dyke, John C.
 Wendell, Barrett
 White, Andrew Dickson
 White, William Allen
 Whiting, Charles G.
 Whitlock, Brand
 Williams, Francis Howard
 Williams, Jesse Lynch
 Wilson, Harry Leon
 Wilson, Woodrow
 Wister, Owen
 Woodberry, George E.

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Adams, Herbert
 Alexander, John W.
 Babb, George F.
 Bacon, Henry
 Ballin, Hugo
 Barnard, George Gray
 Bartlett, Paul W.
 Beckwith, J. Carroll
 Benson, Frank W.
 Betts, Louis
 Bitter, Karl
 Blashfield, Edwin H.
 Brooks, Richard E.
 Brown, Glenn
 Brunner, Arnold W.
 Brush, George de Forest
 Bunce, William Gedney
 Carlsen, Emil
 Chase, William M.
 Clarkson, Ralph
 Cole, Timothy
 Cook, Walter
 Cox, Kenyon
 Dannat, William T.
 Day, Frank Miles
 De Camp, Joseph
 Dewey, Charles Melville
 Dewing, Thomas W.
 Dielman, Frederick
 Donaldson, John M.
 Dougherty, Paul
 Duveneck, Frank
 Foster, Ben
 French, Daniel C.
 Gay, Walter
 Gibson, Charles Dana
 Gilbert, Cass
 Graffy, Charles
 Guérin, Jules
 Hardenbergh, Henry J.

Harrison, Birge
 Hassam, Childe
 Hastings, Thomas
 Henri, Robert
 Howard, John Galen
 Howe, William Henry
 Howells, J. M.
 Jaegers, Albert
 Jones, Francis C.
 Jones, H. Bolton
 Kendall, W. Sergeant
 La Farge, Bancel
 Low, Will H.
 MacMonnies, Frederick
 Mac Neil, Hermon A.
 Marr, Carl
 McEwen, Walter
 Mead, William Rutherford
 Melchers, Gari
 Metcalf, Willard L.
 Mowbray, H. Siddons
 Ochtman, Leonard
 Parrish, Maxfield
 Peabody, Robert S.
 Pearce, Charles Sprague
 Pennell, Joseph
 Platt, Charles A.
 Pond, I. K.
 Potter, Edward Clark
 Pratt, Bela L.
 Proctor, A. Phimister
 Redfield, Edward W.
 Reid, Robert
 Roth, Frederick G. R.
 Ruckstuhl, F. W.
 Ryder, Albert P.
 Sargent, John S.
 Schofield, W. Elmer
 Shrady, Henry M.
 Simmons, Edward
 Smedley, William T.
 Taft, Lorado
 Tarbell, Edmund C.
 Thayer, A. H.
 Tryon, Dwight W.
 Vedder, Elihu
 Walden, Lionel
 Walker, Henry Oliver
 Walker, Horatio
 Warren, Whitney
 Weinman, Adolph A.
 Weir, J. Alden
 Wiles, Irving R.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Bird, Arthur
 Brockway, Howard
 Chadwick, George Whitefield
 Converse, F. S.
 Damrosch, Walter
 De Koven, Reginald
 Foote, Arthur

Gilchrist, W. W.
 Hadley, H. K.
 Herbert, Victor
 Kelley, Edgar Stillman
 Loeffler, Charles M.
 Parker, Horatio W.
 Schelling, Ernest
 Shelley, Harry Rowe
 Smith, David Stanley
 Stock, Frederick A.
 Van der Stucken, F.
 Whiting, Arthur

DECEASED MEMBERS

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey
 Bigelow, John
 Clemens, Samuel L. (Mark Twain)
 Conway, Moncure D.
 Crawford, Francis Marion
 Daly, Augustin
 Dodge, Theodore A.
 Eggleston, Edward
 Fawcett, Edgar
 Fiske, Willard
 Ford, Paul Leicester
 Frederic, Harold
 Furness, Horace Howard
 Gilder, Richard Watson
 Gilman, Daniel Coit
 Godkin, E. L.
 Godwin, Parke
 Hale, Edward Everett
 Harland, Henry
 Harris, Joel Chandler
 Harte, Bret
 Hay, John
 Herne, James A.
 Higginson, Thomas Wentworth
 Howard, Bronson
 Howe, Julia Ward
 Hutton, Laurence
 Jefferson, Joseph
 Johnston, Richard Malcolm
 Lea, Henry Charles
 Lodge, George Cabot
 Miller, Joaquin
 Mitchell, Donald G.
 Moody, William Vaughn
 Munger, Theodore T.
 Nelson, Henry Loomis
 Norton, Charles Eliot
 Peck, Harry Thurston
 Perkins, James Breck
 Schurz, Carl
 Schuyler, Montgomery
 Scudder, Horace
 Shaler, N. S.
 Stedman, Edmund Clarence

Stillman, William J.
 Stockton, Frank R.
 Stoddard, Charles Warren
 Thompson, Maurice
 Tyler, Moses Coit
 Vielé, Herman K.
 Warner, Charles Dudley

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Abbey, Edwin A.
 Bierstadt, Albert
 Blum, Robert Frederick
 Burnham, Daniel Hudson
 Carrère, John M.
 Collins, Alfred Q.
 Homer, Winslow
 Isham, Samuel
 La Farge, John
 Lathrop, Francis
 Loeb, Louis
 Millet, Francis D.
 McKim, Charles Follen
 Porter, Benjamin C.
 Post, George B.
 Pyle, Howard
 Remington, Frederic
 Saint-Gaudens, Augustus
 Shirlaw, Walter
 Twachtman, John H.
 Vinton, Frederick P.
 Ward, J. Q. A.
 White, Stanford
 Wood, Thomas W.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Buck, Dudley
 MacDowell, Edward A.
 Nevin, Ethelbert
 Paine, John K.

OFFICERS

President

Brander Matthews

Vice-Presidents

Arthur Whiting
 Hamlin Garland
 Robert Underwood Johnson
 Hamilton W. Mabie
 Harrison S. Morris
 Jesse Lynch Williams

Secretary

Henry D. Sedgwick
 120 E. 22d St., New York

Treasurer

(to be appointed,
vice Samuel Isham, deceased)

[September, 1914]

SKETCH OF THE ACADEMY AND LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

The American Academy of Arts and Letters was founded in 1904 as an interior organization of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which in turn was founded in 1898 by the American Social Science Association. In each case the elder organization left the younger to choose the relations that should exist between them. Article XII of the Constitution of the Institute provides as follows:

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of members of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; *provided* that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and *provided* that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

The manner of the organization of the Academy was prescribed by the following resolution of the Institute adopted April 23, 1904:

Whereas, the amendment to the Constitution known as Article XII, providing for the organization of the Academy of Arts and Letters, has been ratified by a vote of the Institute,

Resolved: that the following method be chosen for the organization of the Academy to wit, that seven members be selected by ballot as the first members of the Academy, and that these seven be requested and empowered to choose eight other members, and that the fifteen thus chosen be requested and empowered to choose five other

members, and that the twenty members thus chosen shall be requested and empowered to choose ten other members,—the entire thirty to constitute the Academy in conformity with Article XII, and that the first seven members be an executive committee for the purpose of insuring the completion of the number of thirty members.

Under Article XII the Academy has effected a separate organization, but at the same time it has kept in close relationship with the Institute. On the seventh of March, 1908, the membership was increased from thirty to fifty members, and on the seventh of November, 1908, the following Constitution was adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE ACADEMY

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

The American Academy of Arts and Letters is an association primarily organized by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Its aim is to represent and further the interests of the Fine Arts and Literature.

II. MEMBERSHIP AND ELECTIONS

It shall consist of not more than fifty members, and all vacancies shall be filled from the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. No one shall be elected a member of the Academy who shall not have received the votes of a majority of the members. The votes shall be opened and counted at a meeting of the Academy. In case the first ballot shall not result in an election a second ballot shall be taken to determine the choice between the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes on the first ballot. Elections shall be held only on due notice under rules to be established by the Academy.

III. AIMS

That the Academy may be bound together in community of taste and interest, its members shall meet regularly for discussion, and for the expression of artistic, literary and scholarly opinion on such topics as are brought to its attention. For the purpose of promoting the highest standards, the Academy may also award such prizes as may be founded by itself or entrusted to it for administration.

IV. OFFICERS

The officers shall consist of a President and a Chancellor, both elected annually from among the members to serve for one year only; a Permanent Secretary, not necessarily a member, who shall be elected by the Academy to serve for an indeterminate period, subject to removal by a majority vote; and a Treasurer. The Treasurer shall be appointed as follows: Three members of the Academy shall be elected at each annual meeting to serve as a Committee on Finance for the ensuing year. They shall appoint one of their number Treasurer of the Academy to serve for one year. He shall receive and protect its funds and make disbursements for its expenses as directed by the Committee. He shall also make such investments, upon the order of the President, as may be approved by both the Committee on Finance and the Executive Committee.

V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence of the Chancellor, to preside at all meetings throughout his term of office, and to safeguard in general all the interests of the Academy. It shall be the duty of the Chancellor to select and prepare the business for each meeting of his term. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the records; to conduct the correspondence of the Academy under the direction of the President or Chancellor; to issue its authorized statements; and to draw up as required such writing as pertain to the ordinary business of the Academy and its committees. These three officers shall constitute the Executive Committee.

VI. AMENDMENTS

Any proposed amendment to this Constitution must be sent in writing to the Secretary signed by at least ten members; and it shall then be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. It shall not be considered until three months after it has been thus submitted. No proposed amendment shall be adopted unless it receives the votes in writing of two-thirds of the members.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Following is the list of members in the order of their election:

William Dean Howells
 *Augustus Saint-Gaudens
 *Edmund Clarence Stedman
 *John La Farge
 *Samuel Langhorne Clemens
 *John Hay
 *Edward MacDowell
 Henry James
 *Charles Follen McKim
 Henry Adams
 *Charles Eliot Norton

*John Quincy Adams Ward
 Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury
 Theodore Roosevelt
 *Thomas Bailey Aldrich
 *Joseph Jefferson
 John Singer Sargent
 *Richard Watson Gilder
 *Horace Howard Furness
 *John Bigelow
 *Winslow Homer
 *Carl Schurz
 Alfred Thayer Mahan
 *Joel Chandler Harris
 Daniel Chester French
 John Burroughs
 James Ford Rhodes
 *Edwin Austin Abbey
 Horatio William Parker
 William Milligan Sloane
 *Edward Everett Hale
 Robert Underwood Johnson
 George Washington Cable
 *Daniel Coit Gilman
 *Thomas Wentworth Higginson
 *Donald Grant Mitchell
 Andrew Dickson White
 Henry van Dyke
 William Crary Brownell
 Basil Lanneau Guildersleeve
 *Julia Ward Howe
 Woodrow Wilson
 Arthur Twining Hadley
 Henry Cabot Lodge
 Francis Hopkinson Smith
 *Francis Marion Crawford
 *Henry Charles Lea
 Edwin Howland Blashfield
 William Merritt Chase
 Thomas Hastings
 Hamilton Wright Mabie
 *Bronson Howard
 Brander Matthews
 Thomas Nelson Page
 Elihu Vedder
 George Edward Woodberry
 *William Vaughn Moody
 Kenyon Cox
 George Whitefield Chadwick
 Abbott Handerson Thayer
 John Muir
 Charles Francis Adams
 Henry Mills Alden
 George deForest Brush
 William Rutherford Mead
 John White Alexander
 Bliss Perry
 *Francis Davis Millet
 Abbott Lawrence Lowell
 James Whitcomb Riley
 Nicholas Murray Butler
 Paul Wayland Bartlett
 *George Browne Post
 Owen Wister
 Herbert Adams
 Augustus Thomas
 Timothy Cole

* Deceased.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1914

President: MR. HOWELLS.

Chancellor: MR. SLOANE.

Permanent Secretary: MR. JOHNSON.

Finance Committee: MESSRS. SLOANE, RHODES, and HASTINGS.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS
AND OF THE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
AND LETTERS



Number VIII: 1915

Sixth Annual Joint Meeting, New York, November 19-20, 1914



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THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

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President of the Academy, Presiding

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President of the Institute, Presiding

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PREFATORY NOTE

During the sessions herein recorded many courtesies were extended to the members of the Academy and the Institute.

On the evening of November 18, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler gave a dinner to his fellow-members of the Academy to meet M. Brieux, the representative of the French Academy, and afterward a reception to the members of the Institute and many other guests. On the 20th Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan gave the hospitality of the Morgan Library, and the members were invited to a special exhibition arranged in their honor at the American Museum of Natural History. Other institutions that offered courtesies were The New York Historical Society, The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, The New York Public Library, Botanical Gardens, The New York Zoological Society, The Century Association, The Hispanic Society of America, The Women's Cosmopolitan Club, and The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The presentation of the compositions in the concert of the 20th was made through the generosity of Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler and Mr. Harrison S. Morris.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
American Academy of Arts and Letters
AND OF THE
National Institute of Arts and Letters

Published at intervals by the Societies

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VOL. II

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1915

No. 2

THE ACADEMY AND THE INSTITUTE

Public Meetings held at Aeolian Hall, New York
November 19-20, 1914



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, President of the Academy, and
EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD, President of the Institute, Presiding

[Session of November 19]

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY HIS HONOR THE MAYOR OF
THE CITY OF NEW YORK, JOHN PURROY MITCHEL

Gentlemen of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and Mr. Brieux: It is to me a source of genuine satisfaction and pleasure that I am permitted to come here this morning as the representative of the city to extend a welcome to the members of the Academy and of the Institute and to their most distinguished guest, Mr. Brieux, the representative of the French Academy. The city of New York feels a very deep interest in literature and in the fine arts, and therefore it is glad to extend an official welcome

to this meeting of the men who represent America's living leaders in the fine arts, in literature, and in music. I think that whatever might have been said in the past, it can no longer be said that New York City is provincial or narrow. In fact, cannot we say with truth to-day that New York is the center of literature and of art in this country? We have here the writers. We have here the magazines, if indeed they are literature. We have here the great printing establishments and houses which help the business men of the community to profit by the genius

of the members of the Academy and the Institute. But we have particularly those great institutions—the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the others—that have contributed greatly to the up-building and the support of the fine arts in this country. The citizens of New York take a deep and genuine interest in the development of literature and art, and surely no better proof of this could be found than the splendid gift to the city recently made by Mr. Altman in that magnificent collection that is but just housed in the Metropolitan Museum. I am glad that the Institute and

the Academy have chosen New York as the place for their annual meeting this year, and I recommend New York to them as a place for succeeding annual meetings.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are particularly delighted to-day to welcome here Mr. Brioux, who comes both as a most distinguished citizen of France and as a representative of her great Academy. I know that I merely express your sentiments when I extend to him the hearty welcome of the whole city of New York.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

President of the Academy

Gentlemen of the American Academy, and of the Institute, and you, ladies and gentlemen, who have favored us with your presence: It is my singular privilege as President of the American Academy to thank the French Academy for sending one of its most distinguished members to offer us its friendly recognition. Hitherto that Academy has not authorized any of its members to represent it abroad, and I cannot say what reasons moved it to contravene its custom in our favor. But perhaps the French Academy realized that in coming to a kindred society in a nation which Lafayette helped Washington to found, our guest would still be in his own country, among a people united with his in the fellow-citizenship of the democratic spirit, and the imperishable ideals of liberty, equality, fraternity.

I could not express too strongly my sense of the honor which the French Academy has done us, and I will not multiply words in the vain endeavor. It is enough, though little, to say that it is an honor beyond the gift of principalities or powers, and that it could come from no other source in the world. Whatever civic grace this honor might have lacked has been added by the exchange of letters concerning it, which you will hear read, between the President of the French Republic, a member of the French Academy, and the President of the United States, a member of the American Academy.

As for the bearer of the French Academy's assurance of good-will to ours, the envoy whom we have here with us this morning, he is already

known to us, past all praise of mine, by that work of his in which we are aware of an imagination finding supreme expression in the drama; a profound reverence for truth as the life of invention; an instinctive obedience to the authority that rests with reality alone; a keen wit sparsely flickering at moments into delicate humor or broadening into rich burlesque; an unflinching mastery of character, and a quick sensibility to every variance of motive; a pervading awe of the tragedy of life, not less in its nature than in its conditioning; a tender compassion for suffering and helplessness; a manly adoration of cruelty and a loathing of baseness. These are the qualities, the principles, of an author whose work has its highest effect in making us judges of ourselves, and whether we see his work on the stage or in the vaster theater of the printed page, where Shakespeare is at his best, we yield to the spell which art lays upon us when its appeal is from soul to soul. For this poet's art is not art as it used to be imagined,—art for its own selfish sake or for beauty's sake only,—but it is art for truth's sake, for justice' sake, for humanity's sake. It is art in which we never cease to feel the throb of a generous heart, modulated by a powerful mind, and governed by a faithful conscience.

This author, whom I am so glad and so proud to welcome here, will speak to you of "The Theater as a Means of Social Betterment"; and now I will no longer keep you from greeting Monsieur Eugène Brieux, French Academician.

ADDRESS OF M. EUGENE BRIEUX

Member and Representative of the French Academy

Messieurs et chers confrères : J'ai été chargé par Monsieur Poincaré, Président de la République française et membre de l'Académie française, de remettre à Monsieur Wilson, Président de la République américaine et membre de l'Académie américaine, la lettre suivante :

Monsieur le Président et illustre Confrère :

Monsieur Butler avait bien voulu, il y a quelques mois, me convier à la session solennelle de l'Académie américaine des Arts et des Lettres. Si vif que fût mon désir de saisir cette heureuse occasion de rencontrer Votre Excellence, j'avais exprimé la crainte que les devoirs de ma charge ne me permettent pas de me rendre à cette aimable invitation. Les événements qui depuis lors sont survenus en Europe et qui ont pour la liberté des peuples une importance vitale m'empêchent naturellement aujourd'hui de m'éloigner de France. Je ne veux pas du moins laisser partir Monsieur Brieux sans le prier de vous transmettre la nouvelle assurance de mes sentiments confraternels et de mon amitié.

L'Académie française, fidèle gardienne des traditions littéraires de mon pays, a chargé Monsieur Brieux de porter à la brillante civilisation américaine le salut de la vieille et immortelle civilisation méditerranéenne.

Laissez-moi joindre à cet hommage collectif le témoignage personnel de ma vive admiration pour la grande république aux destinées de laquelle vous présidez si noblement. Laissez-moi joindre aussi l'expression de la constante sympathie qu'éprouve pour votre glorieuse nation la libre démocratie dont j'ai l'honneur d'être le représentant.

Veillez agréer, Monsieur le Président et cher Confrère, l'expression de mes sentiments dévoués.

R. POINCARÉ.*

C'est avec une profonde émotion, Messieurs, que je vous apporte ce salut et celui de l'Académie française. Je sens mieux que je ne le sais dire l'importance de l'honneur qui m'est fait. Le souvenir de ce jour restera fixé dans ma mémoire aussi longtemps que je vivrai, je vous le dis en toute simplicité.

Pour l'Académie française et pour

vous-mêmes il eut certes mieux valu qu'elle fit un meilleur choix, mais pour moi l'erreur qu'elle a pu commettre ainsi est particulièrement heureuse. Je me suis longtemps demandé en quoi j'avais pu mériter une telle faveur et malgré mes efforts je n'ai pu découvrir en moi rien qui la justifiat. La seule explication que j'aie trouvée est celle-ci : mes confrères de l'Académie savaient ma grande reconnaissance pour les Etats-Unis ; ils ont voulu, non pas me permettre d'acquitter cette dette, mais me donner le moyen de la reconnaître publiquement. Je les en remercie.

Messieurs, j'aurais voulu, dans cette lecture traiter quelque sujet qui vous intéressât. J'avais demandé à Monsieur le Président Butler de me donner sur ce point quelques indications, au moins, j'aurais cru avoir quelque chance de ne point vous déplaire tout à fait. Monsieur le Président Butler m'a refusé ce précieux concours et il m'a conseillé de vous parler de moi-même, de mon œuvre, et de mon idéal littéraire. Je le livre à vos rancunes. Parler de moi ! Si je le fais avec trop de modestie, avec trop d'exactitude, je causerai décidément un trop grand tort à ceux qui m'ont envoyé ; et si je le fais avec orgueil, que penserez-vous de ma suffisance ? Je vais donc vous parler plutôt de ce que j'ai voulu faire que de ce que j'ai fait.

C'est aux Etats-Unis qu'on a le mieux compris la nature de mes efforts. C'est de la part des robustes citoyens de cette saine démocratie que j'ai reçu les applaudissements auxquels j'ai été le plus sensible. A Paris, j'en dois fournir ici l'aveu, dans le monde très parisien, et aussi parmi les purs artistes, la forme moralisatrice de mon théâtre a été quelque peu méprisée. On m'appelait

*The response of President Wilson to this letter will be found on page 47.

par dérision "L'honnête Brieux" et parce que je suis fils d'ouvriers, on m'avait aussi surnommé "le Tolstoï du faubourg du Temple."

Je ne m'en suis pas senti diminué, au contraire, et si je revendique devant vous comme un titre de gloire ces appellations qu'on voulait dédaigneuses, c'est que je sais bien qu'à vos yeux on n'est diminué ni parce qu'on est honnête, même avec maladresse, et fils du peuple, même avec fierté.

Si l'on cherche à dégager, dans mon œuvre, une ligne directrice on peut y trouver une préoccupation constante, celle de protester contre l'abus de la puissance sous plusieurs formes. C'est en abusant de la petite ou de la grande quantité de puissance dévolue à chacun que des êtres qui passent pour des honnêtes gens, qui se croient des honnêtes gens, et à qui nous serrons cordialement la main sont purement et simplement des criminels qui seraient bien étonnés qu'on le leur dit.

Il n'y a pas de tyrans que sur des trônes, il en est sous la lampe familiale, et, surtout dans les pays latins, il y a des hommes modestes, humbles bourgeois, vénérables, à la figure paternelle, qui sont de détestables despotes et qui tiennent sous le joug leur femme et leurs enfants. Remarquez bien (et c'est ce qui fait l'intérêt de l'étude) qu'un tel homme est un brave homme, un honnête homme; il ne pêche que par un orgueil qu'il ignore, il est convaincu qu'il sait mieux que ses enfants ce qui leur convient. Il y a de pauvres petits êtres dont on a décidé dès leur enfance et parfois même avant qu'il fussent nés qu'ils seraient généraux, ingénieurs, médecins, ou avocats, qu'ils vendraient du coton ou des valeurs de bourse. Le tyran, le plus souvent, agit dans le désir obscur de se continuer lui-même par ses enfants. Il voudrait leur voir réaliser le rêve qu'il avait fait et qu'il n'a pas réalisé. Il croit sa raison supérieure à celle de ses fils et de ses filles, il croit fermement savoir mieux qu'eux l'épouse ou l'époux qui leur

convient, et il commet cette formidable erreur d'imposer à des jeunes gens la compréhension de la vie de sa propre maturité. L'initiative, l'audace, l'amour du risque, le besoin et le devoir d'expansion, de réalisation sont des vertus qu'il ne peut plus pratiquer, qu'il méprise par conséquent; il n'est plus capable que de prudence, cette forme de l'avarice, et il ne veut entendre parler que la prudence, et il veut enseigner la prudence à ceux qui ont l'heureux apanage et le devoir de la mépriser. Comme il se trouve bien de porter des béquilles, il en conclut que les béquilles sont indispensables à tous, et il veut forcer à en porter ceux pour qui elles ne pourraient être qu'un ridicule et un embarras.

Avec la puissance paternelle, la puissance la plus redoutable que les hommes se soient attribuée, est celle du médecin et aussi celle du juge. Que certains, parmi nous, aient osé revendiquer un de ces deux rôles, c'est, si l'on réfléchit bien, presque incroyable. Sans doute il est nécessaire qu'il y ait des médecins, puisqu'il y a des malades, et qu'il y ait des juges, puisqu'il y a des criminels; mais songez que suivant le mot connu, bien souvent l'intervention du médecin se borne à introduire des médicaments qu'il connaît peu dans un corps qu'il ne connaît pas; songez que les juges—je ne parle que de ceux de l'Europe, bien entendu—infligent parfois avec légèreté des châtiments parfois très lourds, et condamnent à des peines qu'ils ne peuvent apprécier pour des fautes dont ils ignorent l'origine.

Il est des juges étourdis, il en est de cruels. Il en est qui, pendant l'audience, pensent à toute autre chose, qui méditent sur le mauvais caractère de leur épouse et sur l'indiscipline de leurs enfants, sur le cours de la bourse et sur leur avancement, qui supputent le temps qu'il fera dimanche et réfléchissent sur l'emploi des loisirs que leur donnera la retraite. Cependant, ces hommes prononcent ensuite des jugements qui ruineront un homme dans son hon-

neur ou dans sa fortune. D'autres juges, s'ils ont à se prononcer sur la culpabilité d'un accusé, se feront, d'avance, après un léger examen du dossier, une opinion. A partir de ce moment, s'ils ont par exemple, décidé que l'homme arrêté est bien le coupable, ils écarteront les arguments en sa faveur qu'ils pourront rencontrer, ils les déclareront, d'avance, sans valeur et sans portée. Tout au contraire, ils accueilleront les arguments opposés comme des alliés et des amis. Les témoins à décharge, ils les considéreront, d'avance encore, comme des imposteurs ou des imbéciles, et ils accueilleront les autres avec sympathie. Le résultat sera parfois la condamnation d'un innocent.

Et cependant, ces juges sont des hommes, et des hommes qui se croient honnêtes, que l'on croit honnêtes. Comment peuvent-ils donc, sans s'en apercevoir, être cependant de tels criminels? C'est qu'ils manquent d'élévation morale, c'est surtout parce que l'habitude a émoussé leur sensibilité; c'est qu'ils ont subi la déplorable déformation professionnelle qui leur fait accomplir comme un métier ce qui devrait être pratiqué comme un sacerdoce.

J'ai étudié ce cas dans une pièce intitulée *la Robe Rouge*, de même que j'avais étudié le cas du médecin dans *l'Evasion*. D'autres œuvres ont condamné l'abus de la puissance paternelle; il en reste beaucoup à écrire. Il y aurait à condamner l'abus de puissance de l'argent, de la presse, de la tribune, de la politique.

L'argent, la presse, la politique peuvent être, en effet, selon l'emploi qui en est fait, des forces bienfaites ou redoutables.

Qui ne condamnerait la richesse lorsqu'elle est employée comme manifestation de vanité, d'égoïsme, lors qu'elle est insolente, aveugle, et stérile? Quelle puissance haïssable dans ses abus! Mais quels éloges ne mérite pas son emploi lorsque celui qui l'a conquise, non content de la regarder comme une consécration légitime, comme

un résultat mérité de son intelligence et de son travail, l'emploie encore au soulagement de la misère; non pas à un soulagement aveugle qui ne fait qu'entretenir et perpétuer le mal au lieu de le supprimer, mais à un concours clairvoyant. Le vrai but de la charité, le seul but qu'elle doit viser, c'est de mettre les misérables en état de se passer d'elle; c'est non pas de leur donner l'opium de l'aumône, mais de leur fournir le moyen de redevenir des êtres libres, indépendants, qui puisent dans le travail le droit à la fierté. La fortune qui agit ainsi mérite d'être saluée ainsi que la mémoire de ceux—nombreux parmi les citoyens de votre République—qui, à leur mort, affectent ce qu'ils ont acquis à la fondation d'universités, de musées, de bibliothèques, d'hôpitaux, et qui, après avoir donné l'exemple du travail récompensé, donnent celui du patriotisme efficace et de l'altruisme intelligent.

Dans une démocratie la presse est une puissance de premier ordre. Rien n'est plus haïssable qu'elle si elle s'abaisse à servir des intérêts, à assouvir des vengeances, à satisfaire des ambitions injustifiées, et si elle emploie comme moyens la diffamation, le mensonge ou l'injure. Au contraire, son rôle est le plus beau de tous les rôles, sa puissance, la puissance la plus utile, lorsqu'elle entreprend de redresser les abus, lors qu'elle recherche la réalisation du bien public, lorsqu'elle s'emploie à faire l'éducation du peuple et à lui inspirer des idées de progrès; lorsqu'elle lui apprend à la fois le respect du passé et la confiance dans l'avenir.

S'il est un don précieux parmi ceux qu'un homme puisse recevoir, c'est bien le don de la parole, c'est bien le don de l'éloquence. Malheur à celui qui, l'ayant reçu, commet cet autre abus de puissance qui consiste à éveiller des haines, à provoquer des revendications qu'il sait ne pouvoir être satisfaites, à exciter des appétits qu'il sait ne pouvoir être apaisés; malheur à celui qui dans un but d'ambition personnelle provoque

dans les profondeurs de la masse l'envie, la haine, et la colère. Toute puissance crée un devoir à celui qui en est favorisé. Et l'abus de cette puissance est une sorte de crime.

Messieurs, si j'en avais le temps, si j'avais le talent nécessaire, je tenterais d'ajouter, sur ce sujet, quelques pièces à thèse à celles que j'ai déjà écrites. J'ai la conviction profonde que le théâtre peut être un précieux moyen d'enseignement. Il ne saurait borner son ambition à égayer les spectateurs. Non que je veuille dire qu'on ne puisse l'utiliser à faire rire les honnêtes gens, à leur faire oublier les soucis de la journée, à suppléer aussi, si l'on veut, à la pénurie de leurs émotions. Mais de même qu'on accepte qu'il y ait des romans gais ou émouvants, et des livres instructifs, on doit reconnaître au théâtre le droit, de temps en temps tout au moins, de traiter les questions les plus graves et les sujets les plus importants.

En ce qui me concerne, j'ai toujours envisagé le théâtre non comme un but, mais comme un moyen. J'ai voulu par lui non seulement provoquer des réflexions, modifier des habitudes et des actes, mais encore (et on a pu me le reprocher vivement sans me le faire regretter) déterminer des arrêtés administratifs qui m'apparaissaient désirables. J'ai voulu que, parce que j'aurai vécu, la quantité de souffrance répandue sur la terre fût diminuée d'un peu. J'ai l'immense satisfaction d'y avoir réussi, et je sais que deux de mes pièces, *les Remplaçantes* et *les Avariés*, ont contribué à sauver des existences humaines, et à en rendre d'autres moins douloureuses. Des efforts plus grands ont pu être stériles; la chance a favorisé les miens.

A cela je n'ai aucun mérite. J'ai agi sous la poussée de mes instincts. Je n'aurais pas pu faire autre chose que ce que j'ai fait. J'étais né avec une âme d'apôtre—encore une fois, je n'en tire aucune vanité; ce n'est pas moi qui me la suis créée—mais la vue de la

souffrance des autres m'a toujours été insupportable. Dans ma mesure, j'ai voulu me délivrer de la colère et de la gêne qu'elle me causait. Tout enfant, je rêvais d'aller ou civiliser les Apaches de Gustave Aimard et de Fenimore Cooper ou sauver les petits Chinois dont les *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi* me racontaient les martyres. J'ai voulu aller catéchiser les sauvages. "Mais," m'a dit M. le Marquis de Ségur, dans son discours de réception, "ce ne fut qu'une velléité passagère; vous avez bientôt reconnu qu'en Afrique, en Océanie, il n'était plus guère de sauvages, mais qu'il en est beaucoup en France, et vous vous êtes restreint à évangéliser ceux-là."

Il s'est trouvé que mes dispositions naturelles d'esprit me permettaient de me servir de ce porte-voix retentissant qu'est le théâtre. Et, on l'a dit avec raison, je n'ai souvent fait qu'enfoncer des portes ouvertes. Ces portes ouvertes, beaucoup les croyaient fermées, et à ceux-là j'ai montré qu'elles ne l'étaient pas en y passant. Dans ce porte-voix je n'ai crié rien de nouveau, je le sais bien. J'y ai répété dans un langage que la masse de mes contemporains pouvait mieux comprendre des vérités que des philosophes et des savants avaient découvertes, eux, et renfermées dans des livres que les habitués de théâtre n'avaient pas la tentation d'ouvrir. Voilà pourquoi j'ai été un auteur dramatique. Vous venez, Messieurs, de vous apercevoir que cette seule ambition m'était permise, et que je ne pouvais songer à être un orateur. Je ne puis donc que m'excuser d'avoir cependant parlé devant vous, et vous remercier de votre bienveillante attention. Mais si je l'exprime mal, vous sentirez cependant je veux l'espérer, la fierté que je ressens à être reçu par votre compagnie, et la joie que j'ai éprouvée à prendre contact avec l'admirable société américaine, avec cette république sœur, réservoir immense et intarissable de jeunes énergies, de

sagesse, d'indépendance, et de générosité.

Messieurs, vous ne me comprendriez pas si je ne vous disais pas un mot de la France. Mais vous ne me ferez pas l'injure de redouter pendant un seul instant que je puisse avoir la condamnable prétention de peser sur vos consciences. J'ai le respect de votre liberté et l'estime de votre jugement. Je veux vous dire cependant la profonde émotion que j'ai ressentie en face des sympathies que vous témoignez à mon pays. Nous avons pris un regrettable plaisir, pendant longtemps à nous dénigrer nous-mêmes. Nos romanciers, trop souvent, ont calomnié la femme française. Des esprits moins clairvoyants que les vôtres eussent pu

s'y tromper. Vous avez réagi. Ceux d'entre vous qui sont allés à Paris, et y ont vu autre chose que les boulevards, ceux surtout qui ont pris contact avec la bourgeoisie en province, sont revenus agréablement surpris de la différence qu'ils avaient constatée entre les françaises de nos livres et celles de la réalité. Vous savez aussi quelles réserves de foi, d'énergie, et de patriotisme la France peut tirer, au moment nécessaire, des profondeurs de sa conscience, quelle générosité et quelle force elle est capable d'apporter au service de son droit et à la défense de sa liberté. Je voulais vous en remercier, au nom de l'Académie française et au nom de tous mes compatriotes.

GREETING TO MONSIEUR BRIEUX

From the President of the United States

Mr. Matthews, before delivering the address that follows, read this letter from Mr. Wilson:

MY DEAR PROF. MATTHEWS:

"I wish sincerely that it were possible for me to attend the joint meeting of the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and to

share in the pleasure of greeting Monsieur Brieux. Since it is not, may I not through you send a cordial message of welcome to Monsieur Brieux and an expression of my warmest interest in the meeting of the two societies.

"Cordially and sincerely yours,

"WOODROW WILSON."

WHAT IS PURE ENGLISH?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

There is no topic about which men dispute more frequently, more bitterly, or more ignorantly than about the right and the wrong use of words. Even political questions and religious questions can be debated with less acrimony than linguistic questions. The usual explanation of this unexampled acerbity in discussion is probably accurate; it is that our political and our religious opinions are our own, and we are individually responsible for them, whereas our linguistic opinions are the result of habits acquired from those who brought us up, so that aspersions on our parts of speech appear to us to be reflections on our parents. To misuse words, to make grammatical blunders, is an evidence of illiteracy; and to accuse a man of illiteracy is to disparage the social standing of his father and his mother.

The uneducated are inclined to resent any speech more polished than their own, and the half-educated are prompt to believe that their half-knowledge includes all wisdom. As the half-educated acquired their half-knowledge from a grammar, they naturally turn to it as to an inspired oracle, not suspecting that the immense majority of the grammars in use in our schools, until very recently, abounded in unfounded assertions about our language, and laid down rules without validity. And one immediate result of this was singularly unfortunate. Since some of these new-fangled rules had not been known to the translators of the Bible, to Shakespeare and to Milton, students were called upon to point out the so-called "errors" in the writings of these mighty masters of language! Not only was this absurd; it was also injurious in that it misdirected the effort of those who wished to learn

how to use English accurately. It focused attention on the purely negative merit of avoiding error instead of centering it on the positive merit of achieving sincerity, clarity, and vigor. The energies of the students were wasted, and worse than wasted, in the futilities of what President Stanley Hall has contemptuously termed "linguistic manicuring."

The same attitude had been taken by the highly trained Roman rhetoricians toward the Latin of certain of the fathers of the church, the vernacular vigor of whose writings did not please the ultra-refined ears of the over-educated critics. After recording this fact in his study of the "End of Paganism," the wise and urbane Gaston Boissier remarked that "When we have spent all our life recommending purity and correction and elegance,—that is to say, the lesser merits of style,—we often become incapable of seeing its larger merits"; and "we set up a standard of perfection based on the absence of defects rather than on the presence of real qualities; and we are no longer apt to appreciate what is new and original." The refined taste of the over-educated is always likely to be more appreciative of the absence of defects than of the presence of what is new and original. This explains why it was that the sinewy strength and masculine veracity of Mark Twain's style (in his later writings) did not earlier receive the recognition they deserved, although there had been prompt praise for the effeminate graces of Walter Pater's labored periods.

Like the Roman rhetoricians contemporary with Tertullian, our linguistic manicurists are forever recommending purity and correctness and elegance, three qualities not easy to

define. Elegance is to be attained only by those who do not stoop to seek it too assiduously. Correctness is likely to be misinterpreted as a compliance with the rules laid down by the uninspired grammarians rather than obedience to the larger laws whereby the language is freely guided. And purity is a chameleon word, changing meaning while we are looking at it.

Many of those who are insisting upon the preservation of the purity of our language mean that English must be kept free from contamination by foreign tongues, that we who use it must refrain from borrowing words from other languages and from making new words of our own, and that, in short, we must stick to the old stock and use nothing but what an impassioned orator once called "real angular Saxon." Now, it needs but a moment's reflection to show that an insistence on this kind of purity would deprive English of its immemorial privilege of helping itself with both hands to terms of all sorts from all sorts of languages, ancient and modern, civilized and barbaric. To the exercise of this indisputable right English owes its unparalleled richness of vocabulary and its unequalled wealth of words, more or less equivalent, yet deftly discriminated by delicate shades of difference.

Of course this power to enrich itself from other tongues is not peculiar to English, and every other language has profitably availed itself of its freedom to annex the outlying words it needed for the rectification of its linguistic frontiers. When Latin was a living speech it was continually levying upon Greek for the terms it lacked itself. In Latin the vocabulary of philosophy, for example, was almost exclusively derived from the Greek, just as in English the vocabularies of millinery and of cookery and of war are derived from the French.

If the preservation of the purity of English meant that we must exclude from our language every word not

native to our speech, erecting a prohibitive tariff wall to keep out all imported terms, then it would become the duty of every lover of our tongue to advocate impurity. To do its work, our language, like every other, ancient and modern, needs now and again to be replenished and reinvigorated by fresh blood. Just as the population of the British Isles is Celtic and Roman, Anglo-Saxon and Norman, and just as the population of the United States is compounded of a variety of ethnic ingredients, so the English language, the joint possession of British and Americans, is itself a melting-pot, a linguistic crucible into which have been thrown words from every possible source.

As the vocabularies of war, of millinery, and of cookery have been recruited from the French, so the vocabulary of shipping has been recruited from the Dutch and the Scandinavian, and the vocabulary of music from the Italian. The vocabulary of philosophy is partly Latin, but mainly Greek; and even the rude dialects of the American Indians have been laid under contribution to describe things native to North America—*moccasin*, for example, and *tepee* and *totem*. Certain Dutch words—*stoop* for one and *boss* for another—were imported into the general English use from America—from the New Amsterdam which is now New York.

In all these cases the words which were adopted from foreign tongues are now regarded as native. They have been completely assimilated, and the language is the richer for their inclusion within it. Even the most pedantic of purists unconsciously employs countless terms which he would be compelled by his principles to reject if he stopped to consider that they are not outgrowths of the native stock. We all use words for what they mean to us now and here, without regard to their remoter source in some other tongue once upon a time, and without regard to their exact meaning in that other tongue. "Language as written, as

spoken, is an art and not a science," Professor Gildersleeve has asserted, adding the encouraging comment that "the study of origins, of etymology, has very little, if anything, to do with the practice of speaking and writing. The affinity of English with Greek and Latin is a matter that does not enter into the artistic consciousness of the masses that own the language."

To the pedants and to the purists no declaration could be more shocking than that the masses own the language; and yet no assertion is more solidly rooted in the fact and more often emphasized by those who have trained themselves to a mastery of their own tongue. The fastidious French poet Malherbe, when asked as to the propriety of a word, used to refer the inquirer to the porters of the Haymarket in Paris, saying that these were his masters in language. The fastidious Cicero was constantly refreshing his own scholarly vocabulary by the apt terms he took over from Plautus, who had found them in the tenements of the Roman populace. And the wise Roger Ascham put the case pithily when he wrote in his "Toxophilus" that "he that will write well in any tongue must follow the counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as the wise men do."

Language can be made in the library, no doubt, and in the laboratory also, but it is most often and most effectively created in the workshop and in the market-place, where the imaginative energy of our race expresses itself spontaneously in swiftly creating the lacking term in response to the unexpected demand. Nothing could be better, each in its own way, than picturesque vocables like *scare-head* and *loan-shark*, *wind-jammer* and *hen-minded*, all of them American contributions to the English language, and all of them examples of the purest English. *Hen-minded* is an adjective devised by Mr. Howells to describe the "women who are so common in all

walks of life, and who are made up of only one aim at a time, and of manifold anxieties at all times." *Scare-head* and *loan-shark* are the products of the newspaper office, while *wind-jammer* was put together by some down-east sailor-man, inheritor of the word-forming gift of his island ancestors who helped to harry the Armada. "*Wind-jammer*," remarked Professor Gildersleeve, trained by his intimate knowledge of Greek to appreciate verbal vigor as well as verbal delicacy—"wind-jammer" is a fine word, I grant, and so is every Anglo-Saxon compound that grows and is not made."

But all new words are not of necessity good words. Ben Jonson, who was himself a frequent maker of new words, displayed his shrewdness when he declared that "Custom is the most certain Mistress of Language as the publicke stampe makes the current money," adding as a caution, "but we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining."

Our treasury is enriched when we take over needed terms from abroad and reissue them stamped with our own image and superscription. There is no damage to the purity of English if the borrowed words are absolutely assimilated; but there is danger when they remain outlanders and refuse to take out their naturalization papers. *Mocassin* and *boss*, *lieutenant* and *omelet*, *waltz* and *tremolo*, are now citizens of our vocabulary, although they were once immigrants admitted on sufferance. Unfortunately, hosts of other linguistic importations have retained their foreign spelling, often with alien accents, and have kept their un-English pronunciation. *Ennui* and *genre* and *nuance* are not yet acclimated in English speech, because they cannot be pronounced properly by those unfamiliar with spoken French. Quite as bad is the case of *défi* and *métier* and *rôle*, all of which still wear the accents of their native tongue, abhorrent in English orthography.

Probably *chauffeur* and *garage* have come to stay; they are not transients, but permanent boarders in that inn of strange meetings which the English language is. But *chauffeur* offensively violates the principles of English orthography, and *garage* still preserves its foreign pronunciation, although there are some already who have had the courage to speak it as if it rhymed with *marriage*, thus Anglicizing it once for all. It is pleasant to see that there are others who do not shrink from speaking and writing *risky* in place of *risqué*, and *brusk* in place of *brusque*, just as the French have transmogrified *beefsteak* and *roast beef* into *biftek* and *rosbif*.

The real danger of impurity lies not in taking over foreign terms, but in employing them without taking them over completely. Either a word is English or it is not. If it is not English, a speaker or a writer who knows his business ought to be able to get along without it. There is no imperative call for us to borrow *mise-en-scène* or *première*, for instance, *artiste* or *dénouement*, *zeitgeist* or *rifacimento*, and it is perfectly possible to express in our own tongue the meanings conveyed by these terms imported in the original package.

On the other hand, if a word is now English, whatever its earlier origin, then it ought to be treated as English, deprived of its foreign accents, and forced to take an English plural. No one doubts for a moment that *cherub* and *criterion*, *medium* and *index*, can claim good standing in our English vocabulary, yet we find a pedant now and then who still bestows upon these helpless words the plurals they had to use in their native tongues, and who therefore writes *cherubim* and *criteria*, *media* and *indices*, violating the grammatical purity of English. The pedant who is guilty of this affectation is "showing off," as the boys say; he is trying to display his acquaintance with foreign languages, and he is only re-

vealing his ignorance of his own tongue. It is blank ignorance, intensified by sheer affectation, which tempts any one to speak of a *foyer-hall* or of a *grille-room*, misbegotten hybrids impossible to a man who is on speaking terms with either English or French. This same combination of ignorance and affectation is responsible for *employé* and *repertoire*, when we have already the simple English *employee* and *repertory*. And no phrase of contempt is cutting enough for those friends of aviation who persist in calling a shed wherein a flying machine is sheltered a *hangar*, in blissful unconsciousness that *hangar* is simply the exact French equivalent for *shed*. Ignorance could go but one step further, and we may expect to see it bestowing a pedantic plural upon *omnibus*, terming those useful vehicles *omnibi*.

It cannot be said too emphatically or too often that that English is pure, and that only that English is pure, which conforms to the free genius of our energetic and imaginative mother tongue. It does not matter whether the word or the term or the usage is new-fangled or old-fashioned, Anglo-Saxon or Romance, borrowed from a barbaric tongue or made out of hand to meet the pressing necessity of the moment; if it is in accord with the spirit and tradition of the language, it is pure.

A good omen it is that there has recently been founded in England a new organization designed to spread abroad a knowledge of the true theory and the proper practice of the English language. It will encourage "those who possess the word-making faculty to exercise it freely." It will advocate the thorough Anglicizing of all alien words deserving incorporation into English, thus defending the purity of the language against the pedants. In the society's preliminary pamphlet, in its declaration of principles, which is really a ringing declaration of independence from pedantry and from the false idea of

purity, there is one very significant passage:

“Believing that language is or should be democratic both in character and origin, and that its best word-makers are the uneducated, and not the educated classes, we should prefer vivid popular terms to the artificial creations of scientists. We shall often do better by inquiring, for instance, not what name the inventor gave to his new machine, but what it is called by the workmen who handle it; and in adopting their homespun terms and giving them literary currency we shall help to preserve the living and the popular character of our speech.”

This new British organization is

headed by the new poet laureate, and it is felicitously entitled the Society for Pure English.

There is need of a corresponding organization on this side of the Atlantic; and as the French Academy is the guardian of the French language, cautiously giving its sanction to the new words and new usages spontaneously created in response to new necessities, so the American Academy of Arts and Letters may in time take upon itself to defend the true purity of English against the pedants who are ever its most insidious enemies, dangerous to the freedom of the noble tongue which is the birthright of both the British and the Americans.

THE QUALITY OF IMAGINATION IN AMERICAN LIFE

BY ROBERT HERRICK

The traveler speeding east or west on the railroad between New York and Chicago skirts the southern shore of Lake Michigan, along which rise hills of sand that are sparsely covered with scrubby pines. Between these dunes open vistas of the blue waters of the lake, shading into a far horizon of mysterious gray. A few years ago—less than a dozen—this was all there was except an occasional fisherman's hut beneath the dunes. But here, it seems, was the strategic point where the iron ores coming by ship from the upper lakes could best meet the coke coming from the mines in the Alleghanies, where the finished product of steel could most easily be shipped to its ultimate destination over the many railroads radiating to the east and west, to the north and south. So here within a few months' time there rose magically among these bare sand-dunes the modern industrial city of Gary. Now as the train speeds one sees a cloud of smoke hovering above the long, low buildings or drifting eastward before the lake breeze. Large ore vessels dock in a harbor hollowed out of the sand. The ore is dipped from the bowels of these steel vessels by long electric-scoops, handed to neighboring blast-furnaces, and melted into pig-iron, which in turn is recreated into steel on neighboring hearths. Then the steel ingots are run through rail mills and dumped on waiting cars, or taken to the merchant mill to be fashioned into the many metal shapes on which our civilization is being built skyward.

There is no waste of time or labor in all this process; it is the best example I know of scrupulous economy in the shaping of means to ends on a large scale. Gary is a triumph of practical imagination, created whole within

a few months on the waste sand-dunes along the lake, created efficiently for a necessary purpose. It is one of those modern marvels of which Americans are rightly proud. For it represents just as truly the operation of the imaginative spirit, daringly incarnating itself in fact, as the canvas of the artist, the ode of the poet, or the symphony of the musician. And the spirit that conceived this large work of the practical imagination is the same spirit, compact of venture and shrewdness and dream, that has poured this nation out across a continent from sea to sea; that has filled these one hundred millions of people with restless ambitions and desires; that has made us Americans the paradox of the modern world—the most material and the most ideal people that has ever lived.

Into this new city by the lake have come workmen by the tens of thousands, mostly new Americans from European countries, such as engage in the coarser labors of our civilization. For them the city of Gary has been plotted, running back into the prairie for several miles, with its checkerboard squares filled in spasmodically by brick and cement buildings, with long vistas of concrete walks and macadam roads—such a dwelling-place as one may see almost anywhere in this broad country of ours, only newer, fresher, and more uncompromisingly ugly in its drab and yellow coloring.

Here is where Americans house themselves by the millions after the day's labor in our enormous hives—this or worse. Yet out of this raw, ugly city has come recently the one original idea in education that America has produced—an industrial education through actual work by the children of working-men, school and industry united—

an idea that gives meaning alike to school and labor, that makes education real. The Gary idea in education is an effort of the constructive imagination perhaps more enduring than the steel city itself, which through some accident of invention or economic adjustment may be conjured out of existence as swiftly as it was built. In the neighboring center of Chicago many other constructive ideas, fruit of American imagination in the art of social life, are at work, such as the juvenile courts, the park and the playground systems. These are prosaic conceptions, but built as surely with imagination as cathedral or statue; efforts to realize the dream of a more perfectly humanized industrial life, to develop a free society in a new environment, to fuse the raw human elements of our nation, gathered from all the world, into something serviceable and fit. As I take my evening walk on the lake esplanade and watch the lamping fires of the steel works glow upon the southern sky, I feel the imagination of America ardently at work in the creation of a new and better world.

* * *

There is a plain brick building in New York that looks like a well-kept factory or warehouse, an unpretentious, unbeautiful, serviceable building within and without, fireproofed, antiseptic, equipped with every labor-saving device. In this unpoetic laboratory are rising to-day the boldest dreams of the modern world. Pale, thoughtful men, dressed in scrupulous white, pass through the corridors or bend over the stone benches in the separate rooms. There is no pomp, no ceremony, but the even-tempered, silent atmosphere of science. Here the hidden enemies of men are tracked down, isolated, exterminated. You may watch under the microscope the germ of one of mankind's curses, centuries old, whose toll of human life and happiness makes the death-list of all the world's wars seem petty. Such an unpretending company

of scientists seeking the secrets of disease may be found in many of our larger cities, engaged in the persistent struggle, which will last as long as civilization endures, to make men more nearly masters of their fate, to free them from the grosser limitations of their flesh. No wonder, then, that the silent campaign of the laboratory has become noised abroad; that its results are seized upon, exaggerated by the popular imagination. The scientist has usurped the fascination formerly exercised by the church, by literature, and by art. Of similar popular inspiration are those gardens in the California valley where Burbank has created new plant forms, seeking to give man the same command over food that experimental medicine does over disease. And to these might be added the laboratory of the inventor, the workshops of Edison or Wright. For these are the things that stir the imagination of our youth—speed and power and knowledge.

* * *

When the city of San Francisco was shaken by an earthquake, devastated by fire, its inhabitants fled by thousands to the fields beyond the city, there to camp in the open for weeks. From all accounts, after the first shock, in the flight of the fugitives from their crumbling, burning homes, there was no panic, no rioting, no despair. At once in the stricken people the American instinct for organization, reconstruction, re-creation, asserted itself, and in that army of fugitives, bereft of everything, was displayed a high spirit of hopefulness and kindness, of mutual help and courage. The whole nation, at the news of the disaster, made that response to the call for help which is the American's noblest characteristic. Aid poured into the devastated city in a steady volume—money, provisions, men. Relief was organized, the destitute were provided with food and clothing and shelter. All this was but another example of the practical working of the American

imagination in efficient deeds of imaginative sympathy. To-day we are preparing to feed a stricken nation across the sea.

The notable fact of the San Francisco disaster was the spirit of faith and courage there aroused. A peculiar light comes to the faces of all those who participated in that crisis when their minds go back to it—a vision of enhanced life once seen. "It was the greatest experience in all my life," "I should never have known what life might be if I had not lived through that," they say. Why? Because for one time in their lives they saw men stripped of conventions, naked to their souls, and from the understanding it gave them they drew courage and a fresh faith in humanity. That dream of universal brotherhood, which despite much dissolution still rests at the bottom of American hearts, seemed for a short time to have become real. Men trusted one another, men bore one another's burdens, men worked for all, not for self.

Among all those refugees camped outside their ruined city there was no disease, no debauchery; selfishness was made ashamed. For once the hectic individualism of our life was subdued beneath a larger ideal.

"And when," said I to a friend who had been a leader there, "did this idyll end?"

"When the banks opened, and the saloons," was his reply. In other words, when human nature returned to its accustomed plane of life. But for a few vivid weeks at least each had had the vision, the dream of man's brotherhood made real for a little time in the ruined city.

The San Francisco disaster evoked not merely the imaginative generosity of America, so quick to respond to every call for need, but also that fundamental idealism in our national character, which is compact of imagination. It was evidence of the ineradicable faith we have in human nature, in the

possibility of creating a nobler society than any the world has known, where a more exact justice will be done to all, where rich and poor will no longer draw off and snarl at each other, where men will no longer be content to sell themselves for wealth, where the state will become the higher consciousness of all its citizens. This dream of a possible brotherhood of man is just as real, just as vital a possession of our people as that other national epic of the self-made man—of the poor youth cleaving his way upward to worldly success without the aid of family or education. Both are fit democratic epics. And this imaginative ideal of social obligation is compelling among us to-day, rising in wave after wave of effort and enthusiasm, seeking by manifold means to impose its vision of justice, of service. Strip America to-day of her imaginative efforts for the making over of society, and it would be a sad place indeed.

* * *

Ten months ago I sat in the Senate-chamber at Washington, listening to the long debate on the sending of troops into Mexico. As Senator after Senator rose and spoke on the urgent question of national policy that might—indeed, that most felt *must*—at that hour mean war with our neighbor nation, it seemed to me that I was listening to the voices of the American people, east and west, north and south, affirming their national ideals. There was the selfish voice of those who had property in Mexico, or who secretly hoped to exploit its riches for their private gain. These scolded because this country had not recognized Huerta according to the precedents of a callous and selfish diplomacy. There were the voices of lusty young Americans, descendants of that pioneer breed that had pushed its way across this continent, exterminating the inferior Indian. "On to Mexico—to the Panama Canal!" was their cry. The right of conquest of the inferior by the superior was a

necessity, the destiny of the race, and so forth, was the argument. There were the voices of the merely timid, who were alarmed over the whole business, who prayed that we might get out of it somehow without disturbing our own welfare. And there were also other voices, blending in this concert of opinion—voices of those who maintained that this great nation, strong as it is, with the might to conquer and crush, had a duty to itself and to the world—a duty of self-restraint—not to conquer and crush because it could or because its people had property involved, but to use its strength for help to its distracted neighbor. These last voices happily prevailed. Already there is entering the consciousness of Americans a perception that a powerful state has a higher course to pursue than to further the private speculations of its citizens on a foreign soil, than to impose its superior civilization upon its weaker neighbor; furthermore, that one nation in dealing with another must obey the same standard of scrupulous honor and disinterestedness that the best type of its citizens employ in their private affairs. The President's insistence upon our living up to the spirit of our treaties exemplifies the working of moral and spiritual imagination in the state. It is the new statesmanship as opposed to the old diplomacy.

As I listened to those speeches that long April day, I seemed to hear the old and the new arguing together—the old America, so raw, so individualistic, so self-centered, and the inarticulate new America, struggling to express an unrealized ideal of personal faith and national conduct that was higher, more satisfactory to the complex consciousness of our day than any we have aimed at. And that is what I hear all about me, especially since the catastrophe of this European war came upon the world. The old America that you and I have known was brave, buoyant, optimistic with the easy opti-

mism of youth and comfort, superficially objective, as youth is often superficially objective, content with crude satisfactions, marveling easily at its own size and strength, without much sense of outward beauty, of inward necessities; nevertheless, eager and unsatisfied, always seeking, selfish and splendidly generous, egotistic and devoted, swift, practical, and ideal. That and much more was the America we have known. And, as I have tried to present to you in a few simple illustrations, this old America has been filled with imagination for the practical, for the scientific, for the ideal, yes, for the spiritual.

What is to be the new America—more of the ideal and of the spiritual individually, and as a nation, or less; given over utterly to a riot of practical deeds, of force? We cannot longer remain unaware of our purpose.

For the crisis has come, not of our making, yet testing us inevitably, as it must test all the world. The old morality has broken down—a personal, family, isolated-state morality. It was not large enough. The old religion has broken down—a personal-salvation, mystical-sacrifice religion. It was not true enough. It could not satisfy the souls of modern men. Are we, then, to admit the defeat of our imaginative faiths; to confess that we have lived self-deluded in a world of brute forces, which may spin for a few fitful æons, to be snuffed out ultimately into a cold darkness? And that we, sojourners here, are animals merely capable of rising at rare moments on the tiptoes of imagination to conceive what we might become if we could but rule our passions of fear and greed and hate? I hear many proclaiming the frankest materialism, which has risen to the surface at the shock of war, insisting that into this new world of ours we must bring the habit of suspicion and fear and hate that is now making a hell of Europe, that the duty of nations, as of individuals, is to fight, to conquer,

to possess. Are we individually and as a nation to accept this forlorn answer to the riddle?

Or are we to rise from this world shock stronger and larger, more imaginative in our conceptions of what life shall be, both personal and national, putting from us childish delights and crude ideals? Are we to grasp fearlessly the opportunity that fate has given us, to attain the spiritual as well as the material primacy of the world? Shall we refuse to suffer the evil spell that Europe has endured these many ages, to sow here in the New World that seed of hate from which Europe is now reaping the crop? Are we to remain confident in our strength, our upright purposes toward all the world, going on our way serenely, holding forth a higher faith for humanity? Are we to maintain unaltered that hospitality to the poor of all races that has distinguished us, by which we have

proved our ideal of brotherhood, or are we to shut our doors selfishly against unprivileged strangers who may seek refuge in our paradise? In sum, are we to realize imaginatively our lofty position as arbiter and leader of the world, with fresh conceptions of the worth and dignity of life, of success and service, or are we to prepare America to become the next great battle-ground of the world?

We seem to sit here waiting, listening, contemplating the terrible spectacle of war across the sea, judging, making up our minds about momentous matters, one and all. As we answer these questions, and come to a final decision with ourselves, we shall reveal the true quality of our imagination. Is it the American union of the practical with the ideal that is to find the solution of a world peace without national dishonor or social degeneration?

SECOND SESSION

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, AT 3:15 P. M.

A PRESENTATION OF ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

COMPOSED BY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

THE ORCHESTRA

OF

THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

WALTER DAMROSCH, CONDUCTOR

PROGRAM

- ORMAZD, Symphonic Poem *F. S. Converse*
 (Composed for a Persian Poem rendered from the Zend Avesta
 by Percy Mackaye)
- ANDANTE, from Symphony, No. 1 *Frederick A. Stock*
- FANTASY, Pianoforte with Orchestra, Op. 11 *Arthur Whiting*
 Moderato Maestoso—Allegro Appassionato—Pastorale—
 Allegro Appassionato—Allegro Scherzando
 (Played by the Composer)
- LA VILLANELLE DU DIABLE, Fantasie Symphonique *Charles M. Loeffler*
- PRINCE HAL, An Overture, Op. 31 *David Stanley Smith*
 (Conducted by the Composer)

With the exception of "La Villanelle du Diable" these works were heard in New York on this occasion for the first time.

ORMAZD F. S. CONVERSE
 (Rendered after the Bundehesch of the ancient Persians by Percy MacKaye)

On the far mountain Albordj, in the realm of primal light, is the abode of Ormazd.

Beyond the spheres of high heaven he created his shining hosts: the Sun, his giant runner, who never dies; the Moon, who girdles the earth; and the Planets, his splendid captains. Such-like as the hairs upon a Titan's head were the unnumbered stars on the ramparts of Ormazd. Seven were his splendid captains. Beyond the spheres of high heaven marshalled he them.

In the realm Gorodman, the dwelling of the blessed Fravashis, the circling of worlds in their spheres was like to immortal music.

Below the bright bridge Chinevat, in the bowels of darkness, is the abode of Ahriman.

Deep in abysmal Duzahk he created his terrible numbers—for every creature of light a Daeva of gloom. Like the death-pang of the primal Bull was the moaning of Ahriman—his loathing for Ormazd.

Twice on huge wings, above abysmal Duzahk, he fluttered up toward Albordj; twice fell he back.

Beyond his bleak pit of doom, beautiful rose the peak of Albordj; in the bowels of darkness, like fire, were the dreams of the damned.

A third time, then, Ahriman arose; around him he marshalled his hordes, cold stars and wandering comets, the kings of chaos. Glittered against them the ranks of Ormazd. Dazzling and dark was the conflict.

For ninety nights the smoke of stars obscured them, till back into abysmal Duzahk fell Ahriman, defeated. Golden then was the laughter of Ormazd. Like laughter, the gold-haired Planets rattled their shields.

In the realm of Gorodman, the dwelling of the blessed Fravashis, the circling of worlds in their spheres was like to immortal music.

LA VILLANELLE DU DIABLE

CHARLES M. LOEFFLER

(After the poem of M. Rollinat; translation by Philip Hale)

Hell's a burning, burning, burning.
 Chuckling in clear staccato,
 The devil, prowling, runs about.

He watches, advances, retreats
 Like zagzag lightning;
 Hell's a burning, burning, burning.

In dive and cell,
 Underground and in the air,
 The devil, prowling, runs about.

Now he is flower, dragon-fly,
 Woman, black cat, green snake;
 Hell's a burning, etc.

And now with pointed mustache,
 Scented with vetiver,
 The devil, etc.

Wherever mankind swarms,
 Without rest, summer and winter;
 Hell's a burning, etc.

From alcove to hall,
 And on the railways,
 The devil, etc.

He is Mr. Seen-at-Night,
 Who saunters with staring eyes;
 Hell's a burning, etc.

There floating, like a bubble,
 Here squirming like a worm,
 The devil, etc.

He's grand seigneur, tough,
 Student or teacher;
 Hell's a burning, etc.

He inoculates each soul
 With his bitter whispering;
 The devil, etc.

He promises, bargains, stipulates,
 In gentle or proud tones;
 Hell's a burning, etc.

Mocking pitilessly
 The unfortunate whom he destroys,
 The devil, etc.

He makes goodness ridiculous,
 And the old man futile;
 Hell's a burning, etc.

At the home of the priest or skeptic,
 Whose soul and body he wishes,
 The devil, etc.

Beware of him to whom he toadies,
 And whom he calls "My dear Sir."
 Hell's a burning, etc.

Friend of the tarantula,
 Of darkness, and the odd number,
 The devil, etc.

My clock strikes midnight.
 If I should go to see Lucifer?
 Hell's a burning, burning, burning;
 The devil, prowling, runs about.

PRINCE HAL

DAVID STANLEY SMITH

The work is a portrait in tones of the young royal friend of Falstaff as we find him in "Henry IV." It attempts to set forth his buoyancy and high spirits and to follow Shakespeare in emphasizing the manly dignity which in the young prince already foreshadowed the greater Henry V.

THIRD SESSION

November 20

REMARKS BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

President of the Institute

OUR GUEST, FELLOW-MEMBERS, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN :

The National Institute of Arts and Letters holds to-day its annual exercises. The members of the Institute and the Academy are practitioners of the arts of peace, literary, musical, and graphic, and we are uplifted to-day by the presence of our distinguished guest, a visitor from that country which for a thousand years has stood in the forefront of the art-producing nations.

His presence is a vivid reminder, too, of the deep sympathy which we feel for all our brothers across the sea in this moment when the voice of the arts is so terribly dominated by the voice of the cannon.

For all the stress, with its inevitable depression, we dare look forward to a time when the arts and letters shall come to their own again, and, confident in that future, we have not ceased in our activity.

Under the peaceful rule of our fellow-member in the White House, we write verses, we record, we compose, we build, we model, and we paint. There are no drones in our hive: all are workers. The activities of the Institute, actual and potential, are great. Its influence extends as far as our country does, up, down, and across. Through a membership which covers territory reaching from ocean to ocean and from the gulf to the lakes, the hand

of the Institute directs forces for education, for cultivation, for embellishment. Its hand is at the helm of our foremost universities and museums, upon the pen of poets and prose-writers, upon brush and chisel. It holds the baton of those who direct our musical seasons; it moves the reader in his study, the public in the play-houses; and it plans and builds the sky line of our cities. Indeed, wherever there is a program of activities, whether written or unwritten, there you will surely note the presence of some member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, some one who is talking or writing, designing or acting or composing for the public.

It is pleasant to us to think of Academy and Institute as a vehicle for the presentation of the results of individual achievement, pleasant to hear those results applauded. But it is still closer to our wish that the Institute shall be a field in which we may strive together in sympathetic reaction of mind upon mind; in a mutual endeavor which in the arts and letters may promote the evolution of American standards. And we of the Institute have asked you here, you, the public, our audience, because we earnestly hope for those closer relations of inspiration on your part—inspiration of our work—which shall help to make it a part of the national usefulness.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM M. SLOANE

Chancellor of the American Academy

The Institute and the Academy have already served the public during one generation of men. The original members were chosen by the American Social Science Association, then the most numerous and active organization of its kind in America. With such a mandate the work has advanced, our membership has been enlarged, and its standards have been preserved, by careful selection from the candidates desiring to enlist for the cause. No member has ever proposed himself.

Being one in origin, the Institute and the Academy are one in singleness of purpose and activity, the latter having been created by the former as a stimulus to endeavor. They ape no other existing institution, and their chief end and aim are to emphasize the unity of the fine arts and cooperate with every existing association for the promotion of any one of them, as far as is desired. Our membership is representative in that within it are active workers in letters, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and the drama. The list of our members is a roll of honor only in so far as individuals distinguish themselves. As a body, we do not seek to pronounce decisions as to merit, except in so far as we are called on to bestow recognition for work in administering trusts given to us for specific purposes by generous donors. But we have been highly successful in our chief aim, that of stimulating one another and broadening our horizons by contact with our fellow-workers, who are specialists in some one of the fine arts. The most eminent public servants in connection with those arts have been largely of our membership. We are, of course, a self-perpetuating body, and as our intelligence serves us, we fill vacancies from

those who either have deserved or seem likely to deserve well of their country.

Hitherto we have been absolutely self-supporting, and we intend so to remain, if necessary. But there are, to our belief, prospective foundations for various literary and artistic purposes which we shall be called on to manage, as similar bodies do elsewhere. It is not likely that we shall shrink from the task when it is laid upon us.

We already draw upon our own funds for the Institute medal, and in the separate treasury of the Academy there is accumulated a fund sufficient to establish a corresponding Academy medal.

Finally, it is my duty and my great privilege to announce that since our last annual meeting the Academy has been incorporated, as the Institute already was; that in its corporate capacity a noble building site has been conveyed to it, on condition that within five years a portion at least of such a building shall have been erected as may eventually provide a dignified and suitable home for both Institute and Academy; and, finally, that antecedent to the outbreak of the European war a generous contribution to the endowment fund was made.

For myself and my fellow-members of the Board of Directors I beg to express our assurance that such an illustrious example will find imitators, and that, while we have yet a long way to go, we hope, before very long, even at a time of such financial stress, to make further announcements of a similar sort. We are encouraged to go forward because some men of insight comprehend and appreciate the work already done.

(Copyright 1915 by Brian Hooker)

THE MAKER OF IMAGES

BY BRIAN HOOKER

Sunbeam and storm-cloud over the wonderful
Sea, whereupon ships labor and mariners
 Hope and despair, while, safe in haven,
Weavers of dream by the wayside wander,
Whose hands know not the oar, nor their eyes endure
Insurgent ocean. Nevertheless, they live
 Not vainly, if at heart their dreams be
One with the heart of the world forever.
Long since an unknown maker of images
Walked where the shore looms high before Pergamon,
 Fronting the sea. And while he dreamed there,
Suddenly over the bright horizon
Fell darkness. Birds cried out, flying heavily
Down the wind. Blue gloom, swallowing sail by sail.
 Swung landward. The tall meadow-grasses
Swayed like the mane of a beast in anger
Arousing. Then one glare, and a thunderbolt
Cracked, and the world went out into colorless
 Ruin of rain, and sky and headland
Blent with the spray of the plunging ocean.
Meanwhile, amazed, the maker of images
Clung to the cliff, then rose; and at eventide
 Through dew-sweet fields and rain-washed woodland
Wandered, as one having seen a vision,
Homeward, without speech. And for many days
Carved on the new-raised altar of Pergamon
 What he had seen; yet not the unmeaning
Welter of cloud over storm-torn water,
But warfare of white gods, the Olympians,
Against the earth-born,—Zeus, thunder-panoplied,
 Pallas, and Ares, and Poseidon
Ranging the van of his windy legions,—
While underneath, vain giants in agony
Piled mountains; and alone, understanding all,
 Foam-bosomed Aphrodite smiled down
Quietly out of the heights above them.
Storms pass; untold suns, glooms beyond numbering,
Vanish. The unchanging pageant elaborates,
 And kingdoms fail, and strange commanders
Govern imperial generations
Of momentary dust; and the pyramid
Follows the prince, where, emulous, tremulous,
 Like motes along the moonbeam dancing
Into the dark, the enchanter changes

Men and the deeds of men. Yet through centuries
 Gone, since before that altar, adoringly,
 With arms upraised, the Pergameans
 Gazed, and grew stronger of heart, beholding
 Their dreams remain. Still, still, as a thousand years
 Embody June, so now and forevermore
 New lamps, new eyes, one light undying,
 Hold, and reveal in a thousand rainbows.
 All gods of all times fight for us, laugh with us;
 Forgotten angels cool our delirium;
 Vague monsters from primeval caverns
 Widen the wondering eyes of children;
 And knights of old, high-hearted adventurers,
 Ride errant with us, making a tournament
 Of toil; and new-hung moons remember
 Passion and pang of imagined lovers
 Whose perfumed souls in blossomy silences
 Hunger, forlorn: Adonis, Endymion;
 Brynhild, Elaine, Ysolde, Helen,—
 Names like the touch of the lips that loved them,—
 And brazen-handed heroes who sang as they
 Charged home against impregnable destiny
 Clang trumpets in our wars; and saints leave
 Lilies of peace by the lonely highway.
 Pray, therefore, that, ourselves being treasures
 Of beauty brought from Eden, ephemeral
 Husbands of ageless dawn, our dreams, too,
 Mold for a moment the gold immortal
 Not fouled by unclean hands, nor unworthily
 Shaped for gain; nor scorned, while idolaters
 Of deities unborn unwisely
 Gather barbarian toys of tinsel
 To flatter purblind eyes. But remembering
 The beautiful old gods and the champions
 Of storied wars and sylvan horn-calls
 Waking mysterious elfin laughter,
 We, in our own hour makers of images,
 Charm storm and day-dream into such harmony
 As men of deeds, beholding, long for,
 Forging the world into forms of heaven.

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER

BY ARTHUR WHITING

For the last forty years compositions of music by academically trained Americans have been submitted to the judgment of the public. The verdict on the merits of the works returned by the popular jury is not unanimous, but is given in every degree of appreciation, influenced by every degree of prejudice from chauvinism to anti-Americanism. Intelligent optimists discover signs of character in the compositions which, if sporadic, promise for the near future a national style. Intelligent pessimists see in them nothing but the musical mannerisms of all nations sedulously collected and stamped "Yankee." Unintelligent optimists shout that, being American, they must be good. Unintelligent pessimists jeer that, being American, they must be bad.

This article is an inquiry into the relation of the American composer to contemporary musical art. It is an attempt to give the findings and conclusions of critics who know that if they over-praise, they belittle and dishonor, but that if, on the other hand, they do not give just due, they retard and dishearten a movement for which they feel the deepest concern—a movement by which native music may worthily stand beside American literature and painting. As a preliminary to this inquiry, let us dismiss from the council the unintelligent shouters and jeerers. Let all professional agitators and advocates, and all editors who preach that a protective policy will advance American art, be invited to retire.

Great music is national, expressing the temper and character of a nation. The most homogeneous people have produced the most characteristic art. The music of Germany is pure German, the music of Italy is the very essence of Italian minds, and even the most experimental and venturesome French

composer never leaves Paris. The alleged absence of idiom in the language of the American composer is attributed by some to the fact that the national character of the citizens of these United States of America is not yet fixed, that it will acquire distinction of feature only after the many elements of race within these borders have been fused.

Whatever the American composers of the future may be, those of the present, whom we are now discussing, are by a very large majority of British stock. While they are now living and producing in all parts of the country, they or their parents were bred near the eastern shore of the United States. The English-speaking native, who has dominated the continent for three centuries, is still a pure type, and his musical descendant has grown up under homogeneous conditions and influences.

The American of to-day is unique. He has his own face, his own way of doing and of feeling things. If his emotions have as yet no complete musical representation, it is not because they cannot be represented in tones, for we have one song at least—our beloved "Dixie"—which throbs exactly with the national pulse, and which is of such sterling worth that it has survived fifty years of hard usage, and is to-day as thrilling and impelling as when it led the tired marchers of the Southern Confederacy.

The official and ceremonial hymn of a country is usually perfunctory and philistine. It is pious custom more than spontaneous feeling which brings us to our feet when we sing that commonplace tune which we borrowed from England, which she borrowed from Germany, the words of which we vaguely remember to begin,

God save our 't is of thee.

I speak thus disrespectfully of our national anthem because it is not our national anthem; it is not a musical representation of our national feeling or experience. As to the verses, I leave them to any American conscience.

If many of the accredited hymns of nations are characterless, there are at least three popular songs which are, in a real sense, national. The "Rákóczy March" of Hungary, the "Marseillaise" of France, and "Dixie" of America, are intoxicants which stimulate the nerves of their respective races, so that the first two have often been forbidden by the police in times of special excitement. But there is nothing warlike or vengeful in our own song: it has good-natured energy, a certain confident strength; its saucy gait has humor; it is not theatrical, self-conscious, or sentimental—it represents the American character.

The skeptic asks, "Is there any formal music by native American composers which is not more or less a blend of German, French, and Scandinavian styles?" Such a searching question must be answered in perfect honesty, after a careful review of the works available for criticism.

I confess to remembering that in the American compositions of twenty-five years ago—overtures, symphonies, poems (symphonic and otherwise), chamber and choral music—that whilom guarantee of quality, that orthodox watermark "Made in Germany," was impressed on too many pages of the score. I confess to remembering that at that period some composers of lighter works smuggled Scandinavian rhythms and harmonies across our frontier, naturalizing them by the simple device of changing the title-page.

I must acknowledge also that in recent years, while recognizing the steadfastness of those few belated minds whose reconciliation to Brahms has become so complete that they have adopted his style for their own, too many of our composers, unabashed,

have exchanged their former German for a French manner, thereby inviting the consideration which we give to the versatile chameleon. All this is damaging evidence, but it condemns those whose talents are so superficial that they would be chameleons in any country.

Now that the witnesses for the prosecution have been heard, we can call on many to testify for the defense. We are proud to be able to say that we have men who have produced music with a flavor of its own, composers whose European education has only intensified and confirmed their natural qualities. That peculiar energy which marks the tune of "Dixie" is native to them—an energy which is not out of place in large and dignified form. One hears from them a turn of phrase, a lilt, and a catch which, without mental reservations, can be stamped "Made in America."

Given a nation of nervous temperaments, it follows that the principal characteristic of its composers will be rhythm, the most important and at present the most neglected element of music. The European world since Wagner has become so obsessed by the idea of harmonic possibilities and refined tone-color that many craftsmen are now employed exclusively in the splitting of harmonic hairs. Under this treatment the texture of music is fast losing its substance, and the tonal spectrum is merging into monochrome.

This evolution at the expense of the great complement, rhythm, is a one-sidedness which the strong-beating pulse of America may help to correct in some degree if her composers use their natural power. Indeed, that popular syncopation, now fallen into such low company that it answers to the name of "rag-time," is a legitimate contribution to the art of music, an invention of our own which has been eagerly accepted by Europe as something new.

The influences which have been

potent in forming the character of our native music are, first, negro melodic idiom, and, second, Celtic and English national songs.

The negro influence has been one of propinquity. The African slave is a singer whose life of suffering and hardship has brought to the surface all his powers of expression. A humble member of the national family from the beginning, his songs of pathos and glorification have made a deep impression on every music-loving child, who, on becoming later a trained musician, finds his own speech somewhat akin to that of his old friend.

The Celtic and English influence is that of blood, an inheritance which is felt in the music of our most characteristic writers.

There has been much to-do recently over the alleged neglect of our composers by the public and by those high in authority. It is said that talent languishes for lack of recognition, and that therefore the country should organize to the end that no genius remain undiscovered. This cry has been raised principally by professional agitators, and has been so persistent that many earnest and patriotic people now reproach themselves that they find more interest in current European music than in that of their own countrymen, and determine that hereafter they will remember the assurance of the editor that the domestic is quite as good as the imported article.

An enemy could hardly devise anything more humiliating to artists than this, or put the American composer in a more unhappy relation to his public. No one can rebuke so effectively these foolish friends of American art as the self-respecting composers themselves, and the blame rests with them that this grotesque movement has not been suppressed.

In fact, the American composer has not always been fortunate in his friends. Many real friends have hesitated to act as such and to be helpful by unsparing

comment in fear of the charge of national disloyalty—a fear which will restrain almost any well-meaning critic. The healthful growth of our music has been retarded, standards have been misplaced, weak men have been given praise which should have been reserved for strong men, and all because certain irresponsible people have the power, by simply uttering two words, “unpatriotic” and “disloyal,” to silence needful, strengthening, in the highest sense friendly, criticism.

As to any adverse predisposition on the part of the public, there is no instinctive prejudice against the American poet, painter, sculptor, or architect; there is no such prejudice against the brother artist in music when his work is as good as theirs. For any acquired antipathy that may be in the public mind at present the composers themselves are to blame.

It is said that our conductors and public often prefer the works of secondary European composers to works of equal musical merit by our own men. No doubt there is such preference at times, and it is not difficult to find the reason. The material of the American compositions may be quite as good as that of the foreigner; but when it happens that the technical treatment is inferior, that the material is not handled with the same skill, conductors who are not chauvinists will take the better workmanship, other things being equal, and the public will applaud them for so doing.

There is a harmful tradition in this country that the free-born American artist is exempt from that servile apprenticeship to the technique of composition and instrumentation which the European student accepts without a thought of protest. The conviction that a Yankee can do anything he sets his mind to is a survival of the spirit of pioneer days when the woodsman's family would have suffered or died but for his ready and complete resourcefulness. He was obliged to surmount

difficulties without training or experience, and we are proud of his makeshifts and homely ingenuities.

But makeshifts are inadequate to the requirements of modern art, and any young man who tries to dodge the grind which alone can make him master of his craft will confess when he reaches the age of fifty that they were blameless who rejected his talent in the rough for the highly polished work of his European or his wiser American rival. Students will find men in this country who are models of preparedness—men who were far-seeing in their youth, who, feeling that they had something to express, labored unceasingly to express it like artists.

Such, indeed, are the best of our American composers whose music has received cordial, if not always quick, recognition. They have been garlanded and honored, so much so that some of them have suffered from the solicitations of an eager and hero-worshipping public.

There are many musical laymen among us who wish to be helpful in the cause of native production, but who are uncertain what their relation to the young composer should be.

But who are the friends of an artist? There can be but one answer, which is: those who love art more than they love the artist. This dictum and what is now to follow will be recognized as that wholesome, but unpalatable, draught, the counsel of perfection. It should be reasonably diluted before being taken, otherwise it will make one's eyes water.

These truth-loving friends, then, wish to be of service to American music through their influence on the work of the young composer. To this end they put him and his metal to tests. Will he bend or will he break under them? Instead of "encouraging" talent,—an unhappy expression in connection with what is nothing if it be not spontaneous,—they subject him to that trial, that cruel, experience for the young enthusiast, namely, temporary neglect. If

they find him, after years, still making music to no audience, they can be sure that he loves music more than he loves an audience, and score him one for disinterestedness.

Then there is the quality of his production. Is it the plausible manuscript which any accomplished musician can make as the result of his study and professional experience—music which has every appearance and every feature of life, but which is, after all, only a lay figure? Is the work of the young probationer characteristic, idiomatic, national? And, finally, is it prophetic, daring, lawless, reckless to startle the ladies, of both sexes?

If the friends (it will be noted that they are extremely intelligent) find these qualities, in addition to disinterestedness, they may safely and confidently raise their hats, for they are in the presence of a genius. Having found him, what shall they do with him? Their responsibilities are quite overwhelming. What is their duty to art, regardless of human feelings? Shall they announce him to the world at once?

In these times and in this country a discovered genius is an artist heavily handicapped, a worker loaded with responsibilities from which in obscurity he was free. Unless he has a character of iron, the public will undo him. Therefore let the announcement be deferred until the precious manuscripts make a goodly pile. Do not advise him, but give him all opportunity for experiment, and shield him from the public unto that day when he is firm on his feet; then he will do the rest.

What is the counsel of perfection to the friends in their relation to lesser talents; to those whose music is silent when there is none to listen; who bend until they break under neglect; whose work is reminiscent, law-abiding, pronounced sane by professional critics?

We know what nature does to animals that lack the boisterousness of youth; we know that she resists any

artificial means to strengthen and prolong the life of the congenitally weak. But whether it be for the good of art that only the best survive may be left to the judgment of the friends.

However, the composing of music as education, not as a contribution to art demanding public attention, is indispensable to every complete musician. There are hidden and unsuspected wonders in the works of the masters which can be discovered only by the student of composition. Such modest work sometimes rewards the doer unexpectedly by the discovery of a vein of originality in his expression. In other words, the Cinderella of the study may unconsciously possess the foot for the slipper.

The question comes up: How can a young composer hear and judge the effect of his music when conductors and the public ignore him?

One of the phases of ingenuous youth which appeal to grown-up sympathy is the young painter's demand for the largest canvas, the young sculptor's call for the hugest block of marble, the young musician's helplessness without the service of an augmented orchestra. In the midst of such proportions one hesitates to suggest less expensive means of demonstration, to say that it takes fewer instruments to prove one's self a genius or a fool, or any modification of these extremes. That ever-present help, the domesticated pianoforte, was alone sufficient for Chopin's superlative art. One voice added to it was all that Löwe required to state his case. Such every-day material and simple combinations of string and wind instruments are always available, and the youth who says something notable with them will find orchestral conductors the following morning calling at his door.

If the office of the friends is to discover genius and to prevent others from doing the same, if the wisdom of encouraging mediocrity is questioned, what active business is at hand for them?

A task awaits them which, employing their full strength, will not be finished for many generations, perhaps centuries; that is, preparing the ground in which musical genius will grow, spreading the influence of good art, fertilizing the soil with general knowledge and love of beauty.

No doubt such methods will strike the American mind as somewhat vague and up in the air, and the fruition so deferred that practical men will look over and under and through the situation for some short cut by which genius may be delivered within a reasonable time after the order has been placed. But we should not for a moment believe that this is a field for up-to-date promoting schemes. There is only one way to produce genius, and that is the way it has been done in Europe from the beginning.

Johann Sebastian Bach, the supreme music product of the world, was the result of a thousand influences, operating for centuries. The work of thousands of minor composers before him had to die and rot and be ground into a compost before the soil should be rich enough to grow that glory of German art.

Bach did not happen because the "Ladies' Monday Musical" of Eisenach joined with the "Chromatic Club" of Weimar and the "G Clefs" of Köthen in passing resolutions, first, that compositions of native composers should be heard with more interest; and, second, that these societies hereby pledge themselves to prefer the domestic output to the imported Italian product; and, third, that they hereby censure that snobbishness which believes in the superiority of foreign music.

Bach was not encouraged to use his powers and to become aware of what was really in him because of the stimulus to art given by the "Leipscic Choral Union," which offered a prize of a thousand gulden for the most inspired setting of the St. Matthew Passion, stirring composers for miles around (who needed that sum of money) to produce

the kind of originality which they believed to be likely to pique the fancy of the particular gentlemen who had kindly consented to act as judges for the competition.

The editor of that esteemed weekly (with trade supplement), "Musical Germany," did not call with clarion voice that teachers should stand shoulder to shoulder against foreign pretentiousness.

In other words, we should hardly consider the science of organization in the musical affairs of those times to be a science at all. And yet their primitive methods were rewarded, and those conditions which had existed for generations finally produced the flower.

The American composer has been at his art for forty years. It may be said that conditions did not produce him, for there were no conditions. When we look at the very thin soil out of

which our native music has so recently sprung, land which has never known plow or fertilizer, we wonder not at the many weeds, but that flowers of real beauty should be found here and there. These scattered specimens are pledges of the garden of the future.

And now, musical laymen of the country who want to help the American composer, apply your energies to enriching the musical life of the nation; give every child the best music; advise students to compose not to see how great their own powers are, but to measure and venerate true greatness. Take long views; do everything by years, and not by days. Then, when future generations have continued the labor of love you began, the American composer, expressing in music the very spirit of America, may be acclaimed by his happy countrymen.

CERTAIN TENDENCIES IN MODERN PAINTING

BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

What I shall have to say to you this morning will not be either learned or startling. I appear in the guise neither of the prophet nor of the critic. I merely wish to point out certain things that seem to me fundamental and, for that reason, very simple and perhaps easily forgotten. I cannot hope that you will all agree with me, but I do hope that you will not all disagree, and that we shall all bear in mind Dr. Johnson's saying: "That any man has a right to say what he thinks, and any other man the right [mentally] to knock him down for it."

Periodically, the world of modern art is convulsed with the cries of new prophets, and we hear of the creation of a new art: a movement has been launched. Forty years ago it was Impressionism; the day before yesterday it was Post-impressionism; yesterday, Futurism; to-morrow, what? Personally I must confess, quite unashamed, that I am not a believer in movements. It is true that the minority of pictures at each period of the history of art have a kind of family likeness, as sixty years ago they were Romantic, recently impressionistic, to-day at least a growing minority post-impressionistic.

This is proof neither for nor against a movement, but only that most people who paint are without specific original power. In this predicament, and with tools to use, a technique that is in itself a delight, they must imitate somebody, and it is more appealing to be in fashion than out of it. This is why Post-impressionism numbers its followers by the thousands. It is because most people cannot discern between chaff and wheat that they seem to be witnessing in astonished helplessness the transformation of painters whose work was once quite commonplace, indeed, magic of a doctrine, into shining geniuses, who produce what we are told

are great original works with the same facility that a magician in evening dress and a black imperial brings forth often students' beginnings, under the numerous rabbits out of a presumably empty black hat. After all, a poor Post-impressionist picture is no worse than a poor Impressionist or a poor salon piece. It is severe to blame the unoriginal painter. If any one is to be scolded, it is the public that cannot distinguish between good and bad. The reactionary, who thinks that because a work is what is called "modern" in tendency it must be worthless, is guilty of the same kind of foolishness as he who thinks that because it is built out of cubes it must be a masterpiece.

No doctrine can give men genius. There are no short cuts or panaceas in art, as in nothing else are there specifics against stupidity or incompetence. Good art teachings can no more make good artists than good laws can make good men. But I anticipate.

It seems that we live in one of those transitional periods in which history is made rapidly, as if oft-denied and long-accumulated impulses gathered force sufficient to break barriers and sweep along events with dramatic suddenness; eras of change in which irresistible restlessness challenges established standards; a restlessness that is spiritual, demanding reality and questioning the meanings of things. It often threatens cherished possessions or refuses old valuations.

In art it proclaims the futility of most of the art of the past; where it concedes that there have been great men, it declares them to be going in the wrong direction, diseased and misshapen giants. Its audacity is superb; it ruthlessly destroys the old, and sets itself the task of forging a new esthetics, and a new philosophy. This is a courageous, manly, healthful

attitude in those in whom it is honest, and I believe they are many; but it is also possible that it may be all this, and still be mistaken, and it is here we reach, I think, the crux of the matter, that it is one thing to state a doctrine of esthetics that may be valid, and quite another thing to make that doctrine powerful to produce great and moving art. Certain writers on Post-impressionism have expounded a theory of esthetics that seems to be patently sound, though I cannot feel it to be new or peculiar to themselves. We hear it said, for example, that the object of art is not representation; that in painting forms should be used not as means of suggesting emotions or conveying information, which is mere description, but as objects of emotion in themselves. The aim is the essential, etc. All this is quite true. I only beg to interject that while I am a radical myself, I wish to be just, and I cannot see that really great art at any time has occupied itself with mere representation.

Out of what conditions has this protest grown? Under the burden of what impression has this passionate reaction accumulated? To understand it, you must be able to relate it to the background, the history that has immediately preceded it. If we look clearly and honestly, we shall find, I think reasons for its existence, even if they are not adequate to explain its violence. We find in the painting of the immediate past a continual dilution of the wine of the original French Impressionists; a continual searching, more and more, after what the painter understands by effect,—a diminishing occupation with the substances over which the effect plays; a preoccupation with the phenomena of life, becoming more and more tenuous and unsubstantial; a tendency to the use of color as a merely decorative agent; a thinness of substance; a preoccupation with the light of the moment; a sacrifice of fundamentals to the study of values. This in what we know as easel pictures. In

decoration it becomes a servile subserviency to the color scheme of the room, a kind of millinery idealism, a slavish submission to architectural behest; in architecture, an abandonment to the fallacy that what was living, vital, and beautiful in Greece or Italy or France, in centuries past, must be the same here and now, if copied or transcribed with sufficient accuracy and skill; in other words, a crystallization according to standards instead of the outgrowth of an inward necessity.

We have been much dominated by a fear of going wrong, and in America we walk perilously near a sterile and elegant eclecticism. To-day, I think, conditions are different, they are certainly changing, and the future holds the hope of something better; but the answer is not in the doctrine expounded by the preachers of Post-impressionism, sound as much of it is, and still less in the hysterical screeching of the gentlemen who call themselves Futurists. I fear that what is offered us is but the substitution of one academic ideal for another.

I have said that much of the doctrine of Post-impressionism is sound. It advocates a return to essentials. It demands the resuscitation of design. It preaches the truth of the unity of form and color, and it presses for simplification, not representation, the substitution of significant forms for external imitation or literal description, howsoever noble, in paint. No one who thinks clearly can reject the soundness and saneness and healthfulness of such a scheme. How, then, does it come that the work that is offered to us as an illustration of this doctrine is so strangely unmoving and puzzling? The answer lies in the question itself. It is because most of it was made to illustrate a doctrine, that it was painted to prove a theory. The statement of a doctrine of esthetics is an intellectual process. Let us examine the problem of the artist and the process that is involved

in the creation of his art. Now, the production of a work of art is not a mental process at all. It is the outcome of the entire spiritual nature of the artist speaking through a more or less fully commanded medium. Its genesis is emotional and perceptive, and not rationalistic. Hence we have the reason for the external sterility of doctrine, however reasoned in its application to the production of art. The doctrinaire, when he turns to the practice of art, paints or models to prove his theory. He is preëminently occupied with the justification and exposition of the dogma which he holds. He incorporates into his work, by a sheer effort of the will, those qualities that he deems strengthening. His final object is the establishment of a scheme of logic.

The artist's procedure is quite contrary. He is not interested in proving anything. He looks at the visible universe, and it is beautiful or ugly or any one of a thousand shades between them. The point is that it excites him with a stimulus that is not mental, but sensational. He is aware of a mysterious, but immediate, relationship between himself and it. Life is heightened and intensified in him, and in his art he asks you to share his experience and not to listen to the proof of a theory. He will not be thwarted without a fight. You may say to him that the cumulative expression of the past means more to you than his offering. It probably means as much to him as to you, but he is speaking of a direct experience, and, sooner or later, if he speaks truly, you are bound to listen.

But the audience, too, has its rights. It stands on ancient ground, hard won, that has stood in good stead through the generations; it demands that it shall be convinced. It says it cannot believe your story unless you make it seem real to it. It is not so much that it says so, but that it feels so, and it is within its rights. If you are asked to believe that some one has had a great experience and you find his witness

vague, that he cannot tell where or how it was, you are likely to be unmoved. You may be wrong, but don't be afraid. But if this experience is put before you so that you feel yourself to be not only there, but with him, so that what he experienced becomes part of your experience, living and real to you, you believe his truth. It is your truth.

Now, the painter presents to you a world that exists with indefinite boundaries, usually four, and on a surface that you know to be flat. The conventions at his disposition are forms and colors. He speaks to you of adventures in the moving, material universe that surrounds us. He seeks to tell you what it has made him feel. His object, it is true, is not to represent in a toy fashion, however skilfully, the mere facts of that universe, but the realities of his feelings about it. He asks you to believe that it has interested him and filled him with emotion. In order to make you feel that, he must convince you that he has really seen it, that its existence and reality have sunk deep into his consciousness; that the objects contained in it exist for him in the same intensity as they exist in nature. Now, the first great fact about the existence of objects is what, for lack of a better word, I might call a kind of "thereness" about them. They are solids, and have weight and displacement. If inside the world the picture offered you you cannot be convinced of its volumetric existence, you have a discouraging sense that whatever else you are asked to believe by its author is not based on a substantial structure. The painter, by process of selection, sunders the images of objects from natural space, and he must re-create them in pictorial space, and illuminate them with the sense of their volumetric existence, unimpaired, or, better, amplified to attain this. It is impossible to conceive of form and color as different phenomena. They are the two directions of one movement. Without light, there is no vision. To illumi-

nate an object is to reveal its existence. To color it is to particularize the mode of its revelation; hence it is impossible to alter the color of an object without corrupting its structure. To deny this is to father an instability which is absurd, and to disorganize and unbalance the scheme of reality both natural and esthetic. In this basic sense, then, representation becomes the original groundwork of art; its final aim the projection of essentials revealed by objects in a state of intense and energetic volumetric existence. But the key to this living world is to be found in the artist's personality, and not in some geometrically or philosophically constructed universe.

The artist's eyes serve him in quite a different stead from those of most persons, who use them chiefly for acquiring facts. Art is concerned with a world of emotional realities, and with material things only so far as they are emotionally significant. Now, any talk dealing with emotion is difficult, for many persons, never having felt any esthetic emotions, are inclined to think that one is dealing with what is not. I do not wish to seem to discount the processes of logic, but this point of view precludes the appreciation of what is nevertheless a fact, that emotions are as real as sensory sensations and that there are other realities than those of the physical world. The *religieuse*, the mystic, and the artist hold this view. To them there are things the worth of which cannot be related to the physical; things the worth of which is not relative but absolute; things that are good, just as red is red, because it is so. Let us, then, have the courage to recognize that there are things beyond the realm of proof; that logic has its limitations as well as its uses; that sensibility in certain things—and art is one of them—is the key to experiences that logic cannot reveal.

And here I must object to some well-intentioned cultivated people who are attempting to bring art to the people. Who has not seen them with flocks of

victims shuffling through the museums, instructing them by dates, tags, and labels. What have these professional rhapsodists or historical analysts to do with art? An intelligent child might get, if left to himself, something from a visit to the Metropolitan Museum, provided no cultivated persons were there to tell him what was the proper thing to feel, or prevent his feeling anything but a desire to escape by commanding him to think.

Dogma, then, is only the substitution of one system for another, the change from one academic model to another; it has no hope to offer. What, then, can break the huge machine of slavery, convention, imitation, and emptiness in which we all, even the freest of us, are caught and partly maimed? If dogma fails as a revivifying power, to what, then, are we to turn? What are usually called the intellectual classes will reply, "Culture." Now, it is difficult to define culture, though most of us know a cultivated person when we meet one; usually it is some one who has traveled in Italy.

In the deepest sense culture means an education that has intensified personality and strengthened its powers of expression; but, alas! we get no help here, for such an education as this is not for sale. It is an intellectual adventure, sought by some in solitude, found by others in society, that closes only when life closes, but it is always individual. That is its hall-mark, and in this it resembles art itself. In the usual sense of the word, a cultivated society is one that has been educated to a series of standards of taste, a kind of foot-rule for the measurement of achievements, and its vision is always rearward. Cultivated people have always been defenders of the antique, as if the great antique needed that.

In art schools one draws from it before one draws from life, to show one, I suppose, where life goes wrong. Culture makes a person familiar with masterpieces, but it cannot make one sensitive to that which makes them

masterpieces. It is consequently retrospective, which is, after all, its safest ground. Culture, too, is apt to get its rules mixed, so that it is angry and hurt to find that the artist is not always a gentleman. It is more dangerous than Philistinism, for it is better armed, more intelligent, and more pliant, and it has, moreover, an air of being on the side of the artist. But it is his enemy, for it appeals to authority and not to sensibility. The essence of originality, however, is that it feels and thinks for itself. It is not picturesque, because, if it is original, it is new; and we all know that to be picturesque things must be old. It seems strange, and it is disquieting, and culture is all too apt to attack it.

But of late years we have seen a reversal of this, for cultivated persons, having had to adopt so many things they would have liked to reject,—in fact, did reject, but have had forced on them, though only then to make the part of a tradition, a standard, to beat down the next original,—the cultivated, after many mistakes, nervously determine to be right this time in reference to the new art. This has given us the spectacle of some bravely, but regretfully, confessing themselves behind the times, with many uneasily enunciating the strange accents of a new faith.

Whence, then, is the wind of freedom to blow? In what quarter will the new dawn break? History assures us that nothing short of a revival of the religious spirit can restore the conditions in which the great types of art may reach again their full stature. It is evident that monumental art calls for sacrifices of small imitations; but they are sacrifices dictated by the mystic vision of the inward eye, and no intellectual substitute for that vision can be valid in Egypt, Greece, in early Gothic, in Byzantine mosaic, in Oriental drawings and pottery, for in all, in their primitive manifestations, something of the divine eternal was communicated, undiluted by the medium. The sacrifices of the Post-impression-

ists, as a witty Englishman has said, are sacrifices in the wrong places, and not to be laid upon the altar even of an absent god. Just as one hundred years ago men played at being classic, to-day, from a deeper ennui, we play at being primitive, Coptic, Greek, or Aztec.

Let us, then, honestly confess ourselves beaten. We are not, and cannot be, primitive, howsoever much we should like to be, or howsoever interesting we find it to try to be. Like the occupation of lifting oneself over obstacles by one's boot-straps, it may be amusing,—one may even, if the straps are stout enough, put one's whole strength into it,—but it is unprofitable. However, if we cannot be real primitives, we can be something better than imitation ones. If we cannot live in an age of great religious revival, we can at least, each and all of us, live honestly and deeply, and if we are brave enough, we can be free. If modern life cannot offer the artist the background of a great religious experience, it can at least offer him liberty, an open road to free individual expression, unhampered by a past that sits in judgment on him, rather than its more legitimate rôle as a source of refreshment and inspiration to him.

We all wish to do something for art, and this is what we can do: organize society so that liberty is increased,—liberty of thought,—for art thrives in a liberal atmosphere. Make it less difficult for each to speak his truth as he sees it, and do not foster the spirit of compromise. Do not expect all men to be sensitive in the same direction, or think that art is something that can be acquired by hard study. Let us not fear to go wrong in these matters, if we go for what we like. Art is not morality, though they are deeply related in quite another way. Let us realize that it is more important to be honest than to be polite, though delightful if we can be both, and that social virtues, good as they are, are not the only ones.

A NOVELIST'S PHILOSOPHY

BX GFORGE W. CABLE

A novelist should have as clear a conviction of how to live as of how to write, and on occasion may state it with the freedom of an actor answering a curtain-call.

In either case originality is not the supreme necessity, and so I would say that the chief element in a life worth living is what the preachers call character, and that in character the three paramount constituents must be courage, fidelity, and affection. These are the three dimensions of the soul. Every form of conscious wrong-doing is a default in one or more of these three graces. Every plan of life abandoned as a failure owes both its wreck and its abandonment to a shortage in one or another of these qualities, a narrowing of them upon too few things or facts.

How wide, then, should their compass be? It should be as wide as the world we have to live in. In a life truly centered, the right courage, fidelity, and affection toward anything whatever do not conflict with the right courage, fidelity, and affection toward anything else. No art of living can be wise or safe which does not keep this truth for its guiding-star. Like all arts, the art of life is difficult, and much of it lies in keeping our courage, fidelity, and affection for matters nearest to us equally or proportionately operative in, to, and for matters farthest away.

Our imperfect natures can never do this perfectly, and if they could, we should not escape the censure of this very imperfect world. We should certainly incur it, and quite as certainly its blunders are ours. But be they ours or not, our courage, fidelity, and affection toward it should make its approval sweet, and yet should be too large to accept that approval as a guide of life or as life's chief reward.

But why? Why be bound to a whole world whose censure the noblest living is certain to incur? For at least five reasons. No life can escape that censure. Second, censure is not all that the world pays to noble living; it pays also noble rewards. Third, we gain the reward of self-approval. Fourth, the more we broaden the range of our courage, fidelity, and affection, the more we have of them, the more we live. And fifth, we may not choose; we come to our birth bound. We initially owe the whole world these three golden coins. They are the admission fee into human society, into a world brought to its present imperfect, yet magnificent, order and beauty by the imperfect, yet aspiring, courage, fidelity, and affection of unnumbered millions through thousands of past years. It is mainly by trying to slip through life without paying this gate-money in full to a whole living world that we embitter life and lives.

What, must we set out into life, and rise and work, and sleep day and night, day and night, to life's end under a sense of incalculable debt to a whole world? Is that to make the best of life? Yes. The proposition contains everything essential to a fairer, better life and world than ever yet have been. This naked statement of it shows its grinning skeleton, but what would even a Venus or an Adonis be without a skeleton? If this is saying no more than "Be good, and you'll be happy," what of it? Has any method yet been found by which a man can make himself happy or life worth while by being bad? This is axiomatic, that no worthy happiness can be had without nobility.

What, then, is noble? I wish the ten commandments, or the last six, leaving out of all debate the first four, were known by some kinder, more appreci-

ative name. They are so much more than mere law. They are the naturally essential requisites of nobility. Whoever first gave them, that is largely why they were given. They are the logical necessities of our courage, fidelity, and affection, and the limits of our practical acceptance of them are the exact delimiting measure of our savagery.

Ordinarily the savage's sense of his moral obligations suddenly loses nine tenths of its energy at the bounds of his village or tribe. At times the remaining tenth may reach farther, but rarely indeed as a principle of living fully reasoned out. When it does, that reasoner is no longer a savage. We have a strong parallel among enlightened peoples. We cry—

Lives there a man with soul so dead,

but thousands who would scorn a scorner of patriotism can only smile at a plea for a courage, fidelity, and affection devoted to a whole world as one universal mother.

It is rare for the sentiment of patriotism to be reasoned out into a principle of life. Its true essence is a fearless, faithful, affectionate membership in the social system to which we belong. As such it becomes a constant, daily motive, saturating every activity and aspiration of the most ordinary life.

A true sentiment of citizenship must be grounded in a lively perception of the illimitable beneficence of human government—a beneficence only less than divine. To the fostering care of government we owe every element of life which makes us anything better than gregarious animals. The words "mother-country" and "fatherland" confess this. Without government not one in a million of us would ever have been born and no one would have been born in our place. For without government man is hard put to it to steal a wretched animal subsistence from a thousand square miles to the man, while under government he may live the civilized life a thousand men to the mile.

Our food, drink, clothes, tools, utensils, every foot of highway, underground piping, or overhead wire, every written or printed line, every house of residence, education, healing, or worship, every ship, lighthouse, or chart, every coin bearing Cæsar's or Liberty's image, every hour of physical safety, we owe to the care of our governments and to the comity between them.

National government and international comity are an atmosphere of blessing as essential to our very being as the air we breathe. They do not merely enable a million men to live where hardly a hundred could live in savagery; the million, because they are a million instead of a hundred, can have ten thousand things ten thousand times as inexpensively as one savage could get them from another, especially all the things—and restraints—that make life long, high, broad, and rich. Government is human providence, and the difference between it and life without it would be yet more tremendous were it not impossible for savagery to be absolute or government perfect.

Now, there are multitudes honestly seeking the life best worth living who every day thank God for a host of blessings—life itself and freedom and safety to worship Him, not one of which they could have without government, yet whose patriotic devotion sleeps from one war to another. They worship God and endure government, without which they never would have heard of a god whom it would be decent to worship.

The nobler notion of government embraces the whole pulsating framework of society, public and private, with its uncounted governments within governments, and he who is mean to his government dwarfs his life. We belong to the whole of human society, and the truer our courage, fidelity, and affection to it is, the more bearable will be our ills, the richer our joys.

A life with this spread of boughs is a tree the roots of which are so many and so strong, reach so far and so deep.

and feed so richly on the best things, that no storms can wreck it. It cannot be a failure by its own fault, and so cannot be a failure at all. It is likely to be rich in constant rewards. Moreover this likelihood grows stronger as more and more of mankind actually live by these principles. Individuality is a superb necessity to a noble life, yet the most of life's disappointments come of a mistaken individuality stifling this high sentiment of collectivism, whose happier name is civilization.

But there is an undue individualism in whole peoples toward other whole peoples. We see it in the patriotism commonly taught to children—and soldiers; a sentiment of courage, fidelity, and affection for their own people, transmuting itself into valor, pride, and contempt toward other peoples; a purely militant spirit of clan. No life can be quite at its best which does not demand and seek for its national social order a brave, faithful, fraternal subordination of itself to the common welfare and self-betterment of all peoples, the maintenance and advancement of one universal order, an international application of the golden rule.

Oddly enough, we are everywhere nearer to this seeming Utopia in conduct than in motive. This comes by commerce; and such conduct will remain better than its usual motive until in the popular mind the lawful pursuit of wealth is held in nobler esteem than it ever has been. One reason why the all but universal pursuit of wealth is not more honored is that to producer, carrier, seller, and consumer it can operate beneficently with no more benevolence than the most superficial good-will and good faith. Also, because it cannot normally sustain a benevolent motive on any terms alien to a self-seeking exchange of benefits. Savants, missionaries, soldiers, artists, statesmen, poets are singled out for special approval for seeking their reward in the giving of benefits and regarding but lightly their own compensation in *things*.

They find joy in the belief that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Well, neither does his destruction. A people's life, especially, does consist so largely in the *spiritual use* of *things* that their possession in abundance is of vast importance. The very existence of millions of souls well worthy to exist depends on it. The splendid precept is aimed not against wealth, but against greed.

Wealth itself is sacred, a thing transmuted from human life and transmuted into human life again. Any sordidness lies only in the way it may be got, held, spent, or coveted, and it is as easy for the poorest man to be sordid with one dollar as for the richest with his millions. Even the missionary may forget at times that he could not be a missionary, content with no harvest but souls, were there not some ten thousand men immersed in commerce, law, and all the comparatively selfish beneficences, and that two of the activities into which he would rejoice to lift the savage are civil government and the pursuit of wealth.

The breath and blood of this pursuit is the ancient rule of *quid pro quo*, yet it can be at the same time a labor of love. Millions who feel their lives to be well worth living do make the pursuit of wealth, whether in dividends or wages, a labor of true love, and find their chief satisfaction in so doing. Unfortunately, in business love chiefly pushes from behind, draws but little in front, operates half through the business relation, and there dies. Consider any ferry-boat or suburban train, black with its human swarm hurrying to or from work. Every soul in that swarm is helping to make or do something not directly for self, but for humanity as a whole, and will draw his or her reward not from one employer alone, but from civilization at large in all its manifold providence over him. Nearly every one of them is going or coming,

not with any zeal for civilization, yet neither in brute greed for self alone, but mainly for the sake of those who by the bonds of love and birth are pre-eminently his or hers and whose he or she pre-eminently is.

Better, this pursuit always recognizes in some degree that these bonds ought to reach not only backward into the home, but also forward into all business relations. It finds courage essential to enterprise, fidelity to credit, amity to harmonious understanding, and it is largely on the buoying power of this perception that the world and worthy living have risen to where they are.

Yet the seeker of wealth, to apply it to the life which makes wealth most real, will perceive that these virtues cannot work effectually on mercenary promptings without the promptings also of citizenship, local and universal. But fancy the world's trade carried forward on true *quid pro quo* principles and at the same time on the principles of world citizenship, and say if that would not make a better world than man has ever yet seen.

There are men to-day pursuing wealth on those joint principles—rich men, poor men, the lofty, the lowly. They do not expect this wealth-hungry world to come quite around to their theories or practice in any visible future, yet they are living the life best worth while. They have their errors, their sorrows, small and great, but it is not their kind who die broken-hearted or by their own hand.

Finally, under these few principles of collectivism the life best worth living secures abundant play for an individualism so rich and fine that compared with it all self-assertion in discord with such principles is ignoble and self-embittering. Also it is needless. Human life, whether to be human or divine, must aspire and must rejoice. Whatever man chooses to do, seek, or suffer is

either immediately or ultimately for joy. Too monotonously the cry of the earnest is, "Of what use?" The idle fret them into this narrowness by their yet narrower test question, "What joy?" until sometimes the earnest can see little good in most of the world's activities. They cry or sigh, "To what purpose is this waste?"

Doubtless there is waste, yet I think a great deal of other-worldliness is badly mixed with an amazing ingratitude to human society. This world seems to me as definitely for joy as for use or discipline; not a world with which we should have as little to do as we may, but as much as we can. Both its joy and ours are one of the debts we daily owe it. In the best life, for a man or a world, use and joy are yoke-mates. Every joy should be useful, every use joyful, and the world's work should be the making not of utilities only for later joys, but joy itself, present joy. And in this joy-making it is not every man for himself,—that, again, were savagery,—but, as truly as in commerce, each one of us for thousands of thousands other than himself.

The heroine of a certain novel, being asked to pray by a dying soldier and captive foe, says:

"I know, captain, that we can't have longings, strivings, or hopes without beliefs; beliefs are what they live on. I believe in being strong and sweet and true for the pure sake of being so, and yet more for the world's sake; and as much more again for God's sake, as God is greater than his works. I believe in beauty, and in joy. I believe they are the goal of all goodness and of all God's work and wish. As to resurrection, punishment and reward, I can't see what my noblest choice has to do with them; they seem to me to be God's part of the matter. Mine is to love perfect beauty and perfect joy, both in and infinitely beyond myself, with the desiring love with which I rejoice to believe God loves them, and to pity the lack of them with the loving pity with which God pities it. And above all I believe that no beauty and no joy can be perfect apart from a love that loves the whole world's joy better than any separate joy of any separate soul."

CONFERRING ON MR. SARGENT OF THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE INSTITUTE

In presenting the medal Mr. Blashfield said:

The gold medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, designed and executed by one of its members, Mr. A. A. Weinman, has been given five times: To Augustus Saint-Gaudens, for sculpture; to James Ford Rhodes, for history; to James Whitcomb Riley, for poetry; to William Rutherford Mead, for architecture; to Augustus Thomas, for dramatic composition. Today it is awarded, in the department of painting, to John Singer Sargent.

To state the titles of its recipient is needless. To present in detail to such an audience as this the artistic claims of Sargent would be as superfluous as to explain why President Wilson or Mr. Roosevelt is known to his countrymen.

For thirty-five years the master has been a prominent figure in art, looming always larger. It is for painting that this medal is given, and to me (in his absence I can say it freely) Sargent as painter is greater than any man alive. It is, then, rather to Sargent as a man and as an influence that I shall give the few words which I have to say.

Thirty-five years ago by the calendar, a thousand years or so by the changes that have come, very many of us, then young men, were studying in that sister republic from which our distinguished visitor, Monsieur Brieux, comes to us to-day. Happy in her hospitality, we were glad indeed to find shelter even under the very edge of that mantle of art, which, descending from the Greeks, has rested for centuries upon the shoulders of France. Already Sargent was a phenomenon to us and to his French comrades. Born in Florence, familiar even as a child with what

Italy had to teach, he quickly assimilated Gallic traditions, became his master's best pupil, and soon "bettered his instructions." Sensational his work was because better than that of others; but as we look back, we realize that it was never eccentric. As long as those about him were more or less conventional, he was daring. While innovation was still tonic, Sargent was an innovator. When in later years innovation lapsed at the hands of some men into incoherency, Sargent held a straight course and remained coherent. He could perform all the feats of the most ultra-realist of the *plein-air* school, as in his Hermit, in the picture at the Metropolitan Museum. Such a figure is like a gun on a disappearing carriage; he appears and produces his effect at the artist's will, or he is lost in the woods by that same will, and you have to look for him to find him.

Such technical cleverness Sargent possesses absolutely, but he makes it a means, never an end, and thereby as an influence he is always *in medio* and always *tutissimus*.

His work is marked by sincerity, strength, and sanity. To prove that he is a true academician, respectful of the great conventions of art, let me quote to you a line from a letter which I received from him years ago. He says, "Composition and form are the rarest things nowadays, and seem to me the only things worth trying for."

Once, not having seen him for years, I passed an hour in his studio. When we left it the lady who was with me said, "Did you realize that Mr. Sargent is still shy, as he was years ago?" Translate the word modest, and you have the man. Since we had seen him he had painted kings and heroes

and sages, meeting them on his own ground, and still he remained modest.

When we add to this that in a jealous world no one has heard a hard word spoken of Sargent, may we not conclude that we are awarding our medal

not only to a great artist, but to a great-hearted man?

In the much-regretted absence of Mr. Sargent I place this medal for him in the hands of the Secretary of the Institute.

RESPONSE OF PRESIDENT WILSON TO PRESIDENT POINCARE*

THE WHITE HOUSE,
December 7, 1914.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I feel honored to address you also as my colleague in letters and wish to thank you most sincerely for the kind message you were gracious enough to send through Monsieur Brioux.

I, of course, fully understand the circumstances which have made it impossible for you to visit the United States, but I wish, nevertheless, to express my sincere regret that it is not possible for you to do so, and I desire to take advantage of this occasion not only to express my personal respect and admiration, but also to assure you of the warm feeling of men of let-

ters and of thought throughout the United States for the distinguished President of France.

The relations between our two peoples have always been relations of such genuine and cordial friendship that it gives me peculiar pleasure as the official representative of the people of the United States to send through you, the distinguished spokesman of France, my warmest greetings to the people of the great French Republic.

Be pleased to accept, my dear Mr. President and my admired colleague, the assurances of my sincere consideration.

WOODROW WILSON.

Hon. R. Poincaré,
President of the French Republic.

*See page 8 for President Poincaré's letter.

THE INSTITUTE MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Institute is annually awarded to any citizen of the United States, whether a member of the Institute or not, for distinguished services to arts or letters in the creation of original work.

The conditions of the award are these:

(1) "That the medal shall be awarded for the entire work of the recipient, without limit of time during which it shall have been done; that it shall be awarded to a living person or to one who shall not have been dead more than one year at the time of the award; and that it shall not be awarded more than once to any one person.

(2) "That it shall be awarded in the following order: First year, for Sculpture; second year, for History or Biography; third year, for Music; fourth year, for Poetry; fifth year, for Architecture; sixth year, for Drama; seventh year, for Painting; eighth year, for Fiction; ninth year, for Essays or Belles-Lettres—returning to each subject every tenth year in the order named.

(3) "That it shall be the duty of the Secretary each year to poll the members of the section of the Institute dealing with the

subject in which the medal is that year to be awarded, and to report the result of the poll to the Institute at its Annual Meeting, at which meeting the medal shall be awarded by vote of the Institute."

The medal was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, of the Institute, in 1909.

The first award—for sculpture—was to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The medal was presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens at the meeting held in memory of her husband, November 20, 1909.

The second medal—for history—was awarded to James Ford Rhodes, 1910.

The third medal—for poetry—was awarded to James Whitcomb Riley, 1911.

The fourth medal—for architecture—was awarded to William Rutherford Mead, 1912.

The fifth medal—for drama—was awarded to Augustus Thomas, 1913.

On November 18, 1914, the Sixteenth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the National Institute of Arts and Letters was held, when the Sixth Gold Medal of the Institute was awarded, in the Department of Painting to

JOHN SINGER SARGENT



CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

(Founded, 1898, by the American Social Science Association)

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

This society, organized by men nominated and elected by the American Social Science Association at its annual meeting in 1898, with a view to the advancement of art, music and literature, shall be known as the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

II. MEMBERSHIP

1. Qualification for membership shall be notable achievement in art, music or literature.
2. The number of members shall be limited to two hundred and fifty.

III. ELECTIONS

The name of a candidate shall be proposed to the Secretary by three members of the section in which the nominee's principal work has been performed. The name shall then be submitted to the members of that section, and if approved by a majority of the answers received within fifteen days may be submitted by a two-thirds vote of the council to an annual meeting of the Institute for formal election by a majority vote of those present. The voting shall be by ballot.

IV. OFFICERS

1. The officers of the Institute shall consist of a President, six Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, and they shall constitute the council of the Institute.
2. The council shall always include at least one member of each department.

V. ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Officers shall be elected by ballot at the annual meeting, but the council may fill a vacancy at any time by a two-thirds vote.

VI. MEETINGS

1. The annual meeting of the Institute shall be held on the first Tuesday in September, unless otherwise ordered by the council.*
2. Special meetings may be called by the President on recommendation of any three members of the council, or by petition of at least one-fourth of the membership of the Institute.

VII. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Institute and of the council.
2. In the absence of the President, the senior Vice-President in attendance shall preside.

3. The Secretary shall keep a minute of all meetings of the Institute and of the council, and shall be the custodian of all records.

4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all funds of the Institute and shall make disbursements only upon order of the council.

VIII. ANNUAL DUES

The annual dues for membership shall be five dollars.

IX. INSIGNIA

The insignia of the Institute shall be a bow of purple ribbon bearing two bars of old gold.

X. EXPULSIONS

Any member may be expelled for unbecoming conduct by a two-thirds vote of the council, a reasonable opportunity for defense having been given.

XI. AMENDMENTS

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the Institute upon the recommendation of the council or upon the request, in writing, of any five members. The Secretary shall be required to send to each member a copy of the proposed amendment at least thirty days before the meeting at which such amendment is to be considered.

XII. THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of membership of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; PROVIDED that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and PROVIDED that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

*For convenience the annual meeting is usually called for November or December.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTE

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

Adams, Brooks
Adams, Henry
Ade, George
Alden, Henry M.
Aldrich, Richard
Allen, James Lane
Baldwin, Simeon E.
Bates, Arlo
Bridges, Robert
Brownell, W. C.
Burroughs, John
Burton, Richard
Butler, Nicholas Murray
Cable, George W.
Chadwick, French Ensor
Chambers, R. W.
Channing, Edward
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C.
Cheney, John Vance
Churchill, Winston
Connolly, James B.
Cortissoz, Royal
Croly, Herbert
Cross, Wilbur L.
Crothers, Samuel McChord
deKay, Charles
Dunne, Finley Peter
Edwards, H. S.
Egan, Maurice Francis
Fernald, C. B.
Finley, John H.
Firkins, O. W.
Ford, Worthington C.
Fox, John, Jr.
Furness, Horace Howard, Jr.
Garland, Hamlin
Gildersleeve, Basil L.
Gillette, William
Gilman, Lawrence
Gordon, George A.
Grant, Robert
Greenslet, Ferris
Griffs, William Elliot
Gummere, Francis B.
Hadley, Arthur Twining
Hamilton, Clayton
Harben, Will N.
Hardy, Arthur Sherburne
Harper, George McLean
Harrison, Henry Sydnor
Henderson, William J.
Herford, Oliver
Herrick, Robert
Hibben, John Grier
Hitchcock, Ripley
Hooker, Brian
Howe, M. A. De Wolfe
Howells, William Dean
Huntington, Archer M.
James, Henry
Johnson, Owen
Johnson, Robert Underwood
Kennan, George
Lloyd, Nelson

Lodge, Henry Cabot
Long, John Luther
Lovett, Robert Morss
Lowell, A. Lawrence
Lummis, Charles F.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright
Mackaye, Percy
Markham, Edwin
Martin, E. S.
Mather, F. J., Jr.
Matthews, Brander
McMaster, John Bach
Mitchell, John Ames
Mitchell, Langdon E.
More, Paul Elmer
Morris, Harrison S.
Nicholson, Meredith
Page, Thomas Nelson
Payne, Will
Payne, W. Morton
Perry, Bliss
Phelps, W. Lyon
Pier, Arthur Stanwood
Rhodes, James Ford
Riley, James Whitcomb
Rives, George L.
Roberts, C. G. D.
Robinson, Edward A.
Roosevelt, Theodore
Royce, Josiah
Schelling, Felix E.
Schouler, James
Scollard, Clinton
Sedgwick, Henry D.
Seton, Ernest Thompson
Sherman, Frank Dempster
Shorey, Paul
Sloane, William Milligan
Sullivan, T. R.
Tarkington, Booth
Thayer, William Roscoe
Thomas, Augustus
Thorndike, Ashley H.
Tooker, L. Frank
Torrence, Ridgley
Townsend, E. W.
Trent, W. P.
van Dyke, Henry
Van Dyke, John C.
White, Andrew Dickson
White, William Allen
Whiting, C. G.
Whitlock, Brand
William, Francis Howard
Williams, Jesse Lynch
Wilson, Harry Leon
Wilson, Woodrow
Wister, Owen
Woodberry, George E.

DEPARTMENT OF ART

Adams, Herbert
Bacon, Henry
Ballin, Hugo
Barnard, George Gray

Bartlett, Paul W.
 Beckwith, J. Carroll
 Benson, F. W.
 Betts, Louis
 Blashfield, Edwin Howland
 Brooks, Richard E.
 Brown, Glenn
 Brunner, Arnold W.
 Brush, George de Forest
 Carlsen, Emil
 Chase, William M.
 Clarkson, Ralph
 Cole, Timothy
 Cook, Walter
 Cox, Kenyon
 Dannat, W. T.
 Day, Frank Miles
 De Camp, Joseph
 Dewey, Charles Melville
 Dielman, Frederick
 Donaldson, John M.
 Dougherty, Paul
 Duveneck, Frank
 Foster, Ben
 French, Daniel Chester
 Gay, Walter
 Gibson, Charles Dana
 Gilbert, Cass
 Grafty, Charles
 Guérin, Jules
 Hardenbergh, Henry J.
 Harrison, Alexander
 Harrison, Birge
 Hassam, Childe
 Hastings, Thomas
 Henri, Robert
 Howard, John Galen
 Howe, W. H.
 Howells, J. M.
 Jaegers, Albert
 Jones, Francis C.
 Jones, H. Bolton
 Kendall, W. Mitchell
 Kendall, W. Sergeant
 Low, Will H.
 MacMonnies, Frederick
 MacNeil, Hermon A.
 Marr, Carl
 McEwen, Walter
 Mead, William Rutherford
 Melchers, Gari
 Metcalf, W. L.
 Mowbray, H. Siddons
 Ochtman, Leonard
 Peabody, R. S.
 Pennell, Joseph
 Platt, Charles A.
 Pond, I. K.
 Potter, Edward C.
 Pratt, Bela L.
 Proctor, A. Phimister
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SKETCH OF THE ACADEMY AND LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

The American Academy of Arts and Letters was founded in 1904 as an interior organization of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which in turn was founded in 1898 by the American Social Science Association. In each case the elder organization left the younger to choose the relations that should exist between them. Article XII of the Constitution of the Institute provides as follows:

In order to make the Institute more efficient in carrying out the purposes for which it was organized,—the protection and furtherance of literature and the arts,—and to give greater definiteness to its work, a section of the Institute to be known as the ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS shall be organized in such manner as the Institute may provide; the members of the Academy to be chosen from those who at any time shall have been on the list of members of the Institute.

The Academy shall at first consist of thirty members, and after these shall have organized it shall elect its own officers, prescribe its own rules, the number of its members, and the further conditions of membership; *provided* that no one shall be a member of the Academy who shall not first have been on the list of regular members of the Institute, and that in the choice of members individual distinction and character, and not the group to which they belong, shall be taken into consideration; and *provided* that all members of the Academy shall be native or naturalized citizens of the United States.

The manner of the organization of the Academy was prescribed by the following resolution of the Institute adopted April 23, 1904:

Whereas, the amendment to the Constitution known as Article XII, providing for the organization of the Academy of Arts and Letters, has been ratified by a vote of the Institute.

Resolved: That the following method be chosen for the organization of the Academy, to wit, that seven members be selected by ballot as the first members of the Academy, and that these seven be requested and empowered to choose eight other members, and that the fifteen thus chosen be requested and empowered to choose five other

members, and that the twenty members thus chosen shall be requested and empowered to choose ten other members,—the entire thirty to constitute the Academy in conformity with Article XII, and that the first seven members be an executive committee for the purpose of insuring the completion of the number of thirty members.

Under Article XII the Academy has effected a separate organization, but at the same time it has kept in close relationship with the Institute. On the seventh of March, 1908, the membership was increased from thirty to fifty members, and on the seventh of November, 1908, the following Constitution was adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE ACADEMY

I. ORIGIN AND NAME

The American Academy of Arts and Letters is an association primarily organized by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Its aim is to represent and further the interests of the Fine Arts and Literature.

II MEMBERSHIP AND ELECTIONS

It shall consist of not more than fifty members, and all vacancies shall be filled from the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. No one shall be elected a member of the Academy who shall not have received the votes of a majority of the members. The votes shall be opened and counted at a meeting of the Academy. In case the first ballot shall not result in an election a second ballot shall be taken to determine the choice between the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes on the first ballot. Elections shall be held only on due notice under rules to be established by the Academy.

III. AIMS

That the Academy may be bound together in community of taste and interest, its members shall meet regularly for discussion, and for the expression of artistic, literary and scholarly opinion on such topics as are brought to its attention. For the purpose of promoting the highest standards, the Academy may also award such prizes as may be founded by itself or entrusted to it for administration.

IV. OFFICERS

The officers shall consist of a President and a Chancellor, both elected annually from among the members to serve for one year only; a Permanent Secretary, not necessarily a member, who shall be elected by the Academy to serve for an indeterminate period, subject to removal by a majority vote; and a Treasurer. The Treasurer shall be appointed as follows: Three members of the Academy shall be elected at each annual meeting to serve as a Committee on Finance for the ensuing year. They shall appoint one of their number Treasurer of the Academy to serve for one year. He shall receive and protect its funds and make disbursements for its expenses as directed by the Committee. He shall also make such investments, upon the order of the President, as may be approved by both the Committee on Finance and the Executive Committee.

V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS

It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence of the Chancellor, to preside at all meetings throughout his term of office, and to safeguard in general all the interests of the Academy. It shall be the duty of the Chancellor to select and prepare the business for each meeting of his term. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep the records; to conduct the correspondence of the Academy under the direction of the President or Chancellor; to issue its authorized statements; and to draw up as required such writing as pertain to the ordinary business of the Academy and its committees. These three officers shall constitute the Executive Committee.

VI. AMENDMENTS

Any proposed amendment to this Constitution must be sent in writing to the Secretary signed by at least ten members; and it shall then be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. It shall not be considered until three months after it has been thus submitted. No proposed amendment shall be adopted unless it receives the votes in writing of two-thirds of the members.

MEMBERS AND OFFICERS

Following is the list of members in the order of their election:

William Dean Howells
 *Augustus Saint-Gaudens
 *Edmund Clarence Stedman
 *John La Farge
 *Samuel Langhorne Clemens
 *John Hay
 *Edward MacDowell
 Henry James
 *Charles Follen McKim
 Henry Adams
 *Charles Eliot Norton
 *John Quincy Adams Ward

*Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury
 Theodore Roosevelt
 *Thomas Bailey Aldrich
 *Joseph Jefferson
 John Singer Sargent
 *Richard Watson Gilder
 *Horace Howard Furness
 *John Bigelow
 *Winslow Homer
 *Carl Schurz
 *Alfred Thayer Mahan
 *Joel Chandler Harris
 Daniel Chester French
 John Burroughs
 James Ford Rhodes
 *Edwin Austin Abbey
 Horatio William Parker
 William Milligan Sloane
 *Edwin Everett Hale
 Robert Underwood Johnson
 George Washington Cable
 *Daniel Coit Gilman
 *Thomas Wentworth Higginson
 *Donald Grant Mitchell
 Andrew Dickson White
 Henry van Dyke
 William Crary Brownell
 Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve
 *Julia Ward Howe
 Woodrow Wilson
 Arthur Twining Hadley
 Henry Cabot Lodge
 *Francis Hopkinson Smith
 *Francis Marion Crawford
 *Henry Charles Lea
 Edwin Howland Blashfield
 William Merritt Chase
 Thomas Hastings
 Hamilton Wright Mabie
 *Bronson Howard
 Brander Matthews
 Thomas Nelson Page
 Elihu Vedder
 George Edward Woodberry
 *William Vaughn Moody
 Kenyon Cox
 George Whitefield Chadwick
 Abbott Handerson Thayer
 *John Muir
 *Charles Francis Adams
 Henry Mills Alden
 George deForest Brush
 William Rutherford Mead
 *John White Alexander
 Bliss Perry
 *Francis Davis Millet
 Abbott Lawrence Lowell
 James Whitcomb Riley
 Nicholas Murray Butler
 Paul Wayland Bartlett
 *George Browne Post
 Owen Wister
 Herbert Adams
 Augustus Thomas
 Timothy Cole
 Cass Gilbert
 William Roscoe Thayer

*Deceased.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1914-15

President: MR. HOWELLS

Chancellor and Treasurer: MR. SLOANE

Permanent Secretary: MR. JOHNSON

Directors: MESSRS. BLASHFIELD, BROWNELL, HASTINGS, HOWELLS, JOHNSON, MEAD,
 and SLOANE

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, a corporation organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, the sum ofdollars, to be applied to the uses of said corporation.

PROCEEDINGS
 OF THE
 AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
 AND LETTERS

AND OF THE
 NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
 AND LETTERS

16

November 18-19, 1915

Arnold W. Br...

EDUCATION

Nicholas Murray

AMERICAN LITERATURE

Brand Whitlock

DEAN HOWELLS OF THE GOLD MEDAL
 FICTION

Hamilton Wright Mabie

HOWELLS IN ACCEPTANCE OF THE MEDAL

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES:

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS
AND OF THE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

Number IX: 1916

Seventh Annual Joint Meeting, Boston, November 18-19, 1915



NEW YORK

Office of the Academy, 70 Fifth Avenue



The Academy

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THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

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PREFATORY NOTE

On the evening of November 17, President and Mrs. A. Lawrence Lowell gave a reception to the members of the Institute and their wives. On the eighteenth Mr. James Ford Rhodes gave a luncheon to the members of the Academy; that evening the dinner of the Institute was held at the Harvard Club. On the afternoon of the nineteenth, Mrs. John L. Gardner threw open Fenway Court to the members of the Institute and their wives. Institutions that offered their courtesies were the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Harvard Club, the Union Club, the St. Botolph Club, and the Tavern Club.

Through the courtesy of Mr. George W. Chadwick the sessions were held in Jordan Hall.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
American Academy of Arts and Letters
AND OF THE
National Institute of Arts and Letters

Published at intervals by the Societies

Copies may be had on application to the Permanent Secretary of the Academy, Mr. R. U. JOHNSON,
Room 411, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York Price per Annum \$1.00

VOL. II

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 3

THE ACADEMY AND THE INSTITUTE

Public Meetings held at Jordan Hall, New York
November 18-19, 1915



**WILLIAM M. SLOANE, Chancellor of the Academy, and
EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD, President of the Institute, Presiding**

[Session of November 18]

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM M. SLOANE

Chancellor of the Academy

Were Mr. Howells present in person, as he is in spirit, he would magnify his office as president of this association. Of that you may be assured, because in our annual meetings of the past he has repeatedly lent the whole force of his personal reputation to maintain and explain our history and purposes, as well as the high responsibilities which have been placed on the Institute and Academy of Arts and Letters. This I am sure he would have been proud to do once more in this city of renown, which was the home of his soul during one of the finest periods of

its development. The range of his genius has been such that he is an American in the broadest sense, and his power has been so commanding that wherever our language is read he is esteemed national in dimensions, corresponding to all the diversities of our land and people; and human as a citizen of the world, possessor of what is the general heritage of his art among the choicest of mankind.

In this he is the manifest standard and standard-bearer for this body of artists and men of letters, which was styled National and American by the

Social Science Association, its creator, a noble band of patriots, whose moving spirit in the days of its highest efficiency was Frank B. Sanborn, a respected and devoted New Englander. It was that organization which selected the original membership of the Institute. We derive, therefore, in a certain sense from the Boston and Concord spirit. The list embraced men from every part of our land; as it has been enlarged, and the dead have been replaced by the living, that fact has not been forgotten, and what is now a tradition has the sanctity of customary law. Were the birthplaces affixed to the names of our members, it might appear as if effort had been exerted to uphold it; but in fact the great hearthstones of artistic and literary energy, the city centers, glow by forces which collect there by the law of gravitation from wheresoever they originate in town or country.

Two elements, therefore, enter into our fervid life, that of place quality and that of art unity. As America is one and indivisible, regardless of miles and hours, an incontestible truth, so our central purpose is to unify all its artistic energies. There is no similar association elsewhere, because no other company seeks or has sought to include all the fine arts in its purview. Ours is the age of the highest specialization known to history. To this we owe the amazing achievements in the applied arts and sciences which in far less than a century have revolutionized the conditions and conduct of life more radically than during the previous millennium.

But movement is not necessarily progress, and the chapter we have written in the history of morals awaits the judgment of time and the critics. Specialization in the fine arts has not reached an equal development, but it has gone far on the same road. So, too, has education. The finest spirits in both have become aware of the inherent danger of too wide a cleft between the segments. Each needs the organic connection with all the others; secession

means the stoppage of spiritual circulation, and, if not death, either atrophy or eccentricity. To illustrate from the field of my own activities, the new history, so called, became so scientific as to be arid. Within a single lustrum I have heard the meed of highest merit assigned by experts of the four great Western powers to Macaulay because above all else, while neglecting neither erudition nor research, he was a man of letters. The great musician is the man of broadest culture, while an artist and sculptor of the highest rank are the profoundest students in the history of their arts.

In the short time at my disposal it would not be possible to explain the exquisite transfusion of benefits which the meetings of Institute and Academy set up in the hearts and minds of those who attend them. Once every year in some great community which cultivates the things of the spirit we seek for an even broader sympathy. Homogeneity is stagnation. Too much inertia, too much stability, too much local patriotism, too much homekeeping either in place or occupation, create but a homely wit. We need, in order to be truly national and American, to breathe the different atmospheres, be it the circumambient air of the Federal capital, or of the metropolitan cities of East or West, or of Boston, still as ever the mother alike of movements and of leaders. So we thank you for the opportunity which your hospitality gives us. What you give we accept in the spirit of a like generosity and open-mindedness. To make clear, entirely clear, to the multitude, what are our aims requires long agitation; but from each of those who honor us with their presence we may hope for help and stimulus. Primarily we exist for ourselves as a mutual-benefit society; we are no Olympian court to sit in judgment, nor actors on a stage theatrically attitudinizing before one another or the public. We are a company of strenuous workers, merchants and manufacturers

of wares conceived in the spirit at least of beauty and fitness. If we are to make a mark on the public taste, if we are to promote the efficiency of the fine arts in rendering democracy efficient in peace or war, it will be by the democratic temper and the individual output of each of us as a public servant.

For the purposes of our organic life and artistic propaganda we must have a home and endowments. For the former we have the conditional gift of a dignified site, and of endowment we have a handsome beginning, sufficient to insure permanency but not full efficiency. But we have yet to find that moral support which springs from understanding and sympathy by the

minds which rise above mediocrity, men and women who, passionately loving their country, realize that what art and literature create for it must be the best expression of its genius. Liberty and democracy do not mean subordination, but coördination. Why should the workers in the American world of literature and fine arts not demand in their turn a full share of the great benefits in moral and material support lavishly bestowed on the stupendous activities of men in other fields, no more devoted, no more able, no more commanding in power than those whose names adorn the roll of the National Institute of Arts and Letters?

THE REVOLT OF MODERN DEMOCRACY AGAINST STANDARDS OF DUTY

BY BROOKS ADAMS

I know not how it may be with others, but I am aware of a growing reluctance to express my views in public, which of late has approached absolute repugnance. Perhaps this feeling may be due to the sombreness of age, but I rather incline to ascribe it to an apprehension of the future which dawned on me long ago, but which of late has deepened with a constantly augmenting acceleration. If I thought that anything that I could do would affect the final issue, I might be more inclined to effort; but I perceive myself to be so far sundered from most of my countrymen that I shrink exceedingly from thrusting on them opinions which will give offense or, more likely still, excite derision. For when I look about me I see the American people as a whole quite satisfied that they have solved the riddle of the universe, and firmly convinced that by means of plenty of money, popular education, cheap transportation, universal suffrage, unlimited amusements, the moral uplift, and the "democratic ideal," they have only one more step to take to land them in perfection.

I cannot altogether share this optimism, and particularly I have doubts touching the American "democratic ideal." It is of these doubts that I intend to speak to-day, as I consider this apotheosis of the "democratic ideal" the profoundest and most far-reaching phenomenon of our age. Yet I so much dislike assuming the critical attitude that I should have declined the flattering invitation you have given me to address you had I deemed it quite becoming for a member of an association like this to refuse to participate in your proceedings when requested to do so by your officers. I have only this one claim to urge to your indulgence: at

least I have not sought to vex you by obtruding my speculations on you.

I start with this proposition, which to me is self-evident, and which I therefore assume as axiomatic: that no organized social system, such as we commonly call a national civilization, can cohere against those enemies which must certainly beset it, if it fail to recognize as its primary standard of duty the obligation of the individual man and woman to sacrifice themselves for the whole community in time of need. And, furthermore, that this standard may be effective and not theoretical, it must be granted that the power to determine when the moment of need has arisen lies not with the individual, but with society in its corporate capacity. This last crucial attribute can never be admitted to inhere in private judgment.

I shall ask you to consider with me first the nature of the American "democratic ideal," and subsequently to test it by this standard. For my part, for the last twelve months this subject has been constantly in my thoughts, fixed there by the war now raging.

Last August I chanced to be in Paris when hostilities began, and I came home filled with the solemn impression of the French sense of duty made on me by seeing the whole manhood of France march to the frontier without a murmur and without a quaver. I knew that the same thing was going on in Germany. I thought that men could do no more. Now, the rights and wrongs of this war are, for my present purpose, immaterial; all that concerns me is the national standard it illustrates of self-sacrifice and of duty. And on both sides of the Rhine I found that standard good. It seemed to me also to be the true standard of pure democracy. For what can be more democratic than that

prince and peasant, plutocrat and pauper, shall serve their country together side by side, marching in the same regiment, wearing the same uniform, submitting to the same discipline, enduring the same hardships, and dying the same death? In mass universal service is absolute equality. Some men, it is true, serve as officers, but these men are officers only because, by lives devoted to obedience, to self-denial, and to study, they have made themselves fit for command, and when the hour of danger is at hand this fitness for command is recognized by their countrymen who have chosen more lucrative or easier walks in life.

I had supposed that in our democracy these great facts would be appreciated and honored by all, even though it might possibly be argued that in America the necessity for such self-abnegation had not yet arisen. I never fell into greater error. Familiar as I am with American idiosyncrasies, I was astonished, on landing in New York, to find the German military system bitterly assailed as conflicting with the American "democratic ideal," and I asked myself why this should be. It is true that the German system of universal military service had been the first to be thoroughly organized, but that could not impeach its principle or make it conflict with a sound "democratic ideal."

I beg you to grant me an instant in which to explain myself. I wish to make it clear that I have never admired Germany as a whole, although I have known her rather intimately. A generation ago, when it was the fashion here almost to worship the Germans, even to their art, their literature, their language, and their manners, when eminent gentlemen who have no good word for Germany now used to insist to me at college that nothing but a Germanized education could suffice for the student, I rebelled. I protested that Germany had made no such contribution to our civilization, in comparison, for instance, with France, as to justify in us any such

servile attitude, and that I could not admit her claims. In later years I have distrusted her ambitions, I have detested her manners, I have abhorred her language and her art, I have feared her competition, and I have been jealous of her navy, but I have never questioned in my heart that her military system of universal service is truly democratic, and I have wished that it might be adopted here. It never occurred to me that it could be denounced as undemocratic, or reviled as a tool of the Junker class, used by them for their own aggrandizement and for the oppression of the German people. Such an accusation would have seemed to me too shallow to be noticed. I could not comprehend how any sober-minded man who knew the history of the Seven Years War and of Jena could fail to perceive that the German military system was an effect of a struggle of a people for existence, and that the German people and the German army are one. Their vices and their virtues are the same. To imagine that a handful of Prussian squires, most of whom are far from rich, could coerce millions of their countrymen from all ranks in life, who equally with the Junkers are trained and armed soldiers, into doing something which they thought harmful, and waging wars which they hated as ruinous or wrong, was and is to me a proposition too absurd to deserve serious refutation. What, then, I asked myself, could be the secret of the hostility of Americans to German universal military service, a hostility which Americans disguised under the phrase of faith in "democratic ideals"? And as I watched this phenomenon and meditated upon what I saw and heard, the suspicion which had long lain half-consciously in my mind ripened into the conviction that the real tyranny against which my countrymen revolted was the tyranny of universal self-sacrifice, and that they hated German universal military service because it rigorously demanded a sacrifice from every

man from which they personally shrank; for, enforced in America, as it might be were Germany to prevail in this war, they would perhaps be constrained to give one year of their lives to their country.

If this inference were sound, it occurred to me that not improbably our "democratic ideal" consisted in the principle that men or women should not be obliged to conform to any standard of duty against their will, or, in short, in the principle of universal selfishness. Then I turned to our women for enlightenment, as the female sex is supposed to set ours an example in unselfishness. To instruct myself I read the modern feminist literature and followed a little the feminist debate, and very shortly I found my question answered.

Since civilization first dawned on earth the family has been the social unit on which all authority, all order, and all obedience has reposed. Therefore the family has been the cement of society, and the chief element in cohesion. To preserve the family, and thus to make society stable, the woman has always sacrificed herself for it, as the man has sacrificed himself for her upon the field of battle. The obligations and the sacrifices have been correlative. But I beheld our modern women shrilly repudiating such a standard of duty and such a theory of self-sacrifice. On the contrary, they denied that as individual units they owed society any duty as mothers or as wives, and maintained that their first duty was to themselves. If they found the bonds of the family irksome, they might renounce them and wander whither they would through the world in order to obtain a fuller life for themselves. This phase of individualism would appear to be an ultimate form of selfishness, and the final resolution of society into atoms, but none the less it would also appear to be the feminine interpretation of the American "democratic ideal."

Proceeding a little further, I come to the capitalistic class—a class which I take to be a far more powerful class with us than are the Prussian Junkers in Germany. Nothing, therefore, can be more important to our present purpose than to appreciate the standard recognized by them. I shall take but one test of many I applied, because time is pressing.

The railways are to a modern country what the arteries are to the human body. The national life-blood flows through them. They are a prime factor in our prosperity and contentment in time of peace, and our first means of defense in time of war. Though they are vital to our corporate life, our Government confides their administration to capitalists as trustees, who are supposed to collect for their work as trustees a reasonable compensation, which they levy on the public by a tax on transportation which we call rates. Very clearly no injustice could be more flagrant and no injury deeper than that such taxes should be unequal or excessive. I ask in what spirit this most sacred of trusts has been performed? The legislation that cumbers our statute-books, the cases that cram our law reports, and the wrecks upon the stock-market tell the tale better than could any words of mine. It is hardly a tale of self-abnegation to meet a standard of public duty, though it may well be an exemplification of the American "democratic ideal."

Next in order would naturally come labor. The spectacle in democratic England of hundreds of thousands of coal miners utilizing the extremity of their country's agony as a means of extorting from society a selfish pecuniary advantage for themselves brings before us vividly enough the workman's understanding of the "democratic ideal."

Supposing, for our own edification, we contemplate *ourselves*, we who are artists and literary men, and ask ourselves what our interpretation is of our "democratic ideal." At this suggestior

there rises before my mind a vision of long ago. I was one evening conversing in a club with a well-known painter about some decorations which were attracting attention and were very costly, but which offended my taste as being frankly plutocratic. I observed that though they brought high prices, I questioned whether they conformed to any true canon of art. Like a flash he turned on me and said:

"And who are you to talk of artistic standards? In our world there is but one standard, and that the standard of price. That which sells is good art, that which does not sell is bad art. There can be no appeal from price."

I made no answer, for I saw that he was right. Art is a form of expression, and art can, therefore, express only the society which environs it, and our standard is money, or, in other words, the means of self-indulgence. I had been unconsciously thinking of the civilization which produced the old tower of Chartres and the Virgin's Portal at Paris, when monks, safe in their convents, could concentrate their souls on expressing the aspirations and the self-devotion of their age. I wonder whether we as literary men have in mind, when we do our work, an ideal which is our standard, as religion was their standard or as the verdict at Olympia was the standard of the Greeks; or do we worry little over the form or the substance of our labor, and think mostly of the artifices which may attract the public, and charm the publisher by stimulating sales. If we do the latter, we exemplify the American "democratic ideal," which denies any standard save the standard of self-interest which is incarnated in price.

I had reached this point in my reflections when it occurred to me to test my inferences by applying them to our collective public thought. After some hesitation I have concluded that, as a unified organism, we Americans are nearly incapable of continuous collective thought except at long intervals under

the severest tension. For instance, during the Civil War one-half of our country sustained what might be called a train of partly digested collective thought through some four years, but on the return to the Union of the Southern States our thought became more disorderly than ever. Ordinarily we cannot think except individually or locally. Hence the particular interest must, as a rule, dominate the collective interest, so that scientific legislation is impossible, and no fixed policy can be long maintained. Thus we can formulate no scientific tariff, since our tariffs are made by combinations of private and local interests, with little or no relation to collective advantage. We can organize no effective army, because the money and the effort needed to construct an effective army must be frittered away to gratify localities; nor can we have a well-adjusted navy, because we can persist in no plan developed by a central intelligence. We call our appropriation bill for public works our pork-barrel, probably with only too good reason. But the point to be marked is that in our national legislature the instinct of unity, continuity, and order seldom prevails over individualism or disorder, with the result that our collective administration of public affairs may not unreasonably be termed chaotic.

Descending from the Union to the State, the same rule holds. This year a constitution was submitted to the voters of New York, the object of which was to check in some small measure the chaos of individualism in state affairs. It was defeated by an enormous majority because the "democratic ideal" does not tolerate the notion of unity or order at the cost of private self-interest.

But after all the most perfect exemplification of the American "democratic ideal," or the principle of selfishness in public affairs, occurs in our cities. In America there is one city administered on the principle of unity

and self-restraint. It is Washington, but I suppose that no other municipality in the land would endure such a yoke, and the reason is plain. In Washington private interests are subordinated to public interests, but our "democratic ideal" contemplates a municipal system which yields an opposite result. Self-interest requires that our municipalities should be so organized that every rich man may buy such franchises as he needs to enrich himself, while every poor man may obtain his job at the public cost. This is the complete subordination of the principle of unity to that of diversity, of order to chaos, of the community to the individual, of self-sacrifice to selfishness. It is in fine the pure American "democratic ideal."

I submit most humbly that untold ages of human experience have proved to us that nature is inexorable and demands of us self-sacrifice if we would have our civilization, our country, our families, our art, or our literature survive. Unselfishness is what the words patriotism and maternal love mean. Those words mean that we cannot survive and live for ourselves alone. We cannot be individualistic, or selfish to an extreme, we cannot hope for salvation through our "democratic ideal." For, if we accept that, we accept the conclusion that our country can never exert her strength in the hour of peril, because we leave to private judgment the sacrifice which every citi-

zen shall make her. We renounce a standard of duty. But surely sooner or later that mortal peril must arise which none can hope to escape, either from within or from without, and when we least expect it. "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, for ye know not what hour your Lord may come."

If it be true, as I do apprehend, that our "democratic ideal" is only a phrase to express our renunciation as a nation of all standards of duty, and the substitution therefor of a reference to private judgment; if we men are to leave to ourselves as individual units the decision as to how and when our country may exact from us our lives; if each woman may dissolve the family bond at pleasure; if, in fine, we are to have no standard of duty, of obedience, or, in substance, of right and wrong save selfish caprice; if we are to resolve our society from a firmly cohesive mass, unified by a common standard of duty and self-sacrifice, into a swarm of atoms selfishly fighting one another for money, as beggars scramble for coin, then I much fear that the hour cannot be far distant when some superior, because more cohesive and intelligent, organism, such as nature has decreed shall always lie in wait for its victim, shall spring upon us and rend us as the strong have always rent those wretched, because feeble, creatures who are cursed with an aborted development.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

The country town is one of those things we have worked out for ourselves here in America. Our cities are not unlike other cities in the world; the trolley and the omnibus and the subway, the tender, hot-house millionaire and the hardy, perennial crook, are found in all cities. Class lines extend from city to city well around the globe. And American aversion to caste disappears when the American finds himself cooped in a city with a million of his fellows. But in the country town—the political unit larger than the village and smaller than the city, the town with a population between three thousand and one hundred thousand—we have built up something distinctively American. Physically, it is of its own kind; the people for the most part live in detached wooden houses, on lots with fifty feet of street frontage and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth. Grass is the common heritage of all the children—grass and flowers. A kitchen-garden smiles in the back yard, and the service of public utilities is so cheap that in most country towns in America electricity for lighting and household power, water for the kitchen sink and the bath-room, gas for cooking, and the telephone with unlimited use may be found in every house. In the town where these lines are written there are more telephones than there are houses, and as many water intakes as there are families, and more electric lights than there are men, women and children. Civilization brings its labor-saving devices to all the people of an American country town. The uncivilized area is negligible, if one measures civilization by the use of the conveniences and luxuries that civilization has brought.

In the home the difference between the rich and the poor in these towns is

denoted largely by the multiplication of rooms; there is no very great difference in the kinds of rooms in the houses of those who have much and those who have little. And, indeed, the economic differences are of no consequence. The average American thinks he is saving for his children and for nothing else. But if the child of the rich man and the child of the poor man meet in a common school, graduate from a common high school, and meet in the country college or in the state university,—and they do associate thus in the days of their youth,—there is no reason why parents should strain themselves for the children; and they do not strain themselves. They relax in their automobiles, go to the movies, inhabit the summer boarding-house in the mountains or by the sea, and hoot at the vulgarity and stupidity of those strangers who appear to be rich and to be grunting and sweating and saving and intriguing for more money, but who really are only well-to-do middle-class people.

In the American country town the race for great wealth has slackened. The traveler who sees our half-dozen great cities, who goes into our industrial centers, loafs about our pleasure resorts, sees much that is significantly American. But he misses much also if he fails to realize that there are in America tens of thousands of miles of asphalted streets arched by elms, bordered by green lawns, fringed with flowers marking the procession of the seasons, and that back from these streets stand millions of houses owned by their tenants—houses of from five to ten rooms, that cost from twenty-five hundred to twenty-five thousand dollars, and that in these houses live a people neither rural nor urban, a people who have rural traditions and urban aspirations, and who are getting a rather large

return from civilization for the dollars they spend. Besides the civilization that comes to these people in pipes and on wires, they are buying civilization in the phonograph, the moving-picture, the automobile, and the fifty-cent reprint of last year's fiction success. The Woman's City Federation of Clubs is bringing what civic beauty it can lug home from Europe and the Eastern cities; the opportune death of the prominent citizen is opening playgrounds and hospitals and parks; and the country college, which has multiplied as the sands of the sea, supplements the state schools of higher learning in the work of bringing to youth opportunities for more than the common-school education.

Now, into this peculiar civilization comes that curious institution, the country newspaper. The country newspaper is the incarnation of the town spirit. The newspaper is more than the voice of the country-town spirit; the newspaper is in a measure the will of the town, and the town's character is displayed with sad realism in the town's newspapers. A newspaper is as honest as its town, is as intelligent as its town, as kind as its own, as brave as its town. And those curious phases of abnormal psychology often found in men and women, wherein a dual or multiple personality speaks, are found often in communities where many newspapers babble the many voices arising from the disorganized spirits of the place. For ten years and more the tendency in the American country town has been toward fewer newspapers. That tendency seems to show that the spirit of these communities is unifying. The disassociated personalities of the community—the wrangling bankers, the competing public utilities, the wets and the dries, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines in a score of guises that make for discord in towns—are slowly knitting into the spirit of the place. So one newspaper in the smaller communities—in communities under fifteen thousand, let us say—is becoming

the town genus. And in most of the larger towns—so long as they are towns and not cities—one newspaper is rising dominant and authoritative because it interprets and directs the community. The others are merely expressions of vagrant moods; they are unshushed voices that are still uncorrelated, still unbridled in the community's heart.

It is therefore the country newspaper, the one that speaks for the town, that guides and cherishes the town, that embodies the distinctive spirit of the town, wherein one town differeth from another in glory—it is that country newspaper, which takes its color from a town and gives color back, that will engage our attention at present. That newspaper will be our vision.

Of old, in this country, the newspaper was a sort of poor relative in the commerce of a place. The newspaper required support, and the support was given somewhat in charity, more or less in return for polite blackmail, and the rest for business reasons. The editor was a tolerated person. He had to be put on the chairmanship of some important committee in every community enterprise to secure his help. In times of social or political emergency he sold stock in his newspaper company to statesmen. That was in those primeval days before corporations were controlled; so the editor's trusty job-press never let the supply of stock fall behind the demand. Those good old days were the days when the editor with the "trenchant pen" stalked to glory through libel-suits and shooting scrapes, and when most American towns were beset by a newspaper row as by a fiendish mania.

But those fine old homicidal days of the newspaper business are past, or are relegated to the less-civilized parts of the land. The colonel and the major have gone gallantly to dreams of glory, perhaps carrying more buckshot with them to glory than was needed for ballast on their journey; but still they are gone, and their race has died with them.

The newspaper-man of to-day is of another breed. How the colonel or the major would snort in derision at the youth who pervades the country newspaper office to-day! For this young man is first of all a manufacturer! The shirt-tail full of type and the cheese-press, which in times past were held as emblems of the loathed contemporary's plant, have now grown even in country villages to little factories. The smallest offices now have their typesetting machines. The lean, sad-visaged country printer, who had tried and burned his wings in the editorial flight, is no more. Instead we have a keen-eyed, dressy young man who makes eyes at the girls in the front office and can talk shows with the drummer at the best hotel or books with the high-school teacher in the boarding-house. This young gentleman operates the typesetting machine. Generally he is exotic, frequently he is a traveler from far countries; but he rides in the Pullman, and the clay of no highway ever stains his dainty feet. In the country town, in the factory that makes even the humblest of our country dailies, the little six- and eight-page affairs, all unknown, unhonored, and unsung, three or four and sometimes half a dozen of the smart, well-fed, nattily dressed machine-operators are hired, and the foreman—the dear old pipe-smoking, unshaven foreman who prided himself in a long line of apprentice printers, the foreman who edited copy, who wrote the telegraph heads, and ruled the reporters in the front office with an iron rod of terror, the foreman who had the power of life and death over every one around the building but the advertising man, the foreman who spent his princely salary of fifteen dollars a week buying meals for old friends drifting through with the lazy tide of traffic between the great cities, the foreman who could boast that he once held cases on the "Sun" and knew old Dana—that foreman is gone; in his place we know the superintendent. And, alas! the superintendent

is not interested in preserving the romance of a day that is past. He is not bothered by the touch of a vanished hand. When the vanished hand tries to touch the superintendent of the country newspaper office to-day a ticket to the Associated Charities' wood-yard is his dull response. The superintendent is interested largely in efficiency. The day of romance is past in the back room of the country newspaper.

But in the front room, in the editorial offices, in the business office even, there abides the spirit of high adventure that is incarnate in these marvelous modern times. Never before were there such grand doings in the world as we are seeing to-day. Screen the great war from us, and still we have a world full of romance, full of poetry, full of an unfolding progress that is like the gorgeous story of some enchanter's spell. Where in all the tales of those "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" is anything so wonderful as wireless telegraphy, so weird and uncanny as talking over the seas without wires? What is *Cinderella* and her romance compared with the *Cinderella* story to-day—the story that tells us how the world is turning into her prince, shortening her hours of work, guaranteeing her a living wage, keeping her little brothers and sisters away from the factory and in school, and pensioning her widowed mother that she may care for her little flock! How tame is the old *Cinderella* story beside this! And *Sindbad* is losing his load, too; slowly, as the years form into decades, *Sindbad* is sloughing off the old man of the sea. The twelve-hour day is almost gone, and the eight-hour day is coming quickly; the diseases and accidents of labor are falling from his shoulders, being assumed by his employer; his bank-savings are guaranteed by his government; his food is no longer poisoned; his tenement is ceasing to be a pit of infection; his shop is no longer a place of torture. And every day the newspaper brings some fresh and in-

spiring chapter of these great stories to their readers. Stories of progress are the magnificent tales of sorcery and wizardry that come gleaming in celestial light across the pages of our newspapers every day. And in our country papers we rejoice in them, because we know the heroes. We know *Cinderella*; she works in our button factory. We knew her father, who lived on Upper Mud Creek, and was a soldier in the big war of the sixties. We know *Sindbad*; he is our neighbor and friend. He is not a mere number and a wheel-tender to us. We played with him as boys; we went to school with him in the lower grades before he had to leave, when his father died, to support the family. We see *Cinderella and Sindbad* every day, and when we read of their good fortunes we feel kindly toward the paper that tells us of these fine things. We open the country paper and say, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!" And so we read it, every line. It is the daily chronicle of the doings of our friends.

Of course our country papers are provincial. We know that as well as any one. But, then, so far as that goes, we know that all papers are provincial. How we laugh at the provincialisms of the New York and Boston and Chicago papers when we visit those cities! For the high gods of civilization, being jealous of the press, have put upon all newspapers this spell, that every one must be limited in interest to its own town and territory. There can be no national daily newspaper, for before it reaches the nation its news is old and dull and as clammy as a cold pancake. News does not keep. Twelve hours from the press it is stale, flat, and highly unprofitable. However the trains may speed, however the organization of the subscription department and the press-room may perfect itself, the news spoils before the ink dries, and there never may be in our land a cosmopolitan press. So the cities' papers find

that they must fill with city news those spaces, that in a nation-wide paper should be filled with the news from the far corners of our land. Thus in every country paper we have the local gossip of its little world. And our country papers are duplicated on a rather grander scale in the cities. What we do in six or eight or ten or twelve pages in the country the city papers do in twenty or forty pages. What they do with certain prominent citizens in the social and criminal and financial world we do also with our prominent citizens in their little worlds.

And in the matter of mere circulation, our American country newspapers are a feeble folk, yet they do as a matter of fact build their homes upon the rock. The circulation of daily newspapers in our cities—towns of over four hundred thousand—aggregates something over eleven millions. The other daily newspapers in the country circulate more than twelve millions, and the weeklies circulate twenty millions more, and most of these weeklies are printed in our small country towns. We have, therefore, a newspaper circulation of nearly thirty-four millions outside of our great cities, and only eleven millions in the great cities. At least so says our latest census bulletin. And the money we country editors have invested is proportionately larger than that our city brethren have invested.

But the beauty and the joy of our papers and their little worlds is that we who live in the country towns know our own heroes. Who knows Murphy in New York? Only a few. Yet in Emporia we all know Tom O'Connor—and love him. Who knows Morgan in New York? One man in a hundred thousand. Yet in Emporia who does not know George Newman, our banker and merchant prince? Boston people pick up their morning papers and read with shuddering horror of the crimes of their daily villain, yet read without that fine thrill that we have when we hear that Al Ludorpha is in jail again in

Emporia. For we all know Al; we've ridden in his hack a score of times. And we take up our paper with the story of his frailties as readers who begin the narrative of an old friend's adventures.

The society columns of our city papers set down the goings and comings, the marriages and the deaths of the people who are known only by name; there are gowns realized only in dreams; there are social functions that seem staged upon distant stars. Yet you city people read of these things with avidity. But our social activities, chronicled in our country papers, tell of real people, whose hired girls are sisters to our hired girls, and so we know the secrets of their hearts. We know a gown when it appears three seasons in our society columns, disguised by its trimming and its covering, and it becomes a familiar friend. To read of it recalls other and happier days. And when we read of a funeral in our country newspapers, we do not visualize it as a mere church fight to see the grand persons in their solemn array on dress-parade. A funeral notice to us country readers means something human and sad. Between the formal lines that tell of the mournful affair we read many a tragedy; we know the heartache; we realize the destitution that must come when the flowers are taken to the hospital; we know what insurance the dead man carried, and how it must be stretched to meet the needs. We can see the quiet lines on each side of the walk leading from the house of sorrow after the services, the men on one side, the women on the other, waiting to see the mourning families and to be seen by them; we may smile through our tears at the uncongenial pall-bearers, and wonder what common ground of mirth they will find to till on the way back from the cemetery. In lists of wedding-guests in our papers we know just what poor kin was remembered and what was snubbed. We know when we read of a bank-

ruptcy just which member of the firm or family brought it on by extravagance or sloth. We read that the wife of the hardware merchant is in Kansas City, and we know the feelings of the dry-goods merchant who reads it and sees his own silks ignored. So when we see a new kind of lawn-mower on the dry-goods merchant's lawn, we don't blame him much for sending to the city for it.

Our papers, our little country papers, seem drab and miserably provincial to strangers; yet we who read them read in their lines the sweet, intimate story of life. And all these touches of nature make us wondrous kind. It is the country newspaper, bringing together daily the threads of the town's life, weaving them into something rich and strange, and setting the pattern as it weaves, directing the loom, and giving the cloth its color by mixing the lives of all the people in its color-pot—it is this country newspaper that reveals us to ourselves, that keeps our country hearts quick and our country minds open and our country faith strong.

When the girl at the glove-counter marries the boy in the wholesale house, the news of their wedding is good for a forty-line wedding notice, and the forty lines in the country paper give them self-respect. When in due course we know that their baby is a twelve pounder named Grover or Theodore or Woodrow, we have that neighborly feeling that breeds the real democracy. When we read of death in that home we can mourn with them that mourn. When we see them moving upward in the world into a firm and out toward the country-club neighborhood, we rejoice with them that rejoice. Therefore, men and brethren, when you are riding through this vale of tears upon the California Limited, and by chance pick up the little country newspaper with its meager telegraph service of three or four thousand words, or, at best, fifteen or twenty thousand; when you see its array of 'countryside items; its interminable local stories; its tiresome edi-

torials on the waterworks, the schools, the street railroad, the crops, and the city printing, don't throw down the contemptible little rag with the verdict that there is nothing in it. But know this, and know it well: if you could take the

clay from your eyes and read the little paper as it is written, you would find all of God's beautiful, sorrowing, struggling, aspiring world in it, and what you saw would make you touch the little paper with reverent hands.

AN AMERICAN MANIA AS SEEN BY A FOREIGNER

BY PAUL W. BARTLETT

One morning, a few weeks ago, on leaving Boston for New York, I met on the train the royal commissioner of fine arts from a foreign country to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. I had made his acquaintance at the fair; we had served together on the international jury of awards, and, despite that, we had become good friends.

He greeted me heartily.

"Here I am at last," he exclaimed. "I have nearly finished my grand tour of America, and I am delighted. I have been everywhere, seen everything. Your great cities, some of them barely names before, have materialized for me. Your country is grandiose. What a great field for art—architecture, for painting, for sculpture! It was a revelation to me. What an inspiration you Americans ought to have!" He hesitated a moment, then softly said, "But I have discovered that you already have a mania."

"A mania!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said sadly. "I cannot call it art, and I would not call it sculpture: Americans have a mania for portrait statues."

"Oh, I understand," I answered; "you have seen some of the cousins of your masterpieces of the Campo Santo of Genoa, not to speak of similar work in France and England."

"Yes," he admitted, "and I am profoundly ashamed of the relationship. I deplore this modern form of production on principle; but, grotesque as they are, hopeless as the modern costume certainly is for a sculptor, our statues, even at Genoa, show at least an attempt toward feeling and sentiment. While yours, apart from a few fine examples, show nothing, stiff photographic, epileptic mannikins that they are, many not even fit for a dry-goods store.

"They are to be found everywhere

in the United States and Canada, indoors and out. They are placed in your buildings without any more regard for architectural style and rhythm than if style and rhythm did not exist. These statues must perforce, Americans think, harmonize with all styles.

"To be sure, I did find in the West some towns that were still in the 'pebble-stone' or cast-iron fountain' period; but despite that, the *statue* was always omnipresent.' If it had not come, it was on the way.

"Sometimes they had only one, sometimes two, three, or more. In St. Paul, for instance, I discovered a nest of them; four all huddled together in the capitol, and an extra one that had spilled over on the steps. The people there did not seem to be discouraged, as they had prepared pedestals for more.

"I was shown these things with pride, and while I felt very much confused at being obliged to comment upon them and dissemble my feelings, the innocence of my hosts was so obviously sincere that I could not feel angry, hurt, or insulted.

"One of these gentlemen said, 'I am very proud of this statue, because I helped to pay for it.' Another one remarked, 'You know, I have been very much interested in this kind of work since I have been connected with our new cemetery.' A third one explained: 'The sculptor of this statue wanted to make it standing, because the subject was short and had a large head; but we could not understand it that way. We wanted him sitting. That is the way our Tom used to do his thinking.'"

The commissioner looked at me for a moment and then asked:

"Bartlett, is all this pure stupidity or is it a mild form of mental aberration?"

"My dear friend," I replied, feeling

a little shocked, "you must not take it so seriously. I should prefer to have you think that it is simple ignorance. For a large percentage of our people sculpture is nothing more than a statue—the statue of some one they wish to honor. Decorative forms, poetical symbolism expressed in sculptural language, do not appeal to them yet, although this may come. They are not thinking of beauty. Memory is their sole object. The formula of their expression of memory is unfortunate, no doubt, and all these statues might be properly termed civic memorial tombs. In most cases a simple bust would be sufficient, and fulfil their ultimate purpose, which is, although not always realized by them, the exaltation of the mentality of the deceased.

"It would indeed be extraordinary if these works were not epileptic, stiff, and photographic, as they are all executed from photographs, and instantaneous photography is very much in vogue at the present time. These statues *stand* and *please* not for what they are, but for what they *mean*.

"Very well," the commissioner replied, "I will grant your plea of ignorance for some of your younger cities; but you cannot make the same excuse for the East—for Philadelphia, New York, or Boston."

"Certainly not," I admitted; "and for Boston least of all."

He was thoughtful, and after a long silence he resumed in a philosophical strain:

"We all make mistakes. There seem to be long periods of mistakes, and we wonder why. The advent of genius is mysterious and cannot be foreseen; but taste and knowledge, based upon sound tradition, may be developed.

"I cannot maintain that our taste in Europe is as good as it used to be, but the old roots are still there. I cannot deny that at present we have more skill than genius, but in our countries art attained the great heights. Our past looms up with the majesty of ages, in

forms of magnificence and dignity. Our knighthood is not at stake, despite our errors and vagaries.

"The beauty of our inheritance is a guaranty for the possibilities of our future. Why cannot America profit by our experience? You are spending more money than we are, and imitating too often our failures. How can the gentlemen of your committees, in face of such lamentable results, imagine, as I understand they do, that they have any special artistic insight? They are reckless because they do not feel that they have anything to lose, while in reality they are losing sight of the main chance—the chance of building up not only great cities, but also handsome ones.

I remained silent, and he calmly went on:

"I was thinking of all these questions the other day on my way from Quebec to Boston, and I also thought with distinct relief and pleasure: 'Now, I am approaching Boston, the great, the old, the respectable classic city of New England. Everything there will be different. There I will find harmony.' In fact, you told me so yourself." He stopped, looked at me severely for a moment, and burst out, "How could you have dared to deceive a friend, a stranger?"

"Deceive you," I retorted. "But, I assure you—"

"Yes, yes," he said, with somewhat of a sneer, "you assured me before—you told me that Boston was the one city in the United States where art was studied, beloved, and respected. Now all that may be true, but it must be an inner grace, and I am accustomed to more palpable exterior evidence."

"Well," I argued quietly, "did you not feel there a certain peaceful and tranquil spirit, a certain quiet and enthusiastic energy, different in quality from anything else in this country? Did you not feel there a certain grandeur and strength, a certain poise and distinction, a certain mellowness and am-

bience, akin and equal to that of your own old cities? Yes? Well, then, I did not deceive you, after all."

He apologized. He had spoken hastily.

"I was thinking," he said, "more especially of your national brand of statues, which I was surprised to find there. They appear all the more trivial in such a noble setting. They ought to know in Boston that the durability of sculpture, one of its grand virtues when it is good, becomes a terrible calamity when it is ugly, and that it requires nothing less than an earthquake or a foreign invasion to destroy or remove a statue which has been firmly riveted on its pedestal by a ceremony and a few sentimental speeches."

"Mr. Commissioner," I said, "permit me to differ with you again. The city of Boston removed a few years ago, of its own free will, a statue from the Public Garden. The statue was in granite, represented a soldier, and was ornamented with a tin sword. It was replaced by a very fine statue in bronze."

He recovered, and this was his retort:

"A time will come when it will be necessary to use that same free will all over the United States. In the meanwhile," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "you are all alike, and you remind me of that old trouble between Gérôme and Besnard—Gérôme, the celebrated, the respected, the classic professor at the Ecole des Beaux Arts; Besnard, the brilliant, the erratic, the esthetic genius of the day.

"Besnard had recently returned from Rome, and was much talked of in art circles. At that time an art critic called on Gérôme to talk over the future of French art. The name of Besnard was mentioned.

"'Oh, yes,' said Gérôme, 'Besnard. Poor Besnard,' he does not even know how to draw!'

"The interview was published, and the next morning the critic promptly called on Besnard.

"'Oh, yes,' said Besnard, 'you come about Gérôme. Poor Gérôme! he does not even know what drawing means!'

"And there you are," the commissioner cried. "You do not know what sculpture means, and much less how to use it. And, besides," he concluded aggressively, "you have another mania."

I was beginning by this time to feel angry, and I thought to myself, "I really can't stand this much longer." But I had to be polite, so I blandly said:

"I am not surprised that you have found something else."

"You must not be surprised," he repeated. "A detailed report is expected from me by my Government. I have investigated these matters more thoroughly than you may think, and I have noticed that the persistent effort in America to marry art and business is taking the form of a mania—a mania which to me is not devoid of '*une pointe de jalousie*' towards the artist."

I made a movement.

"Yes," he said, "I understand; but with us it is different. We have art in our business, and appreciate the asset. But Americans insist on business in their art. There is a *nuance*, as Verlaine would have said.

"'He has no head for business' is a common American complaint against the artist. Now tell me seriously, Why should an artist pay any particular attention to business? Is the mental attitude of the artist toward his work akin in any way to ordinary business? Has the state of mind, emotional and receptive, which is necessary to the artist to feel and interpret with any nobility the beauty of nature anything to do with business? Do the months and years of patient toil which are necessary to the sculptor in his search for the concrete and synthetical forms in which he strives to embody his inspirations and ideals have anything to do with business?

"America has hundreds, nay, thousands of business men for one artist,

and it seems to me that you ought to thank God when a real artist and poet is born to your country—one who is not a business man.”

I was still angry, but he was right, and I said:

“My dear sir, I feel obliged to agree with you.”

He continued:

“I have never heard this criticism formulated abroad. In fact, with us the artist who shows too much facility in his affairs loses caste. How often have I heard the remark, *Oh, un tel, ce n'est pas un peintre; c'est un marchand,* or ‘So-and-So, he does not make statues: he sells them!’ We even once had a sculptor who was commonly known as *‘Le sculpteur en gros.’*

“The amusing part in your case is that the criticism is not only silly, but that it is also fallacious, as, unbeknown to you, perhaps, a certain number of your artists have become very efficient business men. The business guilds would not deny, for instance, that title, say, to a sculptor of second or third-rate talent who has made a fortune and name by producing works which have little more value than the materials in which they are executed.

“It would also be willing to confer the same title upon the painter of the same grade of talent who by skillful manoeuvring manages to sell his pictures at factitious prices, the frames, in this case, being the only valuable assets. Americans like the trumpet and the bass-drum; only the other day one of your art critics said to me: ‘You know So-and-So. He speaks more and acts more like a genius than any one we have, and,’ he added, ‘the people like it.’

“Charlatans are never without ability. For them art is not art, but business—artful business. For them every monument becomes a moneyed transaction. Every statue is a deal, and the legitimate sale of pictures is reduced to a traffic.

“This influence is so pernicious that one of your best men recently confided to me, quite unconsciously, that never since he started his business had he had such a bad year as this one.”

I was speechless.

The commissioner continued, this time without gloves:

“I had the pleasure of knowing some of your young artists twenty-five or thirty years ago, when they came to us to study. At that time they had talent, enthusiasm and ideals. We loved them, their masters loved them, and guided their minds and hands with the same care that they bestowed upon the sons of their own blood. I had hoped to find them here, in their prime, producing great works, the pride of their country, an honor to their masters. Imagine my disappointment, my despair, to see them demoralized by American commercialism, their talents impaired, their enthusiasm exhausted, their ideals debased to dollars and cents.

“It is because you confided their youthful years to us, because we educated them and equipped them with the knowledge and traditions of our forefathers, that I feel so indignant at their abuse, and that I have the right to speak to you as I do.

“I feel all the more deeply, perhaps, because my life, my career, are devoted to the care and to the furtherance of the art of my country. As a member of our ministry of fine arts it is my duty to see that the funds devoted to art by the state are properly spent. It is my duty to watch, to find, to nurse every young talent, to follow its career, and when the artist has developed his power of production, to be careful that work suitable to his talent is put in his way, and later, when he is in the glory of his achievements, to see that the proper honors are bestowed upon him, adding thereby to his authority and dignity, and loudly proclaiming his fame and genius to the world. Personally, I have no talent, but it gives

me the greatest joy to help to guide and protect the genius of my race and be useful to my country."

I could not, after this vital declaration, feel angry any more, so I said:

"My dear friend, I sincerely wish we had you here to help us, as we have, despite all, and fortunately for the honor of the American school, a strong body of sincere, stubborn, and talented men. You saw their work in San Francisco, and you know that we may well be proud of them. They are genuine and energetic, and can hold their own even against commercialism.

"They are modest and retiring, and all this stupidity offends them. They realize that the only honest claim the artist can have on the love and respect of his contemporaries and on that of posterity is based upon the fact that he may have added during his career some beauty to our inheritance. They are living up to this ideal, and while they may be fearful to protest, I can assure you that they have in their hearts the most profound contempt for this commercialism and for all those who foster it."

He nodded in approval, so I continued:

"This intense feeling was illustrated a few years ago in an amusing way in one of those quiet country villages where the painters love to spend the summer months.

"There happened to be at the head of the little band an austere and studious artist who took advantage of his authority to advise and criticise his fellow-workers, among whom was a younger man who had been in business before he 'turned to art.'

"This last one was finally annoyed, and said one evening at dinner:

"'Mr. So-and-So, I am very much pained to see that you criticize me so severely. I am afraid you dislike me because I am the son of a grocer.'

"'Oh, no,' the austere painter replied, 'I do not dislike you because your

father was a grocer or because you have been a grocer yourself. What I object to is that, in spite of your efforts and success in art, *you are still a grocer.*'"

At this very moment we pulled into New Haven.

"Here, for instance," the commissioner exclaimed, "in this provincial town, there is a point of view and a situation that I cannot comprehend. I visited New Haven and Yale before I went West," he explained.

"Now, any sane person would think that this great university, with its charming museum, with its school of art, would have some influence on the artistic activities of the city, such as they might be. One could suppose that the city would be glad to be guided by the wisdom, the culture, the good judgment to be found in the faculty. But, alas, for New Haven! It goes blindly on, like all the others!

"I was shown there a group in bronze which would shame a founder of 'tin soldiers,' and when some decorative motives are needed for a new building, they are casually bought by the yard or by the ton. I cautiously questioned a member of the faculty.

"'Are you not somewhat distressed by these conditions?' I asked.

"'Why no,' he answered, with a smile. 'We are thankful that the results are not worse.'

"'Not worse!' I cried! 'Come to my help, ye Gods of Olympus!'

"This was my first moral shock in America. I understood then that there were possibly things in the United States which would be difficult for me to understand."

The commissioner was quiet for a few moments. The train thundered on.

"What a difference!" he finally murmured.

"What a difference?" I questioned.

"Yes," he said, "I was thinking of the past. I was thinking of the spirit of the Middle Ages and of the glory

of the Italian and French Renaissance. The artists and artisans were then all men. Their skill, their honesty, their love for their work, are apparent; exclude from every cornice, from every ornament, from every form and every plait of every statue; and the beauty which emanates from their extraordinary compositions was patiently instilled into them drop by drop. The *Maitres Imagers* lived at the different courts and monasteries, wandered from church to cathedral, *'façonnant leurs images fondant leurs chefs-d'oeuvre'* as we are told. There was no business there.

"These conditions obtained, as you know, for centuries, and the result of this touching simplicity was grandiose, —masterpieces without number and of all kinds, in the presence of which we all bow in reverence, our hearts overflowing with admiration and our eyes filling with tears and our minds with indignation when we hear of their wanton destruction. Add to this the remembrance of the integrity, the virility, and the haughty independence of the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. 'There was no business there.'

"I was also thinking of that naïve description, given to us in San Francisco by the commissioner of China, concerning the position of artists in his country." The commissioner pulled out a paper. "Here it is," he said, "as far as I can remember," and he read:

"We in China love and respect artists and grave-hunters.

"We love artists because artists make portraits of grandfather, grandmother, mother, and father.

"We don't have photographs yet, and never make portraits of young Chinese, because not good enough yet.

"Only make portraits of Chinese when old enough to have become real men, real women.

"When Chinaman get enough money, and want portrait of family,

he get artist to come and live with family.

"Good portraits not made quick. Sometimes takes weeks, sometimes takes months, sometimes takes years.

"Artist must know people well before he can make good portrait.

"And that is why Chinese families admire and cherish artists, because they make faithful portraits of grandfather, grandmother, father, and mother.

"We love grave-hunters because they find beautiful, secluded places where ancestors may rest quietly, and bring good luck to family."

The commissioner was fully aroused by this time. He raised his voice:

"I am, of course, fully aware that these medieval ideas and customs, quaint and attractive as they may be to us personally, are not suitable for our time or for young America. However, something must be done if your country wishes to improve its opportunities. I venture to predict that, barring extraordinary characters whose genius dominates any conditions, America will not have a great national school until it fully understands that art is not business, and treats it accordingly,—until Americans appreciate the fact that a real artist is a rare and sensitive being, however much energy and strength he may have, and that his constant effort to grasp an ever-fleeting beauty must be helped and encouraged in order to attain the highest results,—until they realize that the artist sees things they do not see, and feels things they do not feel, and that the works of his hands and brains are precious not only because they are beautiful and lasting, but also because he alone can do them.

"Until then they will go on indulging in their manias, encumbering their buildings and parks with monstrosities, deceiving themselves and being deceived, as they are now."

I tried to interrupt. He lifted his hand.

"Not a word!" he said, "not a word!" I have spoken to you as a kind master

to a pupil. I hope you are not offended, and that you may profit by my words. I leave to-morrow for my country, for the front, where I shall fight for liberty, justice, and honor. You may never see me again, and I want you to re-

member that I told you what I believed to be the truth."

We parted, and the next day I received a card on which was written:

"Nevertheless, a noble and intelligent mania might lead you to an ideal."

POEMS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I.—REMARKS ABOUT KINGS

God said, I am tired of kings.—Emerson.

God said, "I am tired of kings,"
 But that was a long while ago.
 And meantime Man said, "No;
 I like their looks in their robes and rings."
 So he crowned a few more,
 And they went on playing the game as before,
 Fighting and spoiling things.

Man said, "I am tired of kings.
 Sons of the robber chiefs of yore, ..
 They make me pay for their lust and their war.
 I am the puppet; they pull the strings;
 The blood of my heart is the wine they drink.
 I will govern myself for a while, I think,
 And see what that brings."
 Then God, who made the first remark,
 Smiled in the dark.

II.—LIGHTS OUT

1915

"Lights out!" along the land,
 "Lights out!" upon the sea;
 The night must put her hiding hand
 O'er peaceful towns, where children sleep,
 And peaceful ships that darkly creep
 Across the waves, as if they were not free.

The dragons of the air,
 The hell-hounds of the deep,
 Lurking and prowling everywhere,
 Go forth to seek their helpless prey,
 Not knowing whom they maim or slay,
 Mad harvesters, who care not what they reap.

Out with the tranquil lights!
 Out with the lights that burn
 For love of law and human rights!
 Set back the clock a thousand years!
 All they have gained now disappears,
 And the Dark Ages suddenly return.

You that let loose wild death
 And terror in the night,
 God grant you draw no quiet breath
 Until the madness you began
 Is ended, and long-suffering man,
 Set free from war-lords, cries, "Let there be light!"

SECOND SESSION

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH, AT 3.30

CONCERT

OF COMPOSITIONS BY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

given by

THE BOSTON STRING QUARTET

Sylvain Noack, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; Emil Féir, viola;
Alwin Schröder, violoncello. Assisted by J. Theodorowicz, violin,
and by Charles Bennett, bass, and Wallace Goodrich, pianist

PROGRAM

I. CHARLES M. LOEFFLER

Lyrisches Kammermusikstück in F Major for Strings
(Allegro Commodo—Poco Allegretto—Allegro)

II. DAVID STANLEY SMITH Songs

Music When Soft Voices Die
Flower of Beauty
Evening Song
Love's Music

III. HOWARD BROCKWAY

Suite for Violoncello and Pianoforte, Op. 35
Ballade
Sérénade au Carnéval

The pianoforte part played by the composer

IV. SONGS

G. W. CHADWICK Ballad of Trees and the Master
F. S. CONVERSE Bright Star
ARTHUR FOOTE Tranquility
EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY Eldorado

V. HENRY HADLEY

Quintet in A Minor for Pianoforte and Strings
(Allegro Energico—Andante—Scherzo—Finale)

The pianoforte part played by the composer

THIRD SESSION
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1915

THE CHAIRMAN (MR. BLASHFIELD)

I need not pronounce an address before this audience. Until lately the Institute has felt bound to introduce itself annually, but to-day even our Gold Medal celebrates its seventh birthday. Yet it is not our venerable age which emboldens us, but hospitable Boston. Here in Boston, which has Cambridge at its door and Concord only over the way, every man of letters and every artist, wherever he may have been born, feels that for the time he is in his father's house. It is quite certain that somewhere among the historic furniture brought in the *Mayflower* was hidden the cradle of American Arts and Letters in America, and that Boston has rocked it, sometimes more, sometimes less, gently until its twin occu-

pants became articulate. To-day we who are descendants of those infant progenitors of the Arts and Letters are deeply appreciative of Boston's hospitality.

As for the artists, in these late years of perturbed and sometimes antagonistic effort, the Boston painters have shown that the admirable sanity and solidarity which they have maintained through it all can also become brilliant as a contribution. We have so much before us this morning that I shall say nothing further than to reaffirm our pleasure and reiterate our thanks.

Upon all subjects of greatest import the world has looked for the first and last word to the poet. I have the honor to introduce Mr. Percy MacKaye.

FEDERATION

BY PERCY MACKAYE

Over there they know the singeing and blinding of sorrow.

Over there they know the young dead; they know the dear
Touch of the living that shall be the dead to-morrow:
Here—what know we here?

Over there they feel the heart-rage, the sick hating
Of bitter blood-lust, the imminent storm of steel,
Burden and pang of terror never-abating:
Here—what do we feel?

There, where they snuff the reek of a burning censer
Borne by the stark-mad emperors, their pain,
Tinged with a hallowed pride, takes on the intenser
Soul of a world insane.

We, who still spared to reason, here where the thunder
And surge of the madness dwindle to murmurs and cease,
We who, apart, stand dazed by the demons of plunder,
How shall we conjure peace?

Peace—did we call her, the gluttonous mother who suckled
Her monster child till it waxed to this Minotaur?
Peace—did we crown her, the secret harlot who truckled
To breed from the loins of War?

One word, one only, will be ours in awaking:
Nevermore! Nevermore let us build for merely our own.
Peace is not ours alone for the making or breaking;
Peace is the world's alone.

For the battle-gauge is feud-lust or federation.
The ultimate beast is enthroned, and man is its thrall;
And beast or man shall survive as nation with nation
Fights not for one, but all.

A dream? Yes, the dream that once was a planet's derision
Now blazons a planet's prayer: the cry to be free
Of a world unconceived in woe of a Dante's vision,
Or Christ's on the blasted tree.

For our deeds are the henchmen of dreams. Since only by another
Dream can the dreamer be vanquished, let ours create
The beautiful order of brother united with brother.
Victorious dreaming is fate.

America, dreamer of dreams, be destiny's leader,
Militant first for mankind; for so your own soul,
Blended of all, for all shall be interceder
And guide to the world's goal.

THE CHAIRMAN

Of all artists it seems to me we may count him most important who makes the sky-line of our cities, who establishes the surface character of our municipal home, with its outdoor furnishing of street and square, church, crest, and tower. We are to hear from

one who has traveled east, west, north, and south in the interest of this city planning, in the interest, that is to say, of the widest relativity of his art of architecture. I have the honor to introduce Mr. Arnold W. Brunner.

ARCHITECTURE AND THE MAN

By ARNOLD W. BRUNNER

Architects are the scene-painters of the world. Much of the scenery, the backgrounds of great events, remain to-day as records, and are perhaps more convincing than written history. Constructed of enduring materials, these scenes of marble, granite, and bronze bring to our senses a vivid realization of stirring actions and heroic deeds of actors long since gone.

To regard architecture as a background may seem to relegate it to a secondary place and to indicate a lack of appreciation of its importance. And by architecture I mean all that the word implies—that art so often called the noblest of the arts, because it embraces the others, sculpture, painting, the treatment of the landscape, and to-day the newer architecture of cities. It is a mixed art, largely diluted, or strengthened, if you please, by science. Its aim is to produce a combination of the useful and the beautiful.

I have heard it charged that our training and practice have a tendency to make us grow more interested in things than in people, and we architects have often been reminded that humanity is of more importance than inanimate objects. Such criticism is fair enough, and we may well remember that the value of our designs and creations depends on their effect upon those who use them and who are inspired by them. Architecture, unlike other arts, cannot

depend on beauty alone. To serve its mission fully it must provide a fitting background for human activities.

In the theater the painted scene and artificial accessories which simulate the real thing as closely as possible have been considered by actors to be important factors in their success. Even the advocates of the new school, who favor stern simplicity and extreme breadth of treatment, believe that the actor needs the assistance of stage decorations to illuminate the intention of the author and to bring out fully the purpose of the drama.

It seems to me that in our daily lives we have underestimated the influence that our backgrounds, our scenery, exert on us. I know a church that suggests a music-hall. I know a theater so somber and gloomy that our spirits are depressed when we enter it. I know a museum of fine arts where it is almost impossible to concentrate one's attention on the paintings and sculpture. These buildings, pretty enough to look at, violate the first rule of the game. They do not express their purpose, but on the contrary nullify and contradict it.

Some years ago I had occasion to visit a court room in New York. Men kept on their hats, whistled, and laughed. Large brass spittoons were numerous, but, though necessary, were conspicuously disregarded. A noisy lady

who sold apples was garrulous and apparently in great favor. The general atmosphere was most disorderly, and the attendants had difficulty in securing silence at the entrance of the judge.

A few years later I visited the same court room, and was astonished to find all this changed. Men removed their hats when they entered, and talked in low tones. The apple-lady remained in the corridor, and an air of dignity and decency prevailed.

The reason for this gratifying change was that the eastern wall had been covered by a mural painting of great beauty, Simmons's figure of Justice in the center, flanked by well-painted groups on each side, three prisoners on the right, and the three Fates on the left, dominated the room. The influence of this powerful composition had made the previous disgraceful conditions impossible. The picture made its appeal, and the appeal was instantly answered.

Whoever has seen Blashfield's mural painting in the United States Court Room in the Cleveland Federal Building must recall its effect on the public. Its beauty and strength—the two splendid angels pointing to the Ten Commandments, the majesty of the law and the tragedy of crime—here, too, make a background that speaks, that fulfills its purpose. Many other instances come to mind, but I shall not multiply examples.

We can build a study in which no man can study, a library in which nobody can read; or we can design rooms for such purposes, restful in treatment, simple in form, quiet in tone, that will not irritate and distract, but on the contrary soothe the inmates and make concentration easier. Such rooms exist.

The needs of humanity are paramount, and the arts of design should yield to the man. We need feel no loss of dignity in taking the view that the interior of our buildings are backgrounds, for making backgrounds is not easy. The effect of perfect harmony required to produce a congenial atmos-

phere demands the sacrifice of individual triumphs. Perhaps interesting features of design must be omitted, decorations toned down, stained-glass windows subdued, details suppressed for the benefit of the *ensemble*, just as the true musician in a great orchestra restrains and sinks his individuality.

We all recall the mural paintings of Puvis de Chavannes in the Panthéon, and how he deliberately kept them flat and in a low key to harmonize with the stone walls of that noble building. Other painters strove to outdo one another in the brilliancy and strength of their pictures, but Puvis believed it imperative to preserve the tranquility and unity of effect of the great interior, and by self-denial and omission he succeeded where they failed, and produced a splendid work of art, a decoration, yet only a background.

We have heard a great deal during the last few years about the power of suggestion over our subjective mind. A glance, a touch, a gesture, or a word, and, we are told, our subconscious self responds instantly. Probably this is all true, but who will deny that our objective or every-day mind, acting through the five senses, is swayed by suggestion and strongly affected by its environment? Beauty makes a powerful appeal to us, and we are sensitive to the influence of ugliness. There are degrees of disorder, hideousness, and gloom against which no gaiety of temperament can prevail.

George B. McClellan, when he was mayor of New York, once said that if a man arose from a bench in City Hall Park and happened to look to the north, he would be made happier and better by the sight of the City Hall; but if he chanced to look the other way, and his vision was greeted by the Post-Office, it would be natural for dismal and even homicidal thoughts to arise in his mind. Try it. Stand at the side of the foolish fountain in the middle of the park and glance through the trees at the lovely little City Hall, and see if its charming

proportions and simple beauty do not induce a different frame of mind from that which comes from an inspection of the hideous Post-Office, with its bulbous and useless Mansard roof, easily the worst of the late Mr. Mullett's creations.

Then try if you can to preserve a happy and contented disposition when you walk through some of the noisy neighboring streets, where ugliness and shabbiness vie with vulgarity. I need not select the streets; they have their counterparts in other cities where the air of unrest and incompleteness is emphasized by ragged sky-lines and ugly buildings. Yet this is the scenery to which we submit, the background of our daily lives.

Let us take Broadway, or a part of it, as an example. "A walk on Broadway" has been a favorite theme with many distinguished writers who have amused and instructed us by their observations. Artists have sketched it over and over again, and charmed us with pictures which showed exactly how it would look if it looked that way. At the risk of discovering the discovered, let us walk down Broadway, and without being too critical frankly note what we see.

If we begin at Fifty-ninth Street we find Columbus Circle a grievous disappointment. Here is an intersection of very important streets with a monumental entrance to Central Park in the picture, but the serio-comic shaft in the center and the unfortunate buildings that surround it are most distressing. There is no composition, no harmony. It goes all to pieces.

Proceeding down-town we find irregularity and disorder, the big and little, the expensive and the shabby, mixed on all sides. The intensity of the struggle and the competition of commercial life are everywhere painfully apparent, and the result is a confused mass of incongruities. The Metropolitan Opera House, where the best operatic performances in the world

are presented, has no setting at all, and is squeezed in between a bank and a shop. Opposite, and up and down for many blocks, are hideous, cheap structures built largely of galvanized iron and bill-boards. The larger and more pretentious buildings have façades with some attempt at design, but their too conspicuous backs and sides go bare.

The little Herald Building, which in itself has distinction and recalls far-away Verona, is strangled by the elevated railroad and a jumble of incongruous buildings in a very vortex of confusion. Below Twenty-third Street we are surprised at the apparent desolation of disuse, for here is what is known as a "blighted district," with all its characteristics, in the middle of Broadway.

I dwell on these wretched facts because every favorable chance for design has been thrown away. Times Square, Madison Square, Union Square are three conspicuous instances of neglected opportunities. Each one is capable of treatment that might make it a beauty spot in our crowded city, but no attempt has been made to design properly and maintain these little parks. As the encircling buildings tower upward, these squares are apparently shrinking in size and certainly in importance and dignity; so they now appear to be disregarded and almost forgotten.

Individualism is admirable, but it may degenerate into license. Even in a free country, a democracy, there is a limit to the rights of the individual, and that limit is reached when they run counter to the rights of the community. A crowd organized, drilled, and led may become an army, but, lacking restraint, will be a mob. Broadway is now in the mob state. How can we expect men and women in such surroundings to "fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run"? I have heard Broadway called picturesque, but do not believe it. It is only sordid; the picturesque is

created by a happy collaboration of chance and time.

According to Arnold Bennett, the "human machine" is often foolishly neglected. In his book about it he calls our attention to various means of making the machine travel through the world more smoothly, but he takes little note of the friction that may come from without or of the fact that we may accomplish a good deal by paying some attention to the roads on which we travel.

To mend them will require much effort. We become used to noises, chaotic streets, and the disregarded demands of order and beauty; but we need not become fatalists and meekly accept any distasteful environment into which pernicious conditions have thrown us. We can largely mitigate the exaggerated ugliness of our cities if we determine to do it. And we will determine to do it only when we realize the tremendous influence that our surroundings exert on us.

Twenty-five years ago one of our few architectural critics, the late Montgomery Schuyler, said that American architecture was apparently "the art of covering one thing with another thing to imitate a third thing, which, if genuine, would be highly undesirable." Perhaps this criticism is still deserved, for if we survey the field we must admit that of the great number of buildings erected every year there is only a small fraction of them that may be considered good architecture.

Not only are materials woefully misapplied and combined, but the first principles of design are commonly ignored, and the result is that atrocious buildings abound. Looking further, we find sky-scrapers in positions where extreme height is a crime, buildings that swear at their neighbors and have no relation to the streets on which they are built, villainous "improvements," as the real-estate fraternity call them, that are the acme of ugliness. It would be interesting, incidentally, to determine how

many "improvements" are required to ruin a neighborhood.

It has been said that American humor has found its fullest expression in architecture, but as humor is merely one of our by-products and not our acknowledged purpose, we may wonder what is the matter and how it happens. It may be that if it was the custom for the architect to sign his building he would be more alive to his responsibilities and at least strive to do his best. At present architects are generally anonymous, and a building is popularly supposed to be the result of some process of nature and not the product of human thought and endeavor.

Perhaps the trouble is the lack of a discerning public, and perhaps the press on which the public relies is to blame. Like new books and new plays, new buildings are over-advertised and over-praised without discrimination. We are always assured that the last hotel, department store, theatre, or what not, is a marvel of beauty and an ornament to the city. I have read columns of praise of a building with a plan so complicated that it was difficult to find the stairs and elevators without a guide. The impossible façade, whose composition was apparently suggested by the kaleidoscope, was so overloaded with bad ornament ("spinach" we call it) that it looked like a petrified growth of fungus; but the printed description contained a glowing testimonial to its exquisite charm.

Surprising combinations of gigantic columns and arches resting lightly on a solid base of plate glass, and playfully interspersed with balconies, electric signs, bay windows, and balustrades, surmounted by a collection of undisguised water-tanks on stilts, are advertised as superlatively beautiful. The public is told this repeatedly and continuously, and apparently believes it.

American cities are now undergoing vital transformations. As most of them have been planned on the "rush-hour" principle, their growing pains have been

unnecessarily severe. Accordingly, the architecture of cities, or city planning, as it has been called, has been forced on the attention of the public. The problems arising from an ever-increasing population, new traffic conditions, congestion of people in buildings and of buildings on ground, unexpected changes of all kinds, are complicated and extremely difficult. This is not work for the amateur. Experience, patient study, and a constructive imagination are needed to increase the efficiency of a city as a working machine, and at the same time to secure the beauty that comes from order and fitness of purpose.

All this, however, is entirely ignored by our so-called critics. Cactus-like growth of towns, aimless streets, absurd extensions of the city map, miscalled civic centers, often not more than irregular open spaces in front of the leading hotel—all are proclaimed in the public prints as brilliant examples of city planning.

This is the stuff that forms the public taste. Of real criticism by real critics we have unfortunately very little. The inadequacy of most of it reminds one of the opinion expressed by Charles II, who almost drove Sir Christopher Wren to despair when he was designing St. Paul's. After many plans had been made and rejected, the king was finally greatly pleased with what was unquestionably the worst of Wren's designs, and expressed his approval by saying that it was "very artificial, proper, and useful."

Accordingly, we need not be surprised to find that what we may call our "best sellers," types that are repeated with unimportant variations all over the country, are unquestionably the worst examples. They are not architecture at all, even if they look like it and masquerade under its honored name; and for the most part they are not designed by trained architects, but by imposters with no qualifications for their work.

I have borrowed the term "best sellers" from the literary market, because I am credibly informed that the most popular books are the most meretricious. The work of the architect, however, is more nearly paralleled by that of the dramatist. Plays are built apparently on much the same principle as buildings. The main *motifs* in both arts must be clear, simple, and convincing. The incidentals, the details, explain and assist, but cannot save a defective or weak backbone.

We are told on excellent authority that a written play is not the play at all; it is only a book of directions for bringing one into existence. Similarly, a set of plans does not constitute an architect's output any more than a copy of his specifications. Like a play, the plans are merely the directions for producing something. A drawing, be it ever so attractive and convincing, is only a promissory note which binds its maker to deliver in the concrete what is stated on its paper face. Sometimes it may be well to pause and consider if the author has sufficient funds in his mental bank to make good.

Like the dramatist, certain forces stand between the architect and his audience. I am told that dramatic authors often find difficulty in maintaining their conceptions and persuading managers, producers, and actors to follow their ideas and faithfully interpret them. The architect has his interpreters, too: masons and carpenters, plasterers and cabinet-makers, carvers and decorators, workmen of all kinds, whose only aim in life is apparently to deviate from the plans as much as possible. These mechanics can so mutilate and distort a design that the result may be very different from the architect's conception, which remains a dream that the public will never know.

There are other points of similarity between architecture and the drama. For instance, both arts are constantly pronounced hopelessly decadent and on the other hand they are loudly defended,

and declared to be in a flourishing and healthy condition, developing steadily and triumphantly. On the whole, the optimists seem to have it.

Good architecture is now beginning to receive recognition from many new sources. The modern educator admits the moral and physical effect of beauty in the school-house, and he demands a sympathetic atmosphere for his pupils.

In the hospital of to-day great care is taken to prevent the suggestion of anything disagreeable or dispiriting. Wards must be light, sunny, and well proportioned. Attractive surroundings, a pleasant outlook, everything that can add to the effect of cheerfulness, are considered powerful factors in aiding the physicians to secure a larger percentage of cures.

There has been a revolution in factory building, for it has been discovered that the condition of the workshop counts. Men and women are depressed or stimulated as the workshops are dull and ugly, or bright and cheerful. Not only light, temperature, comfort, and cleanliness are subjects of grave consideration, but we are seriously informed that a certain amount of beauty is thought necessary for the modern workshop.

This is not the conclusion of philanthropists, but the last word of the

modern manufacturer, who places efficiency above all else. How much work can he get out of his employees, and what is it worth in dollars and cents? Apparently it is worth a great deal.

Accordingly the commercial value of beauty has unexpectedly come to our rescue, and we may hope for an increased appreciation of good architecture and even for a growing love of beauty for its own sake.

The American Academy in Rome is doing much for architectural education, and the two expositions in California are greatly stimulating public interest. No one can see the splendid combination of buildings and sculpture, courts and gardens, in San Francisco or the entirely charming reminiscences of Spain assembled for our benefit among the luxuriant foliage of San Diego without experiencing a thrill of delight. The excellence of the work of the individual designers is perhaps less notable than the poise and balance that come from symmetry of arrangement and well-studied grouping, a proof of the immense value of good team work.

The influence of these two architectural triumphs will go far, as far we hope as Washington, where unfortunately it has been necessary to maintain a constant struggle to preserve the dignity and beauty of the capital city.

THE CHAIRMAN

If ever there has been a time in our history when discipline should become a word to conjure with it is now. Leaders in letters, in music, painting, sculpture, tell us of the rebellion of pupils against sustained work and their pursuit of that *ignis fatuus* which is

supposed to light a short-cut toward attainment. The distinguished leader of the largest body of university men in the country will address us, and will talk of Discipline and the Social Aim in Education.

DISCIPLINE AND THE SOCIAL AIM OF EDUCATION

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

The brief paper which I shall read this morning has been written to conclude a somewhat extended argument as to the meaning of the process and human institution that we call education. In the course of that argument the fundamental philosophical principles upon which education rests have been examined and discussed. Application of those principles has been proposed to a number of practical educational problems. In the course of the argument attention is given to those tests and standards by which the educational progress of the individual man may be measured. There remains the question as to the social aim of education. What should be the object of discipline in this respect? This particular question is forced upon us at the moment by the events of the European War. We are everywhere taking note of and contrasting various national ideals of education and of social organization. What should be the American ideal in these respects? To that question I should like briefly to address myself.

All training implies an end or purpose. The systematic development of knowledge and capacity, and the systematic formation of habits of thought and of action, would have no significance or value unless they aimed to accomplish some definite result. Moral-

ists and political philosophers have toiled for ages to formulate and to define an end or object of training and discipline, and the result is some of the most illuminating and inspiring of the world's literature.

A moment's reflection will make it plain that the purpose of training and of discipline will depend upon the philosophy of life which controls our thinking and our action. If one's philosophy of life, so called, is to have no philosophy, but only to try to deal with each situation as it arises and to make the best of it, then the end and purpose of training will be simply that one may drift aimlessly about on a sea which he has no instruments to measure, and be borne by currents which he has no power to divert or to withstand. It is apparent, too, that under the influence of a system of caste, or of a uniform religious belief, or of an all-controlling national aim or purpose, discipline and training will be given a precise and definite form. The younger generation will be taught either to feel the force of the caste distinctions and to enter into a caste with all that it implies, or to accept the formulas and the ritual of a religion to which it gives inherited adherence, or to subject itself to the legally organized powers and organs of the state and to do their will uncomplainingly and as effectively as possible.

For the great modern democracies, no one of these ends or aims of discipline is possible, since these democracies rest upon the principles of equality before the law and of opportunity open freely to talent of every kind. The purpose and function of discipline in a democracy are necessarily quite different from those that approve themselves in an absolute monarchy or in a nation which accepts the principles that the state is different from, and superior to, the individuals that compose it, and that it is not subject to the moral and legal limitations which bind the individual. Membership in such a state is not citizenship, but subordination. Such a state may attain, for a time at least, a high degree of social and political effectiveness, but this effectiveness will be gained at the cost of civil liberty; and the price is far too high to pay. The educational system of a nation which accepts a form of political philosophy such as this will naturally aim at two things. It will aim to train the few for effective leadership and it will aim to train the many for effective subordination. It will fix a substantial barrier between those schools and institutions which train for leadership and those schools and institutions which train for subordination. This subordination may be political or it may be social or it may be economic or it may be military, but if it exists, there can be no such thing as common schools in the nation. The conception of common schools and the very name itself are the product of the social philosophy of democracy. The common school is not and cannot be a class school. It is a school for the children of the whole people in which they are to be given that instruction and that discipline which lay the foundations not for leadership in a state and not for subordination in a state, but for citizenship of a state; and these are the same for all.

The ethical and the social aims of education are accomplished in part by

example, in part by precept, and in still larger part by practice. The inculcation of virtue by precept is far less effective than the inculcation of virtue by example, and the inculcation of virtue by example requires for its completion the habitual practise of that virtue by the pupil. This explains why, in the elementary and secondary schools, so little attention is paid to formal instruction in morals and in duties, and why so much emphasis is properly laid upon the personality of the teacher and upon the actual behavior and habits of the pupils.

The problem of discipline in the educational system of a democracy is the world-old problem of reconciling liberty with order, progress with permanence, and government with justice. Not until mankind is itself perfect will this problem be finally and completely solved. The pressing question that now arises to perplex the democracies of the world is how to secure increased national effectiveness without the sacrifice of liberty, how to move forward toward the attainment of a national purpose without calling upon the agents and organs of despotism to take command. In other words, the question is how to reconcile the civil liberty of the individual with an increasing degree of national organization for national needs and with a steadily increasing sense of individual responsibility for a collective purpose or policy. This is the precise topic which most concerns the philosophers of to-day who would throw light upon the difficult problems of the moment as these arise in education, in ethics, and in politics.

It is of the essence of democracy that every man shall be called upon to do the best that is in him and to do this in such manner as not to limit the similar right and the equal opportunity of every other man to do the same. Therefore, every one's share in collective action or in the accomplishment of a collective purpose must be something which he imposes upon himself, and not some-

thing which is imposed upon him by force from without or by the authority of other wills than his own. The abnormal or atypical person must, of course, be dealt with in abnormal and atypical ways, but the normal human being must be called upon to become responsible for himself and to render service to the community as his own free act and not in response to the compulsion of another.

There can be no dispute as to the fact that society is composed of individual men, but there appears to be wide difference of opinion as to the relation in which society should stand to the individual units that compose it. There are those who, confident of the wisdom of their own opinions and judgment, impatient of the slow sagacity of nature, and dissatisfied with the imperfect results of education, would extend the rule of compulsion over the conduct and habits of men from the necessary to the merely expedient, and from the highly important to the trivial and insignificant. It is just now a common observation that whenever a majority, however fickle or however fortuitous, can be obtained in support of a given restriction upon others which commends itself to their own judgment or their own feelings, they will promptly impose that restriction upon all men within reach of their authority, quite regardless of its ultimate moral and social effects. This is the disposition which for many centuries has been responsible at one time or another for sumptuary legislation of various kinds, and for the annoying and foolish restrictions which have from time to time been imposed upon men without any permanent result other than to make clear the unwisdom of the principles and policies which guide such action. This is the danger that is always present in those movements which, to those who are enthusiastic in their support, and frequently high-minded, appear to make for moral and economic progress and prosperity, but which in reality have an

opposite effect, because they extend the area of compulsion over conduct.

Sound discipline has a higher social aim than this, and it proceeds by a quite different method. It takes its start from the capacity and the educability of the person. Upon this it makes the most rigorous and insistent demands. It aims to develop personality, self, to the utmost, but it aims to develop it as selfhood and not as selfishness. The gap between selfhood and selfishness is as wide as the gap between a sound and an unsound individualism. Unsound individualism errs on its side as completely as does collectivism on the other side. The one means an eventful anarchy where right is determined by the rule of might; the other means a stagnation where right is determined by tradition and by custom. Between the two, sharing the advantages of individualism and of collectivism alike and avoiding the evils of both, lies that form of political and moral philosophy which, for lack of a better term, may be called institutionalism. This philosophy teaches that the man finds his completion and his satisfaction in willing membership in the social whole, with all the obligations that such membership brings as to human service and as to collective responsibility.

Institutionalism finds in the family, in the church, in the state, in private property, in science, in literature, and in the fine arts those institutions and undertakings which represent the striving of human personality toward the goal of self-expression and attainment. No one of these institutions or undertakings is static or fixed, but every one of them reveals in history a process of development which appears to be toward greater perfection and the increasing satisfaction of man. Where, as in the case of the church, of literature, and of the fine arts, there seem to be exceptions to this rule, inasmuch as an astounding standard of perfection was reached in the early stages of Western civilization, there is much food

for reflection. It may, perhaps, be true that some of the more subtle and imaginative forms of human expression and achievement are as well able to approximate perfection in their earliest manifestations as after a long course of development.

It is in these institutions and undertakings that man finds that larger education which life superimposes upon the discipline and training of the school. It is through participation in these institutions and undertakings and, in the case of exceptional men, through contribution to our knowledge of them or through furthering their development, that personality finds its highest expression and its fullest satisfaction. A person is, as Kant long ago pointed out, not a means to an end; a human person is an end in himself. The enriching of one's own personality is the real basis for human service and for bearing a share of collective responsibility. The objective goods that may follow from human service and from collective action are of course highly important, but the subjective results in the minds and characters of those who participate in them are more important still.

Autocracy and an all-powerful non-moral state have demonstrated that they can obtain and manifest a marked degree of national efficiency. It remains for democracy to prove that it can do the same, or it will eventually succumb before a more effective type of national organization in which true civil liberty is unknown.

The difficulties of democracy are the opportunities of education. It is for the educational system of a really free people so to train and discipline its children that their contribution to national organization and national effectiveness will be voluntary and generous, not prescribed and forced.

The service and the sacrifice which are the results of a self-imposed limitation are worth many times the service and the sacrifice that follow prescription and compulsion. The moment that

we substitute for an autonomous will, a will that is self-directed, an heteronomous will, a will that is directed by others, we have treated the human being not as a person, but as a thing; we have substituted mechanism for life.

The early training and discipline of the child are for the purpose of teaching his will to form itself, to direct itself, to walk alone. Fortunately, the child is not asked to begin his life at the point where the race began, but he is offered through the family, the church, and the school the benefits of the age-long experience of the race and of its inherited culture and efficiency. These are offered him not as rods for chastisement or formulas for repression, but rather as food upon which to grow and as a ladder upon which to climb. If the process of training and discipline has been wisely ordered, the child will come to the end of his formal training not only with keen appreciation of what has been done for him, but with eager anticipation of the opportunity that lies open before him. It is the merest sciolism to suppose that every child can or should construct the world anew for himself. His own reactions, his own experiences, his own appreciations, his own reflections, are only important as part of a process, and that process is his growing into an understanding of what the world has been and is, in order that through participation in it he may strive to alter it for the better.

The ideal society and the ideal state is not one ruled by a despot, by a military caste, or by a controlling oligarchy, however beneficent these may be, or however efficiently organized the masses whom they order and control. The ideal society and the ideal state is a democracy in which every man and every woman is fitted to be free, to put forth the best possible effort in self-expression through participation in the great human institutions and undertakings that constitute civilization, and in service like-minded with themselves. This is the social aim of a soundly con-

ceived education. To its accomplishment, all training, all discipline, all vocational preparation, all scholarship are intended to lead. If they do not ac-

complish this, they are futile. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

THE CHAIRMAN

As the poet Dante passed in the streets of Florence, the women and children shrank from him, saying, "That is the man who has been in hell." Today a man who has been in hell is coming towards us upon the ocean only a day away. It was to him that, in their hour of direst need, the women and children of Belgium crowded for help and sympathy. At the very center of the great conflict, facing danger and

ministering to need, he yet found time for a service to art and to the Institute.

In a time of doubt he has seen his way clearly and has "stood four square to all the winds that blow." We count it great fortune to hear about the American quality from one who in this distracted time has so nobly upheld what we think are American ideals. Mr. Whitlock's paper will be read by the friend whom he specially designated as its reader, Mr. Hamlin Garland.

THE AMERICAN QUALITY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

In Walt Whitman's essay on "Democratic Vistas," there is a passage that has long had for me a curious fascination. The poet in his ardent way had been studying the achievements and tendencies of our republic, and he tells us that in passing to and fro, beholding the crowds in the great cities, a singular awe falls upon him. He feels "with dejection and amazement" that among our geniuses few or none have yet really spoken to this people, created a single image-making work for them. He says:

"What has fill'd and fills to-day our intellect, our fancy, furnishing the standards therein, is yet foreign. The great poems, Shakspeare's included, are poisonous to the pride and dignity of the common people, the life blood of democracy. The models of our literature, as we get it from other lands, ultra-marine, have had their birth in courts, and bask'd and grown in castle sunshine; all smells of princes' favors. Of writers of a certain sort, we have indeed plenty, contributing after their kind; many elegant, many learn'd, all complacent. But touched by the national test, or tried by the standards of democratic personality, they wither to ashes."

And then he exclaims: "Do you call those genteel little creatures American poets? Do you call that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work, American art, American drama, taste, verse? I think I hear, echoed as from some mountain-top afar in the West, the scornful laugh of the Genius of These States."

He is speaking of American democracy here in his capacity of prophet rather than in his capacity of poet, even if his prophecy does sound much like his poetry. It is a long essay, more or less abstruse, and probably as little liked as it is little read. In it Whitman sounds, as he was wont to say, his barbaric yawp over the housetops; much of it, like much of all prophecy and poetry, if not over the housetops, is at least over the head, though Whitman might have said of his prophecy, as Browning said of his own poetry, that he never intended it as a substitute for a cigar,—art, I suppose, being a collaboration between the artist and the amateur, and subjective poetry and subjective democracy difficult to comprehend even by that limited aristocracy that finds them one and the same thing.

Whitman was writing in 1871, at the beginning of that decade in which taste

in America was so poor that years afterward, when Mr. Howells wished to show how bad some bit of architecture and decoration was, he had only to say, "The 70's had done their worst." The epoch made memorable by the names of Irving, Cooper, and Bryant, Poe and Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes, had closed with the Civil War, and, although Whitman respected and admired much of that literature, and said he could not imagine any better luck befalling these States for a poetical beginning and initiation than had come from Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier, he had for its romanticism the impatience that romanticism always inspires in the democratic temperament. For when it was not wholly of romanticism, it was of its traditions from the days of Irving, who imported the original stock. Hawthorne had frankly regretted that there was no romantic ruins in America to inspire him, and Cooper found in his own land only the scene and not the spirit of those tales the heroes of which were medieval knights in buckskin and Indian chiefs who talked like Mr. Gladstone.

In the sick mind of Poe, that pioneer of decadence, whom Emerson called "the jingle man," romanticism found a fertile soil for its rankest growths. His gloomy and morbid genius was as alien to the American spirit as that of the luxurious Baudelaire, his translator, commentator, and admirer, who despised America and hated the whole scheme of democracy, and it was precisely for that reason, as he does not fail to make clear, that Baudelaire selected Poe as the only one of our race with whom he could have sympathy.

Of all the brilliant group, Emerson, in his thought, was the most distinctly American, as ruggedly and originally American as Lincoln himself, and with an almost identical sense of the spiritual meaning and purpose of the New World. Perhaps it was this fact that made him so universal, so that his phil-

osophy lifts him out of common categories and places him in the ranks of Montaigne and Marcus Aurelius.

The others were all sound, wholesome, genial normal men, and normal Americans, too, in all their civic sympathies, and proudly aware of their citizenship in the New World. Longfellow was perhaps nearer the people than any of the others, though it may be that I have this impression because there is very clear in my memory that wintry morning in the Ohio school-house when the teacher told us he was dead. We were all as depressed as though we had lost a friend, and one little girl put her head down on her desk and cried. She was the girl, I think, to whom the poet had sent his autograph for the school's celebration of his birthday only a month before. No poet can be far from the people of his land when he is loved by the children in the public schools. Whittier had much of this same affection, for he was of the people, too, and as Quaker could hardly fail to be genuinely of the American spirit, just as the noble Commemoration Ode shows Lowell mostly to have been.

They courageously took their part as scholars in politics, though they guarded their art from its contacts, and lived in another world, as artists are wont to do—a world that one somehow thinks of in the case as that Victorian, or, better, that Tennysonian, world of country gentlemen living gracefully in old Georgian mansions, among elms and yew-trees and lovely lawns, with sundials and trim hedges, a fixed and finished world, with every man contented in his place.

The successive imitations, dilutions, and attenuations that immediately followed them were less and less of the people, now interested in other things. For with the great war over, new thoughts, new aspirations were stirring. Before the nation lay a mighty task, a new and fascinating adventure, an ambition no less than to subjugate a continent, and men sprang with the

spirit of Jacob to wrestle with the earth. No man now for romanticism in presence of the romantic reality! The imagination of the land was turned toward the boundless West, and young men, as ruthless as the Forty-niners or the old scouts and Indian-fighters, joined the splendid pageant of the pioneers to stretch railroads across the prairies, uprear cities, make a civilization in the wilderness, and grow up with the country.

They had little sympathy with writers in general, much less with writers who, blind to all that was going on out of doors, knew the people only as a vague element against which to draw the characters they traced from other books, like those pallid students one sees in the Louvre making copies of the masters. Small wonder the "Genius of These States" poured his scornful laugh from the mountain-top afar in the West.

Whitman, in regretting that none of our geniuses had yet spoken to the people, could not have failed to observe from his own experience how difficult is that supreme achievement, especially for the sophisticated artists. It is one thing to write about the people, quite another to write for them. It requires that naïveté which artists early lose, or that simplicity which they rarely attain.

We sometimes sigh over the want of appreciation of art among us, as though there were somewhere a country in which all the people have cultivated tastes; but there is no such country. In the older nations there is, of course, a greater accumulation of artistic treasure, public monuments on which Time, the consummate artist, has placed her subtle patina, and unconsciously the taste is affected by these noble presences; but the public there has the same idols the public worships everywhere, and if there is an altar to art, it is to an unknown God. Even the great painters had small recognition in their day. The taste of the crowd was fixed on the cinema of their time, numerous

examples of which still exist in the galleries of Europe. The public recognition accorded Phidias was the accusation by the people of Athens of having stolen the gold intrusted to him for the embellishment of his statue of Zeus, and Rembrandt's great painting "The Night-Watch" was refused by the corporation of Amsterdam because the portraits were said not to resemble the originals. In pictures the public looks not for beauty or artistic excellence, but for some drama, some story, that literatesque quality, the defect of many English and American paintings, which easily piques the interest. It is no doubt the first requisite of any work of the imagination that it be interesting, but what interests the artist and what interests the public are two widely different things. The public likes the primitive tale of adventure, in which the adventurer does not have to pay in his own character for his deeds, and sentimental stories that ignore the logic of life; and seemingly it likes the same story over and over again, like children who resent the alteration of a single idea in the tales told to them at bedtime and hold one to one's identical phrases. It is no mean power, this ability to touch the common heart, to gratify the public taste, but a noble one, and the pity is that the writers who are endowed with it often seem insensible to the responsibility it entails.

This adolescent taste, common to the people everywhere, is especially marked in time of abnormal material growth, such as the era that followed the Civil War. Not only the creation, but the appreciation, of art requires energy, and the energies of men intensely preoccupied with worldly achievement, always at variance with artistic ideals, are absorbed in their conflicts. The superman is too impatient for what he calls results to develop qualities that do not directly serve his ends, and his esthetic and emotional nature remains undeveloped and elemental. Unwilling

to admit any inferiority in himself, he is irritated by anything he cannot understand at a glance. Poetry he simply cannot grasp; as well ask a pugilist to read "Rabbi Ben Ezra." And yet, he has his hours of relaxation, consents to be amused, and turning from the serious things of life to the soft, the dreamy, the impracticable, he may smile indulgently on artists, whom he regards as part of his valetry, with chorus girls, comedians, clowns, and negro minstrels. Publishers, editors, and theatrical managers begin to flatter him, to pander to him, to give him what he wants. If the author listens to the tempter, he abandons art for business, and, since paper can be manufactured from wood, and books be bound by machines, a business that can be made very profitable. All men of good-will everywhere rejoice to see the artist prosper, and salute him with admiration as he passes in his touring-car, but they nevertheless guard themselves against the resulting confusion between literature and printed matter.

The memory of the first clear note of the American motive in our fiction takes us back to the days in which we seem to have had more literary criticism than we have in these, when publishers, taking culture into their own hands, wisely observe the precaution to print a review of each book on its cover. We were all thrilling then over Mr. Howells's battle for realism, as we understand the word in America, not naturalism, or mere meticulous accuracy in reporting superficial details, but that inner realism which is the soul of things and one with the logic of life, the eye clear enough to see and the heart strong enough to accept the results of character and deed. It is a principle that must be the basis of any art that is democratic, as it is the basis of democracy itself.

It was, indeed, the democratic faith, no less than the literary genius, of Mr. Howells that gave the first impulse toward a native and indigenous fiction,

and with the vision that accompanies all real faith he saw what art might do with the rich and varied life that lay all undiscovered before the eyes of American writers. In "A Modern Instance," and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," to select only two of his many novels, he laid the foundation of a new literature in America. We had for the first time American novels that were of American authenticity; that is, they were faithful to the American condition they pictured, with portraits, instead of photographs and caricatures, of typical American characters, fresh from the hand of an American who knew American life, viewed it with sympathy and understanding, and, above all, from the American point of view.

It is difficult to realize now just what those novels meant in our literature, in view of what it had been. There was in them a new quality, genuine and invigorating, and they exercised an influence on American literature as profound as had Gogol's "Cloak" on Russian literature. More by his performance even than by his precept, since the best criticism of any work is better work, Mr. Howells changed the manner of writing novels in America, as Ibsen created a revolution in the writing of plays everywhere. Playwrights might scoff at Ibsen, but they did not dare to write as they had written before he wrote; their old tricks, expedients, and dodges would no longer serve; no more soliloquys, no more asides, no more lapses of time, once Ibsen had shown how silly and unreal these were. And so with Mr. Howells; no one in America writes as he might have written before Mr. Howells wrote. Under his influence, and affected, no doubt, by those Russian, Spanish, and Italian writers whom he introduced to his people, and, so far as manner was concerned, by the modern French school, the work of creating an American literature was undertaken, one might almost say, in the practical American way. Every writer who felt the impulse to

interpret his own time and his own people quite wisely began at home. There was an industrious scratching of the native soil, every part of the Union was subjected to a careful examination, every State in turn minutely analyzed, the customs and habits of different regions duly set down and noted, and the several dialects of the English language spoken among us, some of them still redolent of the accents of foreign lands, faithfully recorded. There was an extensive survey, an immense documentation of localities, and if the whole body of work lacked that *envergure* that would make it national in range and scope, if it did not immediately take on the epic grandeur of our territorial expansion and produce an *épopée* with the national type distinctly identified, it was the inevitable consequence of the wide extent and variation of the land, of lingering sectionalism, and of conflicting currents of race and tradition.

It was a loving labor, all animated by the same intention of truth, honesty, and sincerity. These writers wrote because they had a story to tell rather than because they had to tell a story; their work had a native flavor; one at least with the nation's mind, it was evolving with the nation. Critics have said that it was sectional, a New England, a Southern, a Mid-Western, and a Western, rather than an American literature; that is was provincial, not national. It was, indeed, representative of the several distinct regions of the land and of their local peculiarities, but if it was provincial it was in that sense that "Eugénie Grandet" or "Madame Bovary" or "Pierre et Jean" or "Jude the Obscure" are provincial. The scene is laid in the provinces, the microcosm in which life, everywhere the same, may be more easily studied, and I suspect that any disappointment that might have been felt in it was due to our American habit of looking for the big.

We used to talk in those days of the Great American Novel, and most of us

fully intended some day to write it. But it was found to be a rather large order. America was in the process of that recurrent discovery that has been going on since Columbus's time, and changed too often and loomed too large for any single imagination; it was beyond the writer, as the Grand Cañon or Niagara are beyond the painter. But it had a quality that determined its validity as American above any other claim, and that was, it was not pervaded by the subtle and debilitating atmosphere of caste and rank and privilege; even in the dialect stories the characters were not treated patronizingly, *en grand seigneur, de haut en bas*. Between this work and what had gone before there was the difference between the position a gillie is permitted to assume in one of the novels of Sir Walter and that which a Scotsman takes naturally in the poems of Robert Burns. The novels that were written as the result of this impulse were not perhaps widely popular. The new tendency was criticized, sometimes bitterly, a fact that was proof of its significance. Most of us can remember with what an outcry Mr. Howells's "A Hazard of New Fortunes" was received, and how Mr. Howells was urged to continue on the safe ground of old sequences, for he was getting dangerously near truths that have a very high explosive potentiality. Our language had not been enriched at that time by the word "muckraker," so that Mr. Howells could not be disposed of so summarily as have some of our novelists who since that time have exposed wrong and injustice, even if they did not do it with the art that is inseparable from everything he writes. It was not openly declared that wrong and injustice should not be exposed; it was only insisted that it was not the province of art to expose them, and if art felt it must do so, it was suggested that it issue pamphlets—which nobody would read. Perhaps the same reproach was visited on Cervantes when he muckraked chivalry in

"Don Quixote," for that book must have hurt business seriously, or on Tolstoy when he muckracked war in "War and Peace," or on Turgenieff when he muckracked serfdom in "The Memoirs of a Sportsman."

The innate conservatism of the people—for no one is so conservative as the crowd—opposes innovation, and with people of our race art always encounters the chilling influence of the Puritan spirit, always suspicious of beauty. In keeping art clean, Puritanism risks making it sterile; it never can learn that there is something antiseptic in liberty, so that it purifies itself and heals its own wounds. It is not so *intransigent* as it was, and yet by a respectable portion of certain of our communities, very clean, honest, earnest, and industrious folk, no more worthy to be found anywhere, it was actually considered not so very many years ago a sin to read a novel or to see a play, so that young boys were left either to the puerile stories given out in Sunday schools or to the "Nickel Libraries," which could be folded conveniently for the pocket and so read under a desk leaf at school, and then exchanged, in that circulating library the boys thus early founded without having been endowed by Mr. Carnegie. I remember, indeed, to have read an excellent one myself, dealing with the life, trials, and triumphs of Jesse James and his brother Frank. I seem to have read it at the time with absorbing interest, though I could not read it now, unless it were given a pasteboard back and sold for a dollar and eighteen cents, with a cover announcing the sensational discovery of the latest Alexander Dumas who would have written it.

Romanticism, indeed, in some form always contrives to flourish on, and to prevail over its patient, meritorious rival, even if it has to go into the cinema, where under the censorship of police sergeants it is, from all reports, doing well even now. And doubtless it will continue to do this, for our

business men, after two hours spent in dictating to distinguished stenographers in the morning, two hours at luncheon at the club in the middle of the day, and eighteen holes of golf in the afternoon, are so tired in the evening that they cannot apply their undoubted judgment in art to the works of serious writers, while their lovely daughters, whom our publishers are assiduous to please, have long since passed on to William Blake and Nietzsche. And as for our working-men, after the day's work is done, instead of reading about the upper classes in the English serials that are always running in the magazines, they go out to see the movies. Sometimes it seems indeed that the audience is so reduced and limited that there is nobody left for whom novels may be written, unless the novelists write for one another, and as the etiquette of the profession requires that they present one another with autograph copies of their works, they seem sometimes to be in danger of eating one another up, and perishing out of the earth altogether.

Fortunately, however, it is not quite so bad as that; for, notwithstanding the confusion of standards, our writers of the tendency I have no doubt too dimly and vaguely defined, have gone on, down to this very day, writing novels the best of which will stand that practical test which alone can determine the national quality of a novel.

Ask a Russian to recommend a few books that would enlighten one as to the genius, ideals, and mentality of his nation, and, preferring fact to fiction, stipulate that the books be novels and not histories, and he will instantly say: "Why, read Gogol, Gontscharoff, Dostoiévsky, Ostrovsky, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, Garshin." He will tell you that he does not agree with all the ideas they advance, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders and a little smile of tolerant affection, he will add, "But it is Russia."

From the names of a score of novel-

ists one can select twice that many books that will tell the inquiring foreigner of the mentality of the American people and the quality of their life, and I think that certain of the novels of Mr. Howells, of Mark Twain, and of Frank Norris, to name no others, will rank with the best in any literature, and, if the work that was less than theirs somehow fell short of the highly incandescent, imaginative quality that is a prerequisite to the synthesis of great art, it was an authentic expression of the national consciousness growing brighter and more vivid all the while.

But why, after all, American art? Since art is universal, why not just art? In what would American art consist? How would American literature be distinguished from other literatures, American poetry from other poetry, American novels from other novels? By its personality, that is all. Art, indeed, is personality, not alone individual personality, but national personality, and the supreme artist incarnates the mentality of his race. He thinks as the nation thinks, feels as it feels, as Lincoln, by a kind of anthroposcopy, knew all the various whims and currents of the public mind. It is a quality our humorists have always possessed. It is that which has made them distinctive and different from the wits and satirists of other lands. Nowhere do the people read more than in America, nowhere do they protect themselves and their institutions so much by the sharp weapon of ridicule. Our humorists, despite all their exaggeration, have been wholly American and generally right minded; they have represented us pretty accurately, and often protected us against representatives who were not so faithful, and against many an old fraud and pretense that still flourish elsewhere and work their tragedies in the lives of men have withered in the scornful laugh of the Genius of These States. For it has been precisely that genius, this American humor, bound in a profound and intimate relation to

the fundamental American spirit; for what are they both but that intuitive sense of human values which scorns all affectation, especially that of superiority, refuses to estimate men by any other standard than that of individual character, is impressed only by natural human dignity, and requires every tub to stand on its own bottom?

One, indeed, who wishes to understand America might read our humorists and know all about us if it were not for the fact that he would have to understand our country and be in the secret of its coterie speech in order to understand the humorists. The novelists might learn much from them. The Russian realists viewed humanity in despairing pity. The French realists, and especially Flaubert, viewed it in contempt and disgust. The American realist, I should say, would view it much as the American humorists have viewed it: they have known most of its defects, but they have viewed it tolerantly, sympathetically, and with respect for the dignity and the right there is somewhere in every man simply because he is a man.

I should be filled with regret if I thought in any way I had suggested that American literature would be chauvinistic, or of the mind of a politician whooping it up at the Fourth of July picnic. Art does not raise her voice in controversy or perspire in argument. She is not concerned in advancing causes or in bringing about reforms. She is not interested in the initiative and referendum, and is wholly indifferent as to whether the town votes wet or dry. She cares not whether the Government is conservative or radical, reactionary or progressive, scorns 'dull economics, and turns impatiently away from preaching and propaganda. She is equally at home in monarchy or republic, and is of a glad, free, spontaneous democracy, a kind of loose character kept under constant surveillance by the police of formalism and respectability.

But, while Art has no interest in parties or schools of thought,—she has seen so many of these ephemera!—she is curious about those who are preoccupied by their demand and devote their lives to them, for she is curious about life in all its manifestations, and, above all, in man as its highest manifestation. If the novelist would serve art, then, he takes man where he finds him, provided that man is interesting, or interesting to *him*. Novels are not distinguished because they portray distinguished characters, but because they are written by distinguished intelligences, and the novelist will seek life in some other epoch or in some other parish in vain; all he can know of life is that which he sees in the life about him, for there is no other life that any one can know, and most of us cannot know even that very well.

Walt Whitman has prepared an elaborate questionnaire for those who aspire to the august place of poet in these States. It is to be found in his poem "By Blue Ontario's Shore," and if the intending poet has not time to read the entire poem, he should not fail to make out answers to the interrogatories in those two cantos in which old Walt questions him with many and stern questions, as though he were a candidate for public office, as, indeed, in a very important sense, he is: Has he studied out the land, its idioms, and men? Has he left all feudal processes and poems behind, and assumed the poems and processes of democracy? Is he really of the whole people? Is what he offers America not something that has been better told or done before? Has not it or the spirit of it been imported on some ship? Does it not assume that what is notoriously gone is still here?

It would doubtless require something more than this to constitute a poet, but I think the root of the matter is there. An American novel would not consist merely in a story the scene of which is laid in the United States. It would be

entirely feasible to write a novel, laying the scene in New York, with none but American citizens as characters, and have it no American novel at all. It has, indeed, been done several times. For American is a state of mind; like the kingdom of heaven, it is within you, or—it is not. It is simply a question of the artist's conception of life, of his relation to other men. Does he naturally, spontaneously, and consistently assume the American attitude toward life?

Maupassant advanced the doctrine that the novelist should be a detached, impartial, and impersonal observer—a captivating theory, but the difficulty is that no writer can long remain in that state of mind, least of all Maupassant. In his essay on the works of this writer, Tolstoy begins by telling how Turgeneff, leaving Yasnya Poliana after a visit, took a book from his valise and gave it to Tolstoy, saying: "Read this when you have time. It is by a young French writer." The book was "La Maison Tellier," and with the reluctance we all have for a book a friend has urged upon us, Tolstoy did not read it for a long time, and then one day he read it, and wrote a long essay on it. The purpose of Tolstoy's essay is to show Maupassant's moral attitude toward the personages and the problems involved in the book and toward life in general. But it is not necessary to read Tolstoy's essay to see what is Maupassant's attitude in these respects; it is only necessary to read "La Maison Tellier."

For though a writer may succeed in showing nothing else, in revealing no other character, always, inevitably, he reveals himself. All books are autobiographies. From any given book we may learn little, but we may learn all that it is essential to know about the author of that book: whether he is a gentleman and a scholar or a bounder and a cad; whether he is a liberal or bigot; whether he is intelligent or, despite

all his instruction, essentially ignorant; whether, in a word, he is by turns sentimentalist, brute, and cynic, or a man of sympathy, humor, and compassion, who loves his fellow-men even when they seem least to deserve it.

As to the future of American letters, its highest hope lies where the hope of the race lies, in allegiance to that America of the mind where all who love their fellow-men have dwelt. I speak of this conception of life as the American attitude not because it is an attitude characteristic of all Americans, for there are many, born in America, who still find themselves bewildered and disconcerted immigrants in the land, but because it is the attitude of one imbued with the spirit that has led so many of the best of mankind to behold in the achievement of the American ideal the hope of mankind. And as Lincoln, in whom this spirit was nobly incarnated, asked, where will one find a better or an equal hope?

One, even a prophet, is apt to grow vague and hazy when he begins to discuss the form anything will take in the future, especially anything so spiritual as art, and I shall not idly speculate about something of which in reality I can know nothing. We are living in a solemn hour of change; the world will never again be the world we knew. But I think the best of our novels will continue to be more and more of that human spirit we have been considering. One is always reading that realism has passed or is passing or is about to pass, but it will pass only when the desire for truth passes from the human heart. It has never known any final form, nor ever will, any more than truth will; but in each of its stages it makes a little more progress toward perfection, as the race does, and it makes progress only along that way in which there is freedom and equality for all. Our veracious and veritable fiction would be as sympathetically concerned about all men as the Declaration of In-

dependence, and it will be one with that higher poetry, which, whenever it finds it necessary to complete expression, will not hesitate to fling off the tyranny of prosodic rule,—meanwhile, aware no doubt that the mere fact that emotional statements are printed in lines that, to use an expression of the old-time printer, have not been “justified,” is not of itself sufficient to constitute them poetry.

Thus informed, it could not be of that shabby snobbery that is exclusively preoccupied with the luxurious and fashionable, and with those who reverence and imitate them, as if there were no other people of interest; nor would it be concerned with the shamed apology and evident regret that America has no officially recognized social class; nor, with the air of making the best of a bad bargain, would it try to make plutocrats do for aristocrats, and millionaires for lords. Perhaps in no respect will the change be so marked, so revolutionary, as in the place women will occupy in the novel; it will be significantly one with that change in the place she will occupy in the republic. The novel, too, will be equally concerned with working-men and working-women and their emotions, their longings, and the problems that perplex them, and with the drama of the crowds in cities. And all these people would be in it in their own right, not, like those shabby choruses in the operas, to show off the brilliant and costly stars. Fiction, in a word, would not be so class-conscious, for there can be no hope of the emanation of beauty from the warped, darkened, and asymmetrical mind that purblindly sees sharp divisions, fixed and implacable distinctions and rigid separations between mortals who are all alike involved in the snares of the capricious fates, all alike the victims and the heirs of time.

To the imagination of the Old World there has always been something perplexing, troubling, in the dim vision of America, lying off there in the west,

vast, vague, and mysterious in her possession of other standards and ideals. Time and time again the Old-World writers have crossed the ocean on their hurried visits, desperately determined to understand her, to tear her secret from her. Some of them were polite and complimentary, some, like young Tocqueville, sympathetically reported on her institutions and intelligently criticized them, while others, noting only superficial manners and jotting down with relish any crudity, any *gaucherie*, they might detect, returned, to cover her with contempt and snobbish scorn. And not one of them seems ever to have envisaged her, ever to have divined her; not one of them seems ever to have caught the faintest conception of her spiritual significance or to have beheld even so much of the vision as glows any morning in dark eyes on Ellis Island; all failed in that poetic insight which alone can interpret her meaning and apprehend her relation

to the development of man the individual unit.

And all the while America, impassive, inscrutable, patient, amused, waited for her poet to interpret and reveal her, aware that her dream was for the poet alone. And her poet will come some day out of the stress and strain and turmoil, out of the dust and tears and sweat of common life, from the world of common men. He will have no illusions about them; he will know their folly, their foibles, and their sins as well as their wisdom, their virtues, and their sacrifices; and, thus knowing them, understanding them, loving them, as one of their very own, will reveal them not only to themselves, but to those others who are precisely like them in all essentials except in the weakness of imagining themselves somehow uncommon, different, and better; and by the revelation of his art he will transmute into life the truth and beauty of the dream.

PRESENTATION TO MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS OF THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE INSTITUTE

In presenting the medal Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie said:

The Gold Medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, designed and executed by one of its members, Mr. A. A. Weinman, has been given to Augustus Saint-Gaudens for sculpture, to James Ford Rhodes for history, to James Whitcomb Riley for poetry, to William Rutherford Mead for architecture, to Augustus Thomas for dramatic composition, and to John Singer Sargent for painting. It is given to-day to William Dean Howells for fiction.

No selection of a man of letters to receive a distinction conferred by a jury, not of his peers, but of his fellow-craftsmen, could more happily combine recognition of achievement and the fitting moment. Mr. Howells was the first man chosen by the Institute to constitute the American Academy of Arts and Letters; he was elected its first president, and his succession to himself has not been interrupted. He is not only the official head of the Academy, but in his work and character he interprets its spirit and purpose. So long as he remains where he is, the Academy needs no gloss.

And this distinction is conferred in the city of Mr. Howells's earliest literary friendships and reputation. In the closing hours of the first day of creative work in American literature he became the associate of the men who gave the beginnings of that literature elevation of thought and dignity of form; here his verse was first published; and here he came into the view of the country as the editor of the magazine which at the beginning allied itself with the American writing that was to endure.

Standing at the compositor's frame in the friendly, human atmosphere of an Ohio town, he shared the charac-

teristic life of his country when the insights are deepest because they are unconscious. It was a long way from Martin's Ferry to Venice, but to youth the Old World is always new, as to the man who studies men the New World is always old.

Ardent and eager in heart and poetic in spirit, Mr. Howells went from the frontier of a young and practical country to the elusive frontier city, half palace, half mirage, of the ancient realm of art and romance. Four years in Venice was a university course in the humanities without the distractions of college life. If you add knowledge of the modern languages and of the vital books of the day in poetry and fiction, you have an education shaped by impulses passionate in their appeal, but tempered and modulated by the traditions of beauty and skill. Under such influences the realist who had the Tolstoyan passion for his kind became the sensitive artist whose tools have the delicate precision of a Benvenuto Cellini.

A man of the modern temper, undismayed by the newest method and the latest radicalism, Mr. Howells is always the artist. However advanced his doctrine, his speech never misses the charm which has made art the universal language. In Altruria, as in Venice, one hears the accent which survives all changes of time and place and taste. A journalist at times, Mr. Howells never ceased to be a man of letters; a patient and courteous editor, he never lost the artist's sense of responsibility for the casual line as for the carefully executed work.

It is his distinction that he has made commonplace people significant and the unsalted average man and woman interesting. Fiction, reminiscence, poetry, impressions of places and peo-

ple, essays, comedies, criticisms—what variety of substance, what uniformity of skill, of that fineness of taste which is born of right feeling as well as of sound training!

To call him an American in any divisive sense is to belittle Mr. Howells, since it is the quality of art that it uses the vernacular to speak of universal things; but in a very real sense Mr. Howells is not only a man of his time and country, but of his region. Neither the old nor the new West has given us a novel reading of the mystery of life; but fifty years ago in the Ohio Valley and to-day on each slope of the Rocky Mountains men and women are impatient of traditions and keep open house to ideas. It is true they as often entertain cranks as angels, but they have made all human kind welcome and at home. Life as a work of art has interested them less than life as an experiment.

Hawthorne invested the austere romance of the Puritan spirit with dusky splendor, and Cooper gave his generation the romance of primitive feeling and action on land and sea. Mr. Howells, divesting the novel of the dramatic aids of station, passion, and adventure, has brought into view those elements of character and of circumstance which, in the newest as in the oldest world, give life perennial interest. In "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes" he dramatized opportunity, the romance of American life. A realist, but never a literalist, whose faith in democracy is saved from superstition by that breadth of view and play of imagination which we call humor, Mr. Howells has made Americanism synonymous with sanity, hope,

the idealism of the clean hearth, and seriousness of mood tempered by optimism, humor, and good fellowship.

Last year a slender book of fantasy came from Mr. Howells's hand. It had to do with Shakspeare and Bacon re-visiting "the pale glimpses of the moon" at Stratford-on-Avon. It has the air of a digression, of a romancer giving himself a half-holiday. It is the story of a skylark; a poet of an ease of wing and magic of song akin with the skylarks that rise out of the meadows at Hampton Lucy and pour out a flood of unpremeditated music as they ascend the invisible stairways of the sky. There is no sign of toil in this slender book, but there is more of Shakspeare in it than in many of those ponderous octavos that recall the old-time description of the German scholar: he goes down deeper and stays down longer and comes up muddier than any other scholar in the world. The facts drift into the current so casually that only the experienced reader knows that he holds in his hand one of the most intelligent biographies of Shakspeare that has appeared. The owls have often given us their account of the skylark; this is a poet's report.

A serious thing fashioned without a trace of toil, the wings liberated from the stone and every sign of tool and dust vanished. Is not this the sign and witness of art?

So to-day, at the summit of his years, the National Institute of Arts and Letters does not presume to honor William Dean Howells; it is content to recognize the beauty and value of a contribution to American literature made by one who has not only the suffrages, but the hearts of his fellow-craftsmen.

LETTER FROM MR. HOWELLS IN ACCEPTANCE OF THE MEDAL

Gentlemen of the Institute and the Academy—A rumor of one of those good things which seem too good to be true has come to me with such insistence that I must take it for fact, and I am asking the Secretary of the Institute to acknowledge it for me. I know he will fitly account for my not doing this in person, and I will not hamper him with any expressions of my preference as to how he shall convey to you my sense of the supreme honor which your award of the medal for fiction has done me. In the last analysis, I find this sense a sort of dismay, which it would be difficult to render.

Yet I will not pretend that it is altogether the unexpected which has happened, or that, with whatever consciousness of demerit, I did not hope it might happen. I felt that if by no other right the medal of fiction might be mine by the right of seniority, for I have been writing novels now for nearly fifty years, and I have outlived nearly every contemporary who might have outrivaled me in the competition. If this triumph of longevity had its

inevitable sadness, I hoped that there might be some touch of the kindness which sweetens the acclaim of his arrival to the man who is out of the running.

So far as pure criticism has governed your vote, I might say that the novelist whom you have done the greatest honor that the world could do him has striven for excellence in his art with no divided motive, unless the constant endeavor for truth is want of fealty to fiction. The fashion of this world passes away, and I have seen it come and go in my art, or phases of it. The best novel of my day is not the best novel of yours in some of these. But if I could believe the vital things were not the same in your esteem, I could not prize your medal as I do. As it is, with my belief that you have peculiarly in your keeping the standard of the arts which Burke says every man has by mere fidelity to nature, and that you will have it increasingly as you welcome to your number whoever is striking for beauty in any art, I prize your award more than all the words of my many books could say.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS*

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE

Charles Francis Adams, fourth in descent from President John Adams through President John Quincy Adams and a scarcely less famous sire of his own name, died in his eighty-first year, a young man to the end. He was soldier, financier, and historian, consumed by zeal in each of his successive vocations. Of our company he had been a member for ten years. Unanimously chosen as a representative historian, he was active in the enterprises of the Academy, making public appearances of dramatic power, and generous in his support of its undertakings. His personality was altogether sympathetic among us. The members of other bodies, personal friends of longer standing than most of us, have described him in their public tributes as brusque and positive, yet open-minded and receptive; as aristocrat by temper and democrat in conduct; as alike an iconoclast and a conservative; in short, as the embodiment of paradox, physical and mental.

Doubtless, in one sphere of his activities and during the years of combat, he so appeared and so was. Much, too, depended on the temper of his associates, who all unconsciously may have presented a similar front to him. He was a doughty gladiator in the cause of righteousness, and had a heavy fist where dishonesty in affairs lurked behind fine phrases and shiny euphemisms. While in a high degree endowed with insight, while his vision of the goal was always clear, and while his reasoning processes made him in many instances prophetic, he was really a warrior; he loved the joy of battle even more than conquest. The weapons of

his concrete knowledge and ruthless logic were not unfair and never foully wielded, but they were unsparing. With gallant, honest foes he was even chivalrous. It was not safe to menace him with precedent or the ethos of history or the lessons of experience. He was sure to have interpretations of his own which were alike novel and founded on unsuspected aspects of familiar facts. Authority was for him no thunderbolt, but rather a flickering, dancing will-o'-the-wisp.

This temper he manifested as an officer of the line in the Civil War, as a student and director of railways and systems of transportation, as an advocate of radical changes in the higher education given by American universities, and, what concerns us most as his colleagues of Institute and Academy, in his treatment of history as a human discipline.

Among us he was always suave and genial, as befitted a recognized personage. For many years of his later life his home was Washington, and in the national society comprising men and women from all regions and of all ages, he found a flattering recognition as a sage, which calmed his spirit and softened his manners. But in matters of history he was a knight-errant to the last. He regretted the discovery of America as having occurred a century too soon; he discredited the veracity of the enthroned divinities of history from Herodotus onward; the accepted view of Washington as a strategist of the first order he sedulously attacked. He was an advocate of state's rights and supported the project for a monument to Lee in the national capitol. His

*Read before the Academy, December 9, 1915.

attitude as a historian was pre-eminently that of the doubter and the iconoclast. It has been said of Voltaire that he transformed the writing of history by the sheer force of doubt. In the present-day era of modern and radical reconstruction Mr. Adams made his many readers keen and alert, even if he could not always command conviction.

His complete works are embraced in eleven volumes. In a sense he was a writer of pamphlets and miscellanies, but from first to last there is a unity of style and purpose, whether the theme be ancient, modern or contemporary; social, economic or political. His style is rugged and polished by turns, but always a style—readable and reasoned. The contents are uneven in value, but everywhere you find something worth while. For him there was all around a turbulent, living, throbbing world, little concerned with academic standards of form and fashion, indifferent to culture, hard-fisted and selfish. The morals of such a world were more gristle than bone, and needed hardening. And so he was a teacher of ethics, not of the chair and school, but of the lawgiver. He writes magisterially, he enforces judicially, and he flays like the judges in the gate.

That he wielded power as an historian is beyond all peradventure, but it was not because of his style. His title to a high place rests on his untiring industry as an investigator. For drudgery he had both capacity and respect, since without the ceaseless murmur of the treadmill no power can be generated. In biography he excelled; the lives of his father and of Richard Henry Dana are masterpieces of composition and vivid description. His lectures delivered at Oxford and published as the last volume of his series are a fine performance of daring, didactic controversy. While he had a certain British cast to his Americanism, he never forgot, and did not entirely forgive, the treatment to which his country

was subjected by official and social England during the Civil War. It was bold, though not overbold, within the threshold of their own house, to instruct, to warn, and to correct the descendants of the sires who had so wrought. The university, aware of his sincerity and impartial in its own judgments, bestowed on him its highest honor but one, the degree of doctor of letters.

The visit was particularly fruitful in that, like a mole, he burrowed among the tap-roots of historical knowledge, namely, the private papers put at his disposal by the families whose progenitors had made English and American history. Nothing daunted him, age had neither withered nor staled him, and the leads which he opened he and his highly prized friend, Mr. Worthington C. Ford, most industriously worked, bringing a wealth of rich ore to be assayed in America. He may be said to have retained undiminished energy to the end of his long and strenuous life. While his independence of character, his unflinching treatment of public questions, and his proud consciousness of inherited obligations, forbade any close organic connection with party machinery, he was nevertheless a statesman, an elder counselor in politics. His advice, when sought, was freely given, and, when not sought, was proclaimed in such ways as to secure general attention from the intelligent public. Legislators were powerfully influenced by it.

He was therefore in some sense a maker of history as well as a writer of it. His nature was eminently social; he frequented private dinners and receptions and was always prominent; he talked abundantly and listened attentively. Again and again he declared that no platform was better than that of a great public banquet, and as an after-dinner speaker he made addresses which were always weighty with thought. His intimate friends were proud and happy in his society and confidences, for he was alike witty

and humorous. Like the monk of medieval fable whose name was "Give," he found comrades entitled "It shall be given," and with all the gravity of his nature, the seriousness of his purpose,

and the occasional frostiness of his address, he enjoyed life to the full as few have done. It is a pleasant duty to commemorate his work and his stimulus in this association.

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN*

By WILLIAM M. SLOANE

ALFRED THAYER MAHAN died last year at the age of seventy-four. Deriving in family, training, and confession from the old New York, his ancestry was notable. He was born at West Point, where his father, a learned engineer of high repute, was then professor. His career from his student days at Columbia University and Annapolis onward to his fiftieth year was that of a faithful, painstaking officer and Christian gentleman of the Anglican mold. In 1883 he had published an admirable professional study entitled "The Gulf and Inland Waters," and two years later he was made lecturer on naval history and strategy at the Naval War College in Newport. Upon his duties as teacher he entered with the fitness due to university education and professional discipline. Five years later was published "The Influence of Sea Power on History." During the twenty-three years following he published no fewer than seventeen pieces of important historical work, short and long, making a total of nineteen titles to his credit.

His biographies of Farragut and Nelson, as well as the finely studied bit of autobiography entitled "From Sail to Steam," are all works of the highest importance. They exhibit the mind and style of the author with great clarity, because none of them is abstract, metaphysical, or controversial. Furthermore, they display the man as his mind worked without artificial stimulus, and naturally expressed itself in language. There is the patient, unwearying search

for truth, for he had trained himself in archival study and the comparative method in establishing facts; there is his characteristic insight and grasp of meaning, for he was essentially a moralist and interpreter; there is his plain dealing and lucid style. While he was a man of letters, he held his constructive imagination in firm control, a handmaiden and not a mistress. It was the affair of his readers to supply the element of fancy, if they chose to do so. To the landsman the ocean is a favorite field for the play of that faculty, and readers give it full scope under the stimulus of his suggestions.

It has been the function of certain American historians to exhibit to European peoples the hidden meanings of their past. Among them Admiral Mahan was easily a chief. Were we to reckon the greatness of historical work by its contemporary influence, his would be a reputation to which, in the long list of modern historians in all lands none can be exactly paralleled.

Behind the historian was the man, a devout and orthodox Christian, with a strain of mysticism, inquiring into the divine purposes as revealed in the course of human events. Among all forms of this transcendent power in action the sailor-historian magnified that exhibited by national effort on the high seas. His epochal work, for it was nothing less, is contained in his series of six volumes on Sea Power, embracing substantially the historical ages in their entirety. Every people and every age was carefully examined in its rela-

*Read before the Academy, December 9, 1915.

tive importance, and naturally the older lands, entering on the portentous struggle to maintain territories and prestige, were more profoundly interested than the newer, his own included.

While therefore it cannot be said that he failed to secure from Americans the due meed of honor, yet it was beyond the seas that he was revered and admired with a passionate intensity never fully apprehended in his own country. When in 1902 he was president of the American Historical Association, the theme of his presidential address was "Subordination in Historical Treatment," and his exposition related his own method in emphasizing the central elements of his thought as a historian. So successful was he in his sea-power books that his message was a revelation to Europe generally and to Great Britain particularly. Within a single year both Oxford and Cambridge bestowed upon him their highest honors. The advocates of the Greater England and the Three-Power Standard found in him their prophet and in his studies their justification. As the volumes appeared, they were, in whole or in part, translated into the leading European languages, and carefully edited excerpts were the textbooks for naval expansion. That the ocean, so far from being the barrier it had been considered, was in reality the great highway, the all-uniting menstruum of isolation, burst as a fact upon the consciousness of Europe like a convulsion of nature.

To be sure, the stresses of expansion were already powerful in international politics, and the European world was beginning to groan in spirit over problems entailed by material prosperity and the growth of population. The forces of nature were being harnessed for the multiplication indefinitely of human industry and the inflation of wealth. Statesmen were sorely in need of pretexts for armament, and they seized for a corner stone of their policy upon the fact ruthlessly exposed by the

American historian that Nelson, rather than Wellington, had worn away to innocuous and tenuous inefficiency the portentous power of Napoleon. The ears which heard alike in England and Germany were only too receptive, the grasp of national understandings only too swift, and the subsequent activities only too mischievous. But we must not fall into the baneful fallacy of sequence as proving cause and effect. Secular history is not the record of human utopias, and what it reveals is not the dealings of regenerate mankind. Unvarnished truth is the characteristic of Mahan's pages, the truth fairly stated and philosophically considered; for him it was no counsel of perfection; it was an exhibition of how unstable is the equilibrium in the nice balance of political powers. His work, dispassionately considered, has neither charm nor seduction; in a high degree it is a caution against danger, a warning against false interpellations of facts. That self-seekers should abuse it is, alas! the way of the world.

Speaking from frequent contact with Admiral Mahan throughout many years of pleasant acquaintance, the writer must enter a protest against the charge that he was at any time, in conversation or in his writings, an apostle of war. So far from that, he was preëminently an apostle of peace. It is a sacrilege to distort the general tendency of a life-work by false emphasis on particulars. He did not write primarily for others, because, great as he was in other respects, he was greatest as an American, and the lesson he taught was intended for American patriots. He advocated a powerful fleet and battle-ships of great size, but solely for the safety and dignity of the land which was dear to him and to protect against violence a pacific evolution of the civilization he believed to be the highest. Knowing the genius of peoples as few others did, he realized the passions, ambitions, and unprincipled purposes of contemporary nationalities, the shift-

ness of policies, the flimsiness of alliances and treaties, the lust for glory, for wealth, and for power. He had marked how the embittered hates of one generation were swiftly transformed into the fawning flatterings of the next, and how readjustment of understandings occurs in the twinkling of an eye when common material advantage imperiously commands it. Fully aware of such appalling truths, and sensitive to his own convictions about sea power, he desired his country to be on its guard against empty protests of affection and shallow pretenses of aloofness.

It was good to know a man of such elevated character, to hear his fascinating talk, to enjoy his courtesy, and to delight the eyes with his fine appearance. Tall, slender, erect, with expressive blue eyes and a clear complexion, he was moderate and modest in his intercourse with men, though fearless and often unsparing in the defense of

his principles. He was mindful of his duties great and small, meticulous in his attention to obligations he had accepted, and so in our company a genial, appreciate comrade. He shrank from all notoriety and self-display, and during his years of incumbency in the Institute and Academy there was never a time when he was conspicuous to the degree of his eminence in the great world. As the perspective of time lengthens, our devotion to his memory is likely to increase. The trusted adviser of the Government, he died in Washington with all his armor as a patriot on, with faculties keen and alert. The awful convulsions of the hour had justified his interpretations of sea power, but I have heard that they had likewise filled him with consternation lest as a result, deferred perhaps, yet probable, the political map of America might eventually be as completely remade as that of Europe.

JOHN MUIR*

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Sometime, in the evolution of America, we shall throw off the two shackles that retard our progress as an artistic nation—philistinism and commercialism—and advance with freedom toward the love of beauty as a principle. Then it will not be enough that one shall love merely one kind of beauty, each worker his own art, or that art shall be separated from life as something too precious for use: men will search for beauty as scientists search for truth, knowing that while truth can make one free, it is beauty of some sort, as addressed to the eye, the ear, the mind, or the moral sense, that alone can give permanent happiness. When that apocalyptic day shall come, the world will look back to the time we live in and remember the voice of one crying in the wilderness and bless the memory of John

Muir. To some beauty seems only an accident of creation: to Muir it was the very smile of God. He sang the glory of nature like another psalmist and, as a true artist, was unashamed of his emotions.

An instance of this is told of him as he stood with an acquaintance at one of the great view-points of the Yosemite Valley, and, filled with wonder and devotion, wept. His companion, more stolid than most, could not understand his feeling, and was so thoughtless as to say so.

"Mon," said Muir, with the Scotch dialect into which he often lapsed, "can ye see unmoved the glory of the Almighty?"

"Oh, it's very fine," was the reply, "but I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve."

*Read before the Academy, January 6, 1916.

"Ah, my dear mon," said Muir, "in the face of such a scene as this it's no time to be thinkin' o' where ye wear your heart."

No astronomer was ever more devout. The love of nature was his religion, but it was not without a personal God, whom he thought as great in the decoration of a flower as in the launching of a glacier. The old Scotch training persisted through all his studies of causation, and the keynote of his philosophy was intelligent and benevolent design. His wonder grew with his wisdom. Writing for the first time to a young friend, he expressed the hope that she would "find that going to the mountains is going home and that Christ's Sermon on the Mount is on every mount."

It was late in May, 1889, that I first met him. I had gone to San Francisco to organize the series of papers afterward published in "The Century Magazine" under the title of "The Gold-hunters of California," and promptly upon my arrival he came to see me. It was at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. I was dressing for dinner, and was obliged to ask him to come up to my room. He was a long time in doing so, and I feared he had lost his way. I can remember as if it were yesterday hearing him call down the corridor: "Johnson, Johnson! where are you? I can't get the hang of these artificial cañons," and before he had made any of the conventional greetings and inquiries, he added, "Up in the Sierra, all along the gorges, the glaciers have put up natural sign-posts, and you can't miss your way; but here there's nothing to tell you where to go."

With all his Scotch wit and his democratic feeling, Muir bore himself with dignity in every company. He readily adjusted himself to any environment. In the high Sierra he was indeed a voice crying in the wilderness; moreover, he looked like John the Baptist as portrayed in bronze by Donatello and others of the Renaissance sculptors,

sparse of frame, hardy, keen of eye and visage, and, on the march, eager of movement. It was difficult for an untrained walker to keep up with him as he leaped from rock to rock as surely as a mountain goat or skimmed the surface of the ground, a trick of easy locomotion learned from the Indians. If he ever became tired, nobody knew it, and yet, though he delighted in badinage at the expense of the "tender-foot," he was as sympathetic as a mother. I remember a scramble we had in the upper Tuolumne Cañon which afforded him great fun at my expense. The detritus of the wall of the gorge lay in a confused mass of rocks varying in size from a market-basket to a dwelling-house, the interstices overgrown with a most deceptive shrub, the soft leaves of which concealed its iron trunk and branches. Across such a Dantean formation Muir went with certainty and alertness, while I fell and floundered like a bad swimmer, so that he had to give me many a helpful hand and cheering word, and when at last I was obliged to rest, Muir, before going on for an hour's exploration, sought out for me one of the most beautiful spots I had ever seen, where the rushing river, striking pot-holes in its granite bed, was thrown up into waterwheels twenty feet high. When we returned to camp he showered me with little attentions and tucked me into my blankets with the tenderness that he gave to children and animals.

Another Scotch trait was his surface antipathies. He did not hate anything, not even his antagonists, the tree vandals, but spoke of them pitifully as "misguided worldlings"; yet he had a wholesome contempt for the contemptible. His growl—he never had a bark—was worse than his bite. His pity was often expressed for the blindness of those who, through unenlightened selfishness, chose the lower utility of nature in place of the higher.

Many have praised the pleasures of solitude; few have known them as

Muir knew them, roaming the high Sierra week after week with only bread and tea and sometimes berries for his subsistence, which he would have said were a satisfactory substitute for the "locusts and wild honey" of his prototype. His trips to Alaska were even more solitary, and we should say forbidding, but not he; for no weather, no condition of wildness, no absence of animal life could make him lonely. He was a pioneer of nature, but also a pioneer of truth, and he needed no comrade. Many will recall his thrilling adventure on the Muir Glacier, told in his story entitled "Stickeen," named for his companion, the missionary's dog. I heard him tell it a dozen times, how the explorer and the little mongrel were caught on a peninsula of the glacier, and how they escaped. It is one of the finest studies of dogliness in all literature, and, told in Muir's whimsical way, betrayed unconsciously the tenderness of his heart. Though never lonely, he was not at all a professional recluse: he loved companions and craved good talk, and was glad to have others with him on his tramps; but it was rare to find congenial friends who cared for the adventures in which he reveled. He was hungry for sympathy and found it in the visitors whom he piloted about and above the Yosemite Valley—Emerson, Sir Joseph Hooker, Torrey, and many others of an older day or of late years, including Presidents Roosevelt and Taft.

Muir was clever at story-telling and put into it both wit and sympathy, never failing to give, as a background, more delightful information about the mountains than a professor of geology would put into a chapter. With his one good eye,—for the sight of the other had been impaired in his college days in Wisconsin by the stroke of a needle,—he saw every scene in detail and in mass. This his conversation visualized until his imagination kindled the imagination of his hearer.

Adventures are to the adventurous. Muir, never reckless, was fortunate in seeing Nature in many a wonderful mood and aspect. Who that has read them can forget his descriptions of the wind-storm in the Yuba, which he outrode in a treetop, or of the avalanche in the Yosemite, or of the spring floods pouring in hundreds of streams over the rim of the valley? And what unrecorded adventures he must have had as pioneer of peak and glacier in his study of the animal and vegetable life of the Sierra! Did any observer ever come nearer than he to recording the soul of nature? If "good-will makes intelligence," as Emerson avers, Muir's love of his mountains amounted to divination. What others learned laboriously, he seemed to reach by instinct, and yet he was painstaking in the extreme and jealous of the correctness of both his facts and his conclusions, defending them as a beast defends her young. In the Arctic, in the great forests of Asia, on the Amazon, and in Africa at seventy-three, wherever he was, he incurred peril not for "the game," but for some great emprise of science.

But Muir's public services were not merely scientific and literary. His countrymen owe him gratitude as the pioneer of our system of National Parks. Before 1889 we had only one of any importance, the Yellowstone. Out of the fight which he led for the better care of the Yosemite by the State of California grew the demand for the extension of the system. To this many persons and organizations contributed but Muir's writings and enthusiasm were the chief forces that inspired the movement. All the other torches were lighted from his. His disinterestedness was too obvious not to be recognized even by opponents. To a friend who, in 1906, made an inquiry about a mine in California he wrote: "I don't know anything at all about the —mine or any other. Nor do I know

any mine-owners. All this \$ geology is out of my line." It was in his name that the appeal was made for the creation of the Yosemite National Park in 1890, and for six years he was the leader of the movement for the retrocession by California of the valley reservation, to be merged in the surrounding park, a result which, by the timely aid of Edward H. Harriman, was accomplished in 1905.

In 1896-97, when the Forestry Commission of the National Academy of Sciences, under the chairmanship of Professor Charles S. Sargent of Harvard, was making investigations to determine what further reservations ought to be made in the form of National Parks, Muir accompanied it over much of its route through the Far West and the Northwest and gave it his assistance and counsel. March 27, 1899, he wrote: "I've spent most of the winter on forest protection; at least I've done little besides writing about it." From its inception to its lamentable success in December, 1913, he fought every step of the scheme to grant to San Francisco for a water reservoir the famous Hetch Hetchy Valley, part of the Yosemite National Park, which, as I have said, had been created largely through his instrumentality. In the last stages of the campaign his time was almost exclusively occupied with this contest. He opposed the project as unnecessary, as objectionable intrinsically and as a dangerous precedent, and he was greatly cast down when it became a law. But he was also relieved. Writing to a friend, he said: "I'm glad the fight for the Tuolumne yosemite is finished. It has lasted twelve years. Some compensating good must surely come from so great a loss. With the New Year comes new work. I am now writing on Alaska. A fine change from faithless politics to crystal ice and snow." It is also to his credit that he first made known to the world the wonder and

glory of the Big Trees; those that have been rescued from the saw of the sordid lumbermen owe their salvation primarily to his voice.

Muir's death, on Christmas Eve of 1914, though it occurred at the ripe age of seventy-six, and though it closed a life of distinguished achievement, was yet untimely, for his work was by no means finished. For years I had been imploring him to devote himself to the completion of his record. The material of many contemplated volumes exists in his numerous note-books, and though, I believe, these notes are to a great degree written in extenso rather than scrappily, and thus contain much available literary treasure, yet where is the one that could give them the roundness of presentation and the charm of style which are found in Muir's best literary work? One always hesitates to use the word "great" of one who has just passed away, but I believe that history will give a very high place to the indomitable explorer who discovered the great glacier named for him, and whose life for eleven years in the high Sierra resulted in a body of writing of marked excellence, combining accurate and carefully coördinated scientific observation with poetic sensibility and expression. His chief books, "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," and "The Yosemite," are both delightful and vivid, and should be made supplemental reading for schools. When he rhapsodizes it is because his subject calls for rhapsody, and not to cover up thinness of texture in his material. He is likely to remain the one historian of the Sierra, importing into his view the imagination of the poet and the reverence of the worshiper.

Muir was not without wide and affectionate regard in his own state, but California was too near to him to appreciate fully his greatness as a prophet or the service he did in trying to recall her to the gospel of beauty. She has, however, done him and her-

self honor in providing for a path on the high Sierra from the Yosemite to Mount Whitney to be called the John Muir Trail. William Kent, during Muir's life, paid him a rare tribute in giving to the nation a park of redwoods with the understanding that it should be named Muir Woods. But the nation owes him more. His work was not sectional, but for the whole people, for he was the real father of the forest reservations of America. The National Government should create from the great wild Sierra Forest Reserve a National Park to include the King's River Cañon, to be called by his name. This recognition would be, so to speak, an overt act, the naming of the Muir Glacier being automatic by his very discovery of it. It is most appropriate and fitting that a wild

Sierra region should be named for him. There has been only one John Muir.

The best monument, however, would be a successful movement, even at this late day, to save the Hetch Hetchy Valley from appropriation for commercial purposes. His death was hastened by his grief at this unbelievable calamity, and I should be recreant to his memory if I did not call special attention to his crowning public service in endeavoring to prevent the disaster. The Government owes him penance at his tomb.

In conclusion, John Muir was not a "dreamer," but a practical man, a faithful citizen, a scientific observer, a writer of enduring power, with vision, poetry, courage in a contest, a heart of gold, and a spirit pure and fine.

THOMAS RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY*

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

When the National Institute of Arts and Letters decided that the time was ripe for the founding of an American Academy of Arts and Letters, it selected seven of its members and empowered them to select eight others. Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury was one of the eight thus chosen, and he was therefore one of the first fifteen original members of the Academy. He was faithful in his attendance at our annual meetings, journeying to Washington, to Philadelphia, and to Chicago, and enriching our programs on two occasions by papers of characteristic interest.

He was born on the first of January, 1838, and he was graduated from Yale when he was twenty-one. He labored for a year or two on the American Cyclopaedia, edited by Ripley and Dana. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the 126th New York Volunteers, serving to the end. At Gettys-

burg his regiment was deployed down the slope of Cemetery Ridge, the men being so exhausted that they went to sleep, despite the noise of the terrific artillery duel which preceded Pickett's charge.

Shortly after the end of the war Lounsbury was called to an instructorship in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale; and to the Sheffield School and to Yale he rendered devoted service for nearly forty years. He was made professor of English in 1871; and in 1906 he was regretfully allowed to retire into the innocuous desuetude of the emeritus professor. Always indefatigable in research and in the accumulation of information scientifically verified, he was regretfully hampered in the later years of his life by a failing of sight, which forced him to limit his hours of labor. Yet he retained to the end his cheery good humor and his keen interest in life. Although he was

*Read before the Academy, March 9, 1916.

seventy-six when he came to the meeting in New York in November, 1914, he seemed to be as full of vitality as ever. He survived until the following spring, dying in April, 1915.

At the time of his lamented death the position held by Professor Lounsbury was without parallel. He was recognized as the chief of all the scholars who in Great Britain and in the United States had devoted themselves to what is known in university circles as "English," and he was the final survivor of those of this group of students who maintained a commanding place in the two halves of the subject, in the history of the English language and in the history of English literature in both its branches, British and American. No other English scholar on either side of the Atlantic could speak with equal authority about both the language and the literature.

His brief history of the English language is a little masterpiece of carefully controlled information and of marvelously lucid exposition; and he followed this with later discussions of usage, of pronunciation, of spelling, and of Americanisms and Briticisms. These several books were the result of wide-spread and incessant investigation; they were solidly rooted in knowledge; they were informed with wisdom; and they were illumined by both wit and humor. Never was there a student of linguistics less pedantic than Lounsbury, or more human in his understanding of the essential fact that speech is the possession of the people as a whole and not an appanage of the self-appointed grammarians. In all his discussions of the English language, its idioms, and its orthography, Lounsbury was as independent and as individual as he was as a biographer. He was willing to stand up and be counted in the company of the much decried spelling reformers. He attacked the Tories who ventured to defend our complicated and chaotic spelling, employing all the weapons furnished him by his erudition

and his wit. Ten years ago he was one of the organizers of the Simplified Spelling Board, and for several years he served as its president, lending to the cause the weight of his authority and of his character.

The same sanity and good humor, the same comprehensive thoroughness, the same untiring industry in getting at the exact facts, the same sagacity in interpreting these facts anew, characterized his many contributions to the history of English literature. He mastered his successive subjects with the meticulous accuracy of a conscientious man of science, and he presented the results of his labor to the reader with the skill of an accomplished man of letters. His own task was hard in order that our work might be easy. He began his career as a biographer with his cordial and delightful study of Fenimore Cooper. He erected an enduring monument in the three solid tomes of his Chaucer. He devoted several volumes to the vicissitudes of Shakspeare's fame. He narrated with a host of new facts the early years of Browning's poetic activity, and he left incomplete at his death his final study of the slow and steady rise of the reputation of Tennyson.

He left it incomplete only in so far as it was unfinished and in part unrevised. But it is not a fragment; it covers the ground thoroughly as far as he had carried his work. It is larger in scope than a mere biography of Tennyson. It is this first of all, of course, but it is also a searching analysis of the literary history of Great Britain in the third, fourth, and fifth decades of the last century, made possible at the cost of tremendous labor in examining the files of a host of dead-and-gone periodicals. The result of this indomitable research, carried on unflinchingly despite many disadvantages, is a masterly reconstruction of the circumstances of English literature in the thirty years during which Tennyson was gaining the unchallenged position

he occupied in the final thirty years of his life.

Nowhere does the author allow himself to be choked by the dust of the back-numbers he disturbed from their silent sleep. Everywhere he retains control of his vast mass of material, and everywhere does he handle it with a fine artistic sense of its significance. Everywhere does he reveal his own fundamental characteristics, his fairness, his tolerance, his transparent honesty, his understanding of human nature, and his omnipresent sense of humor. He is never overcome by the burden of his material; he is never hurried, and he conducts his leisurely inquiry in accord with his large and liberal method. He knew that he had a long job to do, and he did it as he felt that it ought to be done. What is more, he did it once for all; and most unlikely is it that any later delvers into

this period will be able to add anything significant, or will find any occasion to modify the judgments here expressed.

Nor is it likely that critics of another generation will be tempted to attack the main positions taken by Lounsbury in his earlier studies of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Browning, and of Fenimore Cooper. Whatever memorial he was about to build, Lounsbury always sank his foundations down to bed-rock.

His position among American scholars was lofty, and it will be long before his authority will be in any way diminished. In fact, one might well apply to him a remark he himself made about Tennyson: "Every great writer attains in time to a certain wealth of reputation, not indeed an unearned increment, but an amount of compound interest which has been accruing since the investment was first made."

THE INSTITUTE MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Institute is awarded to any citizen of the United States, whether a member of the Institute or not, for distinguished services to arts and letters in the creation of original work.

The conditions are that the medal shall be awarded for the entire work of the recipient, without limit of time during which it shall have been done; that it shall be awarded to a living person or to one who shall not have been dead more than one year at the time of the award; and that it shall not be awarded more than once to any one person.

The medal was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, member of the Institute, in 1909.

The first award—for sculpture—was to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The medal was presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens at the meeting held in memory of her husband, November 20, 1909.

The second medal—for history—was awarded to James Ford Rhodes, 1910.

The third medal—for poetry—was awarded to James Whitcomb Riley, 1911.

The fourth medal—for architecture—was awarded to William Rutherford Mead, 1912.

The fifth medal—for drama—was awarded to Augustus Thomas, 1913.

The sixth medal—for fiction—was awarded to William Dean Howells in 1915.

THE ACADEMY MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Academy is conferred in recognition of special distinction in literature, art or music, and for the entire work of the recipient, who may be of either sex, and must be a native or naturalized citizen of the United States, and not a member of the Academy. It was first awarded to Dr.

Charles William Eliot, at the annual meeting in Boston, November 18, 1915, and the presentation was made in behalf of the Academy by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in New York, January 27, 1916. The medal was designed and modeled by James Earle Fraser, member of the Institute.

THE ACADEMY LECTURES

The first course of lectures by members of the Academy, under its auspices, was given during the season of 1915-16 at the Chemists' Club, 52 East 41st Street, New York. During this course were delivered the memorial addresses here printed. Following is the list of the papers:

December 9, 1915,	Nicholas Murray Butler: "A Voyage of Discovery."
January 6, 1916,	Edwin H. Blashfield: "The Value of Disciplined Thought in Art."
January 27,	Bliss Perry: "Concerning Satire."
February 17,	William M. Sloane: "Democracy and Efficiency."
March 9,	Timothy Cole: "The Analogy between Engraving and Painting."
March 30,	Brander Matthews: "Shakspeare's Stage Traditions."

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, incorporated under an Act of the Congress of the United States, approved April 17, 1916, the sum of

dollars, to be applied to the uses of said corporation.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

AND OF THE

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

NUMBER X: 1917

EIGHTH ANNUAL JOINT MEETING
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16-17, 1916



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PREFATORY NOTE

ON the evening of November 15, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler gave a dinner to his associates of the Academy at his house, followed by a reception to the members of the Institute by Dr. and Mrs. Butler. On the evening of the 16th the Annual Meeting and dinner of the Institute took place at the University Club. On the afternoon of the 16th Mr. Henry C. Frick gave the hospitality of his art galleries to the members. On the 17th, by courtesy of Mr. Archer M. Huntington, they were received at the Hispanic Society of America at the opening of a special exhibition of Spanish tapestries, etc., and the same evening a musical reception was given in their honor by Dr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch. Institutions that offered courtesies were the Century, University, and Cosmopolitan Clubs.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE
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AND OF THE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

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Public Meetings held at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, November 16-17, 1916

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WILLIAM M. SLOANE, Chancellor of the Academy, and
EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD, President of the Institute, Presiding

[SESSION OF NOVEMBER 16]

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM M. SLOANE

Chancellor of the Academy

When twice in succession our president finds it necessary to seek recuperation and healing under milder skies, the chancellor of the Academy can merely renew our expression of regret in his enforced absence, and convey to our friends his warmest greeting. It is impossible to emulate the gracious language with which he would have welcomed you and the distinguished guest, M. Lanson, who brings us the tribute of good will from a sister institution over the sea. For this reason my words are few, and shall be confined to a brief account of my stewardship during the last year. Your own hearts will supply what I forbear to say when time is short and art is long.

Our seventh annual meeting was held a year ago in Boston. The welcome was worthy of the place in every regard, and the program provided for the sympathetic public illuminated perfectly the purposes of Institute and Academy to emphasize the unity of all the fine arts in their reciprocity one with another; in stimulating each and all to higher achievement, while likewise exhibiting this high purpose in every portion of our broad domain. We were as much at

home in Boston as we had been in Philadelphia and Chicago, as we should be in New Orleans or San Francisco. The national spirit of science in the fine arts knows nothing of local jealousy, though it knows much of local character.

Throughout the winter our activities as individual members have been as intense and constant as ever, which is a matter of course. But organically we have likewise been diligent in business. Congress has recognized the nation-wide scope of the Academy as well as of the Institute in granting to the former, as it had already done to the latter, a national charter. With marked success we have held a series of public meetings in this city, at each of which a paper of high character has been read to large and select audiences. There will be a similar course during the coming winter, six in all, for which tickets can be secured on application to Mr. Johnson's office, 70 Fifth Avenue. There is no charge for admission, and the directors believe that as the public interest grows, the institution of Institute and Academy lectures will be not only permanent, but of the highest value to the choice spirits who favor the speakers by their attendance.

At one of these meetings the medal of the Academy was bestowed for the first time. The recipient was Charles W. Eliot, and the award was for his mastery in the use of the English language. This, too, was an enlargement of our activities, and one which has met with wide-spread commendation.

As if to emphasize the duty of a body like the Academy in laboring to preserve the beauty of our English tongue and to enrich its vocabulary as modern ideas demand modern expression, a lady has given to us the sum of three thousand dollars for this purpose. This sum is offered in the belief that, with much expenditure of thought and judgment, a relatively small expenditure of money may be rich in result. We are to have at our disposal a third of the sum each year for three successive years in order to secure papers and conferences which will lead to the formation of a plan not for rewarding the expert, but for guiding the striving artist by the suggestion of principles and standards. This appears to the directors an auspicious beginning of what must necessarily be a long, arduous labor; but we enter upon it with gladness, assured that those who come after will perform their tasks

with the same enthusiasm and conscientiousness as we assume to perform them for ourselves and our successors. Such a trust implies a chivalric devotion on the part of her who initiates it; those who accept will surely not be slothful in the affair.

These are the items of our present condition in matters intellectual and spiritual. Our material condition has not changed: we are still without a home, and our endowment is far from sufficient. But we feel no dismay that benefactors are as yet sympathetically inquisitive rather than actively generous. So far we have been delighted by the interest shown, and by the warm encouragement we have received. Every member is himself a generous contributor: most in money, some in kind, a few in both; and all exhibit their faith by works. The example we set for ourselves we do not herald all abroad, but we commit our needs of larger dimension to the intelligent and discriminating founders who in America have abundantly met the educational and eleemosynary demands of their country with a liberality unprecedented in history. A goodly portion of the shower will fall on us if we deserve it, as we aim to do.

LA FONCTION DES INFLUENCES ÉTRANGÈRES DANS LE DÉVELOPPEMENT DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE

BY MONSIEUR GUSTAVE LANSON

Mesdames, Messieurs: Puisque l'Institut National des Arts et des Lettres et l'Académie Américaine m'ont fait le très grand honneur de m'inviter à lire devant vous dans cette séance solennelle, mes premières paroles ne peuvent être que l'expression de ma profonde gratitude. Je sais bien que cet honneur va au-delà de ma personne, et que j'en suis redevable surtout à mon pays, à la France, dont la civilisation, la littérature et les arts sont aimés ici d'un amour si fervent. Je le sais; mais cette certitude, pour un cœur français, ne fait que rendre la dette plus grande, et plus douce à reconnaître.

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On remarque dans la vie littéraire de la France depuis des siècles—et c'est un de ses caractères les plus curieux—une sorte de rythme, un mouvement de bascule qui fait qu'alternativement nous nous ouvrons, nous nous fermons à l'importation des idées et des formes d'art étrangères. Les périodes d'imitation succèdent aux périodes de création, et de nouveau leur font place, sans que jamais nous demeurions longtemps satisfaits d'être simplement nous.

Nous sommes Italiens, Grecs, Latins, Espagnols, avant d'être nous-mêmes dans nos chefs-d'œuvre classiques. Nous nous jetons ensuite dans l'anglomanie, et nous nous entichons d'une douce, rêveuse, et ménagère Allemagne. Enfin, récemment, vous nous avez vus nous jeter éperdument dans le Tolstoïsme et l'Ibsénisme, voire le Nietzscheïsme; et c'est un peu votre William James qui nous a fait tâter du pragmatisme.

Ces phénomènes ont été considérés souvent par les contemporains avec indignation, par les historiens avec sévérité. Par une association d'idées invo-

lontaire et presque fatale, les moments d'influence étrangère dans notre littérature se sont assimilés dans nos esprits aux temps maudits où l'étranger a envahi notre sol, occupé nos villes, et menacé l'existence nationale.

Les souffles du dehors ont paru mortels à l'esprit français, et l'on a jugé qu'il ne pouvait s'y ouvrir sans s'altérer, les appeler sans s'abandonner et se trahir.

Il y a là, Messieurs, beaucoup d'illusion: on prend des abstractions pour des réalités; on se figure je ne sais quelle bataille des idées indigènes et des idées étrangères, des genres indigènes et des genres étrangers, comme se battent les Vertus et les Vices dans un tableau de primitif. Alors c'est un malheur national quand le genre étranger repousse le genre indigène, ou quand l'idée française est exterminée par l'idée du dehors. Mais regardons les choses comme elles sont: dans ces fantastiques batailles, le seul être réel est l'esprit, l'esprit français qui va vers plus de vérité, plus de beauté, et qui gagne toujours, quand il acquiert une idée. Car est-ce l'idée qui le prend, ou lui qui prend l'idée? Le point de vue de Joachim du Bellay est le plus juste, lorsqu'il compare le transport des richesses d'une littérature étrangère dans la nôtre à une conquête, et qu'il invite la jeunesse française à l'assaut, au pillage de la Grèce, de Rome et de l'Italie.

Ce n'est point là un paradoxe. Si vous voulez bien réfléchir un instant à la fonction qu'a remplie, dans la vie littéraire de notre pays, l'afflux intermittent de la pensée et de l'art étrangers, vous verrez que, loin de correspondre à une diminution de vitalité, à une dépression, à un épuisement, il manifeste la volonté

d'être, la force de renouvellement d'un génie toujours actif et robuste.

La fonction dont je parle est double. Dans son premier aspect, qu'on découvre d'abord, elle consiste à élever l'esprit national au dessus de lui-même, à l'aider, en le nourrissant, à se développer. Il faudrait avoir l'esprit bien mal fait pour refuser d'envoyer un enfant à l'école, de peur qu'il n'y corrompît la pureté originelle de son génie. Mais ce ne serait pas avoir l'esprit plus sain, que de prétendre, à l'âge adulte, ne plus rien tenir que de soi-même, de son développement, de ses propres découvertes, et de refuser toutes les acquisitions dont on serait redevable à d'autres. Il n'en va pas autrement des nations. Celle qui s'enfermera dans la contemplation de soi-même, et croira n'avoir rien à recevoir de personne, s'épuisera, s'ankylosera, se dessèchera plus ou moins vite : sa lumière est condamnée à s'éteindre.

Nos autres Français, nous sommes un peuple curieux. Nous n'avons jamais pu voir avec tranquillité, que d'autres hommes comprissent ce que nous ne comprenions pas, eussent des plaisirs que nous ne sentions pas. L'avance prise par d'autres dans les lettres et dans les arts nous a enflammés d'émulation, excités à marcher sur leurs pas, non pour nous traîner derrière eux, mais pour les rattraper, si nous pouvions, et les dépasser. Nous nous sommes donné une TRAGÉDIE aux 16^e et 17^e siècles, parce que les Grecs et les Italiens en avaient une; nous nous sommes donné une poésie lyrique au 19^e siècle, parce que les Anglais et les Allemands en avaient une. Notre volonté a suivi notre intelligence; et notre effort de création a été dirigé par l'idée claire de ce qui nous manquait, et que nous apercevions chez d'autres.

Qui sait si, sans ces excitations du dehors, nous ne serions pas restés infiniment au dessous de nous-mêmes?

Pendant quatre ou cinq siècles, du moyen-âge au milieu du 16^e siècle, nous avons un théâtre florissant, et l'art dramatique ne fait pas de progrès. Un jour

nous nous mettons à imiter Sénèque et Sophocle, voire le Trissin ou Giraldu : au bout d'un siècle, sortent *le Cid* et *Andromaque*; et il apparaît que cet art dramatique, que nous n'avons pas su organiser tous seuls, est l'une des plus certaines vocations du génie français. Ainsi, au point de départ de beaucoup de nos progrès, il y a une influence du dehors, un parti pris d'imitation, qui, loin d'éteindre notre originalité, l'éveille et nous oblige à tirer de nous la puissance latente dont autrement nous n'aurions peut-être jamais pris conscience.

L'autre fonction des littératures étrangères, qui n'est pas moins importante, a été de nous rendre, à de certains moments, le droit d'être nous : plus d'une fois l'influence du dehors a été libératrice. Un jour la latinité nous débarrasse de l'italianisme; un autre jour, l'Angleterre nous aide à rejeter le poncif gréco-romain. Mais parfois aussi l'une ou l'autre des nations cultivées nous a délivrés de nous mêmes. Il arrive que l'on emploie les chefs-d'œuvre du génie à paralyser le génie. On ne songe pas que Corneille et Racine ont fait, comme disait Flaubert, "ce qu'ils ont voulu" : et l'on condamne ceux qui viendront après eux à faire, non pas comme eux, ce qu'ils veulent, mais d'après eux, qu'ils veulent ou ne veulent pas. On ne trouve de pièces bien faites que celles qui sont jetées dans les moules d'Augier ou de Dumas fils, quand ce n'est pas dans ceux de Scribe et de Sardou : Il ne s'agit pas de ressembler à la vie, ni d'exprimer une vue personnelle de la vie, il s'agit de ne pas s'écarter des modèles. Alors celui qui a quelque chose à dire, celui qui conçoit une idée ou sent une beauté dont la technique traditionnelle ne veut pas, s'insurge, tantôt au nom de Shakespeare, tantôt au nom d'Ibsen, aujourd'hui pour un idéal anglais, demain pour un idéal scandinave,—en réalité toujours pour lui-même, pour l'idéal intime et personnel de sa nature poétique.

Il arrive aussi que la société française a changé d'esprit, qu'elle a acquis de

nouveaux sentiments, des manières nouvelles de réagir aux conditions éternelles de la destinée humaine ou aux conditions modifiées de l'existence nationale. Cependant les littérateurs ne se troublent pas pour si peu dans leur tranquille petite industrie, et ils continuent de fournir les mêmes produits à un public qui n'est plus le même. Ce public, alors, se détourne d'un art qui était fait pour ses arrière-grands-pères, et va demander à des œuvres étrangères les idées, les émotions, la beauté poétique qui correspondent aux aspirations secrètes du temps présent. On se tourne vers Ossian, parce qu'on a Bernis; on se tourne vers Byron, parce qu'on a Parny. L'imitation est un moyen de s'affranchir. Il y avait trois quarts de siècle que les âmes françaises étaient gonflées de sentiments romantiques, quand le romantisme du Cénacle, en ayant l'air de sacrifier la tradition classique à un goût malsain de bizarreries exotiques, a tout simplement brisé des formes surannées, refondu une langue figée et réadapté la littérature française à la vie française. Lamartine a écrit la poésie que Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, de toute la passion orageuse de son cœur insatiable, appelait, et ne pouvait obtenir des hommes de goût très polis qui l'entouraient.

Par là s'explique une apparente contradiction dont on ne peut manquer d'être frappé. On nous voit, au cours de notre histoire, les yeux toujours fixés sur les littératures étrangères, occupés à les admirer, à les introduire, à les copier. Et l'on nous dit toujours que nous sommes incapables de les comprendre. Les Anglais s'amuse de nos imitations Shakespériennes; et Mariano de Lara éclate de rire devant l'Espagne d'Hernani. C'est un fait, que la plupart de nos romantiques, et souvent les plus barbouillés d'exotisme, ne savent pas ou savent très mal l'allemand, l'anglais, et même l'espagnol.

C'est qu'en fait, ce qui nous intéresse, ce n'est pas de reproduire la pensée étrangère, le poème étranger, tels

qu'ils sont, avec ce qui les fait ressembler et plaire à la nation qui les a produits; nous n'en prenons que ce qui est à notre usage. L'idée que nous nous en faisons, exacte ou fausse, n'a besoin que d'être adaptée au rêve inexprimé de notre cœur; nous faisons de Shakespeare ou de Byron, de Schiller et d'Ibsen selon les temps, ce que Montaigne faisait de Plutarque et de Sénèque. Nous ne cherchons pas leur sens mais le nôtre; et nous disons d'après eux "pour d'autant mieux nous dire."

Il pourra se faire sans doute que tel écrivain soit écrasé sous le poids de son butin, qu'à tel moment l'imitation devienne mécanique et servile. Je ne veux pas réhabiliter la Franciade de Ronsard, un grand poète pourtant et d'un vaste génie; mais ce sont justement ces expériences malheureuses qui marquent les limites des appropriations possibles et fécondes. Et les échecs même d'un jour préparent la victoire du lendemain.

Il a fallu gâcher bien des tragédies pendant près d'un siècle pour que fût réalisable la perfection du Cid et d'HORACE.

Je sais bien encore qu'il y a des peuples dont l'esprit n'a pu recevoir l'influence étrangère sans en être opprimé, sans y perdre son originalité. Soyez sûrs qu'ils n'ont perdu que ce qu'ils n'avaient pas. Je doute d'une personnalité qui s'évapore si aisément au soleil, et qui se dissout au premier contact. En tout cas, je ne crains rien pour la France. Il y a parfois des médecins tant-pis qui nous prescrivent de tenir l'esprit français à la chambre, de le mettre à la diète. Ils lui interdisent les voyages, de peur des courants d'air; ils l'empêchent de se nourrir, de peur qu'il n'altère son essence par l'absorption des substances étrangères. C'est le traiter en personne de bien petite santé! Je le crois plus robuste, capable de réagir à toutes les pressions du dehors, capable d'assimiler tous les aliments qu'il absorbe; notre passé me répond de notre avenir. Nous avons bien digéré Rome.

Cette puissance d'assimilation, et la

curiosité qui lui fournit de la matière, sont dans un rapport étroit avec un des caractères les plus marqués de notre littérature, le caractère que Brunetière, dans un de ses plus beaux essais, a si éloquemment défini. D'autres littératures sont peut-être plus originales que la nôtre; la nationalité, la race, s'y font sentir plus fortement; elles ont mieux conservé leur indépendance, leur pureté, leur saveur primitive de terroir. Chez nous, la nationalité s'est dépouillée. Nous ne nous sommes pas développés dans le sens de la particularité, de la localité, mais dans celui de l'universalité, de l'humanité. Nous avons voulu qu'on devînt plus français, à mesure qu'on serait plus humain. Nous n'avons jamais su ce que c'était que des VÉRITÉS FRANÇAISES: nous ne connaissons que la vérité, sans épithètes, la vérité de tous les hommes.

Et c'est pour cela que nous avons toujours recueilli toutes les idées de

toutes les nations; nous les avons traitées comme nos propres idées, filtrées, humanisées, pour les distribuer ensuite par toute l'Europe et dans le monde entier. La vertu civilisatrice de notre littérature tient à ce que nous n'avons jamais repoussé ni une forme de la vérité ni une forme de la beauté comme étrangères à notre race. Notre puissance d'expansion est faite de notre réceptivité même. Si l'Europe, si le monde ont donné parfois à notre langue un empire presque universel, c'est qu'ils estimaient—ils savaient—que nous ne leur apportions pas la tyrannie d'un tempérament ethnique, mais la lumière de la raison humaine.

Aurions-nous pu remplir ce rôle historique, qui est notre gloire, si nous avions eu le souci illusoire et puéril de rester purs, l'orgueilleuse, la sauvage prétention de ne pas mêler notre esprit aux esprits des autres peuples, et de donner sans recevoir?

NATIONALISM IN LITERATURE AND ART

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Mr. Chancellor, our distinguished guest, Monsieur Lanson, fellow-members of the Academy and Institute: I am in the position of having had my speech made for me by Monsieur Lanson far better than I could make it. I do not mean that I am to speak about France; but that what I have to say on "Nationalism in Literature and Art" has been said by our guest with that clearness and fineness of expression which can perhaps be attained only by masters of the French language.

And let me at the outset say anent the tribute paid to William James as having familiarized France with the philosophy of pragmatism, that not a few of us admired William James without clearly understanding him until Monsieur Emile Boutroux translated him for us.

In speaking of the French genius, Monsieur Lanson has most clearly set forth the attitude that should be taken in every country as regards both the duty of seeking for everything good that can be contributed by outside nations and the further duty of refusing merely to reproduce or copy what is thus taken, but of adapting it and transmuting it until it becomes part of the national mind and expression.

There is only one thing worse than the stolid refusal to accept what is great and beautiful from outside, and that is servilely to copy it. Monsieur Lanson must permit me to say that even the greatest authors do not shine at their best when they are nearest to copying a foreign masterpiece. A great French dramatist has produced a play modeled on a great Spanish epic, and the great English dramatist in "Troilus and Cressida" adapted part of a medievalized tradition of Homer. I think I prefer the Spanish epic to the French drama in that particular case, and I know that I prefer even a dozen lines of the Greek

epic to all but half a dozen lines of the English play,—although in some of his other plays I believe that the dramatist in question rose above all the other poets of all time.

The greatest good that is done by the reception and the assimilation of a foreign culture is in the effect on the mind of the person who so assimilates it that he can use it in doing productive work in accordance with the genius of his own country.

I cannot forbear saying in the presence of Monsieur Lanson a word as to the debt we all owe France for the French example, and especially the French example at this moment. As one of our own beloved American writers who is present with us to-day has said—in speaking of what he will hardly pardon me for calling a warped, although a rugged, genius of American poetry, Walt Whitman—as John Burroughs has said, strength comes before beauty and valor before grace. If France had been only a literary and artistic country, we should not now have the feeling that we have as we rise to our feet when French heroism is mentioned.

The other day I was interested in certain paleontological and archæological studies at the point where the two sciences come together, and I happened to be reading the work of a great Frenchman. I made inquiries about him, and found that he is dead in the trenches, because, although he was a great archæologist, he put patriotism, love of country, and the duty to be a man ahead of the duty of being a scientific or literary man.

There is another example for us in France. Our guest has correctly said that the Frenchman is not bound by local ideas; he is national; he is not addicted merely to the cult of belfry patriotism; he is content to be a French-

man and nothing else. It would be well for us here, when we grow a little melancholy as to the time taken by the melting-pot to turn out a purely American product, to remember that, vast though this country is, the racial differences are not one whit greater in our population than in the population of France. The Norman, the Breton, the Gascon, the man of Languedoc, the man of the center of France, represent the extreme types of all the different races of central and western Europe; but they have all been assimilated into one coherent and distinctive French nationality, so that the man of Toulouse, the man of Rouen, the man of Marseilles, the man of Lyons or of Paris, are all essentially alike, despite the wide differences in blood and ancestry. This is something worth our while remembering, and it is something that is encouraging to remember. And in what I am about to say it really would hardly be necessary for me to do more than to tell us to take example by the development of French art and literature from the days of the "Song of Roland" down to the present year.

French literature has changed much. Our guest will allow me to comment upon the fact that in the great epic which I have mentioned, a great, typical French poem, containing scores of thousands of lines, only one woman—at least only one French woman—is mentioned, and only three lines are devoted to her, and two of these lines describe her death. There has been development in French literature since that time!

France has helped humanity because France has remained French. There is no more hopeless creature from the point of view of humanity than the person who calls himself a cosmopolitan, who spreads himself out over the whole world, with the result that he spreads himself out so thin that he comes through in large spots. We can help humanity at large very much to the extent that we are national—in the proper sense, not in the chauvinistic sense—

that we are devoted to our own country first. I prize the friendship of the man who cares for his family more than he cares for me; if he does not care for his family any more than he cares for me, I know that he cares for me very little. What is true in individual relations is no less true in the world at large.

So you see that the most important part of my paper had been given before I came to it!

One thing that the French can teach us is the need of leadership. There can be no greater mistake from the democratic point of view, nothing more ruinous can be imagined from the point of view of a true democracy, than to believe that democracy means absence of leadership. Of course it is hard to tell exactly how much can be done in any given case by the leadership that is differentiated from the mass work. That is true in producing a national art or national literature, just as it is true in other activities of national life. Something, of course, and in some cases much, can be accomplished. But the greatest literature, the greatest art, must spring from the soul of the people themselves. There must be leadership in the blossoming period, in any blossoming period, of any great artistic or literary nation. But if the art is genuinely national, the leadership must take advantage of the life of the people, and must follow the trend of its marked currents. Greek art, like Gothic architecture, owed more to the national spirit than to any conscious effort of any group of men; and this is likewise true of the Greek and English literatures. On the other hand, Latin literature was not really an expression of the soul of the Latin race at all, and this will seem strange only to the men who have not succeeded in freeing their thought from the narrow type of scholastic education prevalent in our universities and schools up to the present day. Latin literature was merely an elegant accomplishment developed by small groups of Latin-speaking men who self-consciously set themselves to the produc-

tion of a literature and an art modeled on Greek lines. The result of the efforts of these men has had a profound effect upon the civilization of the last two thousand years throughout the world; but this effect has come merely because the race to which this artificial literature belonged was a race of conquerors, of administrators, of empire-builders. Greek literature and art, Greek philosophy, Greek thought, have profoundly shaped the after destinies of the world, although the Greek was trampled under foot by the Roman. But Roman literature, Latin literature, would not be heard of at this day if it were not for the fact that the Latin stamped his character on all occidental and central Europe.

Normally there must be some relation between art and the national life if the art is to represent a real contribution to the sum of artistic world development. Nations have achieved greatness without this greatness representing any artistic side; other great nations have developed an artistic side only after a preliminary adoption of what has been supplied by the creative genius of some wholly alien people. But the national greatness which is wholly divorced from every form of artistic production, whether in literature, painting, sculpture, or architecture, unless it is marked by extraordinary achievements in war and government, is not merely a one-sided, but a malformed, greatness, as witness Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage.

It behooves us in the United States not to be content with repeating on a larger scale the history of commercial materialism of the great Phœnician commonwealths. This means that here in America, if we do not develop a serious art and literature of our own, we shall have a warped national life. Most certainly I do not mean that the art and literature are worth developing unless they are built on a national life which is strong and great in other ways, unless they are expressions of that valor of soul which must always come before beauty. If a nation is not proudly will-

ing and able to fight for a just cause,—for the lives of its citizens, for the honor of its flag, even for the rescue of some oppressed foreign nationality,—then such a nation will always be an ignoble nation, and this whether it achieves the sordid prosperity of those who are merely successful hucksters, or whether it kills its virility by an exclusive appreciation of grace, ease, and beauty. Strength, courage, and justice must come first. When the beauty-loving, beauty-producing Greek grew corrupt and lost his hold upon the great arts of war and government, his proficiency in arts of a different kind did not avail him against the Roman. The glory of Greece culminated in those centuries when her statesmen and soldiers ranked as high as her sculptors and temple-builders, her poets, historians, and philosophers.

We of this nation are a people different from all of the peoples of Europe, but akin to all. Our language and literature are English, and the fundamentals of our inherited culture are predominantly English. But we have in our veins the blood of many different race-stocks, and we have taken toll of the thought of many different foreign nations. We have lived for three centuries, and are still living under totally new surroundings. These new surroundings and the new strains in our blood interact on one another in such fashion that our national type must certainly be new; and it will either develop no art and no literature, or else the art and literature must be distinctly our own.

In a recent number of the "Suwanee Review"—incidentally, the "Suwanee Review" represents the kind of work which Americans should welcome—it was pointed out how the names of our writers, painters, and poets of to-day show the growing divergence of our people from the English stock. This does not in the least mean that there should be any break with English scholarship and culture, any failure to take full advantage of their immense storehouse;

but it does mean that this country is steadily evolving a new national type. This new national type can add to the sum of world achievement only if it develops its own forms of national expression, social, literary, and artistic.

Of course to make the type self-consciously anti-English shows as mean a sense of uneasy inferiority as to make it a mere imitation of the English. Take three widely different books which have dealt with vital conditions during the last two years, and consider the names of the authors. Two of them deal with conditions growing out of the World War and the failure of this nation to act in accordance with its loftiest traditions of the past. The other, the first one of which I speak, refers not to anything special to this nation, but to something of vital interest to all modern nations. I refer to Bade's "The Old Testament in the Light of To-day," very much the ablest and most remarkable Biblical study produced anywhere in any country of recent years. Another is Owen Wister's "Pentecost of Calamity," which every American should read, and the third is Gustavus Oehlinger's "Their True Faith and Allegiance," which should be read by every man who claims to be an American, whether he is of old colonial stock or is a naturalized citizen or is the son of a naturalized citizen; and if any man fails with all his heart to stand for the doctrines therein set forth, this country is not the place for him to live. None of these three authors is English by blood, at least on his father's side. All are of mixed blood, and all are purely American, *through and through*—American in every sense which can possibly aid in making the term one of pride to us and one of usefulness to mankind at large.

Now, conditions in this country are such that from time to time a certain number of our people are lost to us. Some painters go to live in France, some writers in England, some musicians and even occasionally some scientists, else-

where in continental Europe. Occasionally these men may individually benefit themselves, in which case all I can say is, I trust they cease calling themselves Americans. I don't want to call them American-French or American-English. Let them be frankly English or French and stop being American. They represent nothing but loss from the point of view of national achievement and must be disregarded in any study of our development.

It is eminently necessary that we should draw on every hoard of garnered wisdom and ability anywhere in the world of art and of literature, whether it be in France or Japan, in Germany, England, Russia, or Scandinavia. But what we get we must adapt to our own uses. Largely we must treat it as an inspiration to do original productive work ourselves, so that we may develop naturally along our own lines. We need have scant patience with artificial development in nationalism or in anything else. I care little more for the Cubist school in patriotism than I care for it in art or in poetry. The effort to be original by being fantastic is always cheap. Second-rate work is second-rate work, even if it is done badly. Nor does the possession of a national art mean in the least that the subjects treated shall be only domestic subjects. But the possession of a national art does mean that the training and habit of thought of the men of artistic and literary expression shall put them into sympathy with the nation to which they belong. Partly they must express the soul of a nation, partly they must lead and guide the soul of the nation; but only by being one with it can they become one with humanity at large. When the greatest men, the men whose appeal is to mankind at large, make their appeal, it will be found that it carries most weight when they speak in terms that are natural to them, when they speak with the soul of their own land. Normally the man who can do most for the nations of the world as a whole is the man the fibers of whose

being are most closely intertwined with those of the people to which he himself belongs.

Merely to copy something already produced by another nation is probably useless. Cultivated Englishmen, for example, have added immensely to their scholarly productivity by their study of the Latin tongue and their familiarity with it. The study of Latin has helped them to do productive work. But when they themselves have tried to become Latin writers they have never done anything at all. One form of their effort to write Latin has represented, I suppose, in the aggregate, as large an amount of sheer waste as anything in all education, and that is the setting of boys and young men to writing Latin verses. Millions of Latin verses have been written by Englishmen, cultivated Englishmen; and there is n't one of them which any human being would put in a Latin anthology to-day. It has represented sheer waste of effort—a waste as sheer as learning the Koran by heart in a Moslem university, and the product is of no more permanent value than the verses scribbled at a week-end house-party.

There have been countless American artists who have spent their time painting French and Dutch subjects. Some have done good work—almost as good as if they were Frenchmen or Dutchmen. All of them put together have not added to the sum of American achievement or to the world's artistic development as much as Remington when he painted the soldier, the cow-boy, and the Indian of the West. Now let me add for the benefit of the worthy persons who, having seen this statement, will write me the day after to-morrow, yearning for a commission, that the fact that they would like to paint Indians does not mean that they are going to do good work. If Remington's desire had not been equaled by his power of artistic achievement, what he did would have been worthless. Good Joel Barlow found he had a new nation and no epic;

and as he figured to himself that Homer had self-consciously written the epic of Greece, and as he knew about Milton, he sat down and wrote an epic of America conceived in the same spirit that made us put Washington naked to the waist and with a toga around him in front of the Capitol—the same spirit, if our guest will pardon me, which made the French seventeenth-century sculptors put Louis XIV in a Roman corselet. Well, poor Joel Barlow wrote his "Columbiad"; I have one of the copies of the original edition. I would not have it out of my library for any consideration unless I were required to read it; if I had to read it I would surrender it.

Many Americans of wealth have rendered real service by bringing to this country collections of pictures by the masters of painting. But all of these men of wealth who have brought over paintings to this country, put together, have not added to the sum of productive civilization in this country as much as that strange, imaginative genius, Marcus Symons, who was utterly neglected in life, who is n't known in death, but who will assuredly be known to generations that come after us as perhaps the greatest imaginative colorist since Turner.

I was struck the other day by something that Lady Gregory mentioned to me. She is one of that knot of men and women who of recent years have made Ireland a genuine influence in the world of literature. She and her fellows have done this because their work has been essentially national. In this country she lectured upon the need that we Americans should develop our own drama and poetry along similar national lines. She has told with much humor (and in private conversation has elaborated with examples) how some of her auditors, like those victims of medieval magic who were made to learn the Lord's Prayer backward, deliberately inverted her teachings, and proposed themselves to her to write not American, but Irish, prose or poems! She spoke in various

cities of the need that we should develop local schools of literary activity, not anti-national schools, but representative of all the local features of our composite nationality. She urged our people to realize the deep humor and interest in the new types developed in each new center of American life. She asked the hearers in different centers to develop from each the local story, the local play, the local poem, exactly as she and those like her had done in Ireland. She described in some detail what they had done in Ireland; whereupon in each unit a considerable portion of her auditors thought they would like to imitate what she had done in Ireland, under the impression that they were following out her advice to be original!

For example, she told of one case where, having produced one of her plays in which a cowherd was concerned, one of her auditors sent her a few days afterward a play of his own on "Irish Cattle-keeping," where one of the features was the tinkling of the cow-bells. Now, they do not have cow-bells in Ireland. He knew how cow-bells sounded in the pasture lot at home, just as he knew how the rails sound when they clatter down on the ground as the hired man lets the cows out. And he might just as well have attributed the sound of the falling of rails to a region of stone walls as to have attributed cow-bells to Ireland. He and his kind are zealous, well-meaning, profoundly foolish persons, who thought that they were inspired by her teachings to undertake something for which they were exquisitely unfitted. They were not really inspired at all. They were simply filled with the desire to copy somebody else because they did not have in their own souls the capacity for original or productive work.

The easiest of all things is to copy. Ordinary writers do not write about what they themselves see, for they see very little. They merely repeat what has already been written in books about what somebody else has seen. You remember Oliver Wendell Holmes's state-

ment that it took over a century to banish the lark from American literature, and I am bound to say that the lark occasionally survives here and there in American literature to this day. Yet no American has ever heard the skylark in America, because he is not here to be heard. But the average American writer has read Hogg or Shelley or Shakspeare; and so when he thinks of going out in the early morning in the country, and does not know anything about the country, he thinks he ought to feel inspired by the skylark, and writes accordingly.

Ordinary people, as they grow wealthy and become vaguely aware of new needs,—or, if that is too strong an expression, grow vaguely to feel that they ought to show some evidence of growth in taste to parallel their growth in wealth,—find it easier to import not only their own ideas, but their material surroundings. When our multi-millionaires become wealthy enough, they are apt to copy Old World palaces and to fill these palaces with paintings brought from the Old World. If the millionaire is sufficiently primitive, he will explain to you with pride that the paintings are hand-made. Now, it is eminently right to try to add to our own development by the studies of great architecture and the great schools of painting of the Old World. If we do not study them, we shall never develop anything worth having on our own side of the water. But neither the mere reproduction of a specimen of a great architecture nor the mere purchase of the product of a great school of painting is of the slightest consequence in adding to the sum total of worthy national achievement. A minutely accurate reproduction of a beautiful and very expensive French château, popped down at the foot of some unkempt mountain-range, or elbowing another imitation château of a totally different nationality and type in some summer capital of the wealthy, does not represent any advance in our taste or culture or art of living. It represents nothing but a personal inability to make wise use of acquired or

inherited riches. The Raphaels in England reflect credit primarily on Italy, not on England. It is to the Turners in the National Gallery that we must turn when we desire to consider real achievements by England in the field of art. We neither know nor care whether the Spanish grandees and Dutch burgo-masters of the seventeenth century accumulated masterpieces of Italian painters. Our concern is solely with the artistic genius that produced Velasquez and Murillo, with the artistic genius that produced Rembrandt and Franz Hals. Similarly, it means very little to have an Egyptian obelisk in Central Park. (In the effort to avoid overstatement, I have made this statement feebly.) But it means a great deal to have Saint-Gaudens's Farragut and Sherman in New York, Saint-Gaudens's Lincoln in Chicago, and MacMonnies's Kit Carson in Denver.

Of course an over-self-conscious

straining after a nationalistic form of expression may defeat itself. But this is merely because self-consciousness is almost always a drawback. The self-conscious striving after originality also tends to defeat itself. Yet the fact remains that the greatest work must bear the stamp of originality. In exactly the same way the greatest work must bear the stamp of nationalism. American work must smack of our own soil, mental and moral, no less than physical, or it will have little of permanent value.

Let us profit by the scholarship, art, and literature of every other country and every other time; let us adapt to our own use whatever is of value in any other language, in any other literature, in any other art; but let us keep steadily in mind that in every field of endeavor the work best worth doing for Americans must in some degree express the distinctive characteristics of our own national soul.

SECOND SESSION

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH, AT 2.15

CONCERT

OF COMPOSITIONS BY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

Given by

THE KNEISEL QUARTET

Franz Kneisel, First Violin

Hans Letz, Second Violin

Louis Svecénski, Viola

Willem Willeke, Violoncello

PROGRAMME

GEORGE W. CHADWICK

Quartet in D Minor, No. 5

Allegro moderato—Andantino—Leggiero e presto
Allegro vivace

ARTHUR FOOTE

Tema con Variazioni in A Major, Op. 32

HENRY K. HADLEY

Quintet in A Minor for Pianoforte and Strings, Op. 50

Allegro energico—Andante—Allegro giocoso (Scherzo)
Allegro con moto

The Composer at the Piano

STANDARDS

BY WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL

It is perhaps a little difficult precisely to define the term "standards," but it is happily even more superfluous than difficult, because every one knows what it means. Whereas criticism deals with the rational application of principles applicable to the matter in hand, and has therefore a sufficiently delimited field of its own, standards are in different case. They belong in the realm of sense rather than in that of reason, and are felt as ideal exemplars for measurement by comparison, not deduced as criteria of absolute authority. As such they arise insensibly in the mind, which automatically sifts its experiences, and are not the direct result of reflection. In a word, they are the products not of philosophy, but of culture, and consequently pertinent constituents of every one's intellectual baggage. In this presence I shall not be expected to apologize for using the term to denote a quality rather than a defect, and just as when we speak of "style" we mean good style and not bad, to mean by standards high standards, not low, or, what is the same thing, exacting, not indulgent, ones. So that we may leave these latter out of the account in noting as one of the really significant signs of our revolutionary and transitional time the wide disappearance of standards altogether, the contempt felt for them as conventions, the indignation aroused by them as fetters, the hatred inspired by them as tyranny.

This spirit of revolt—conceived, of course, as renovation by its votaries, but still manifestly in the destructive stage, witnessed by the fierceness of its iconoclastic zest, so much greater than its constructive concentration—is plainly confined to no one people and to no one field of activity. It is indeed so marked in the field of art and letters because it is general, and because the field of art and letters is less and less a sheltering

inclosure and more and more open to the winds of the world. Goethe's idea of "culture conquests" has lost its value because the new spirit involves a break with, not an evolution of, the past. In the new *belles-lettres* a historical reference arouses uneasiness and a mythological allusion irritation because they are felt to be not obscure, but outworn. The heart sinks with ennui at the mention of *Amaryllis* in the shade and thrills with pleasure in imaging the *imagist* in the bath. The plight of the pedant in the face of such preferences as prevail arouses pity. His entire mental furniture is of a sudden out-moded. The advantages of standardization are left to the material world. Esthetic coin may be of standard weight and fineness; it loses its currency if its design is not novel, making it, that is to say, fiat and irredeemable in the mart of art, sterling only in its grosser capacity. The objection is to formulations themselves as restrictions on energy. The age feels its vitality with a more exquisite consciousness than any that has preceded it. It does little else, one may say in a large view, than in one form or another express, illustrate, or celebrate this consciousness. And every one who sympathetically "belongs" to it feels himself staunchly supported by the consensus of all it esteems. All the "modernist" needs to do, if challenged, is to follow the example of Max Müller, who replied to an opponent seeking to confute him by citing St. Paul: "Oh, Paulus! I do not agree with Paulus."

Why is it that the present age differs so radically from its predecessors in its attitude to its ancestry? Why its drastic departure from its own traditions, its light-hearted and adventurous abandonment of its heritage? The present ochlocratic expansion, modified only by concentration on securing expansion for

others, and contemptuous of results achieved even to this end by any former experience, is so striking because it is in no wise a phase of traceable evolution, but is so marked a variation from type. The cause is to be found, no doubt, in the immense extension in our time of what may be called the intellectual and esthetic electorate, in which, owing to education, either imperfect or highly specialized, genuine culture has become less general—with the result that the intellect which has standards has lost coöperative touch with the susceptibility and the will, which have not, but whose activities are vastly more seductive, as involving not only less tension, but often no tension at all. For the instinctive hostility to standards proceeds from the tension which conformity imposes both on the artist who produces and the public which appreciates. Hence the objection to standards as sterilizing the spontaneity which is a corollary of our energetic vitality. But the foundations of the structure in the roomy upper stories of which the artist works and the public enjoys are *based* upon standards, and any one whose spontaneity is unable to find scope for its exercise in these upper stories, or who is unprepared by the requisite preliminary discipline to cope with the competition he finds there, and who in consequence undertakes to reconstruct the established foundations of the splendid edifice of letters and art, will assuredly need all the vitality that even a child of the twentieth century is likely to possess.

The mutual relation existing between artist and public has always been obvious to any analysis of the origin and development of art, whose genesis plainly proceeds from the fusion of co-operation, and whose growth has been governed by demand not less than by supply, since, however the artist may have stimulated demand, he is himself a product. It is plain, accordingly, that in the main a public gets not only, as has been remarked, the newspapers it de-

serves, but the art and letters it appreciates. And since every public is at present far more sensitive than ever before to the general spirit of the era without restrictions of time and place, our own has taken the general grievance of standards very hard, because, owing to its ingrained individualism, it has accentuated what elsewhere has been a more unified phase of a general movement by the incoherency of personal obstreperousness. This solvent has disintegrated the force as well as the decorum of our public and made it clear that the agency of which art and letters now stand in most urgent need is a public with standards to which they may appeal and by which they may be constrained. Democracy—to which so far as art and letters are concerned any advocate who does not conceive it as the spread “in widest commonalty” of aristocratic virtues is a traitor—has largely become a self-authenticating cult with us, as antagonistic as *Kultur* to culture, and many of its devotees now mainly illustrate aristocratic vices: arrogance, contemptuousness, intolerance, obscurantism. Terribly little learning is enough to incur the damnatory title of high-brow. The connoisseur is deemed a dilettante, and the dilettante a snob, fastidiousness being conceived as necessarily affectation and not merely evincing defective sympathies, but actively mean. “People desire to popularize art,” said Manet, “without perceiving that art always loses in height what it gains in breadth.” If Molière, who spoke of his *métier* as the business of making *les bonnêtes gens* laugh, had only practised on his cook, which he is said to have also done, “we should have had,” observes M. André Gide, “more ‘Fourberies de Scapin’ and other ‘Monsieur de Pourceaugnacs,’ but I doubt if he would have given us ‘Le Misanthrope.’” And M. Gide continues: “These *bonnêtes gens*, as Molière called them, equally removed from a court that was too rigid and a pit that was too free, were precisely what Molière regarded as his particular public,

and it was to this public that he addressed himself. The court of Louis XIV represented formalism; the parterre represented naturalism; they represented good taste. And it was through them that the admirable French tradition was so long maintained."

A public like this we once had, and we have it no longer. Its limitations were marked, but they emphasized its existence. Its standards were narrow, but it had standards. We had a class not numerous, but fairly defined, corresponding to the class Charles Sumner found in England, distinct from the nobility, but possessed in abundance of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste—the class precisely called by Molière *les bonnêtes gens*. We have now a far larger public, but a promiscuous one, in which the elements least sensitive to letters and art are disproportionately large, owing, among other things, to the specialization of the elective system, with its consequent destruction of common intellectual interests and therefore of common standards in our higher education, and in which, owing to the spread of popular education, all standards are often swamped by the caprices of pure appetite and the demands of undisciplined desires. Rapacity is not fastidious, and the kind of art and literature that satisfies its pangs shares its quality as well as responding quantitatively to its exorbitant needs.

To expect literary and art standards of such a public as this—incontestably superior as it is, I think, in other respects, and especially as it appears to the eye of hope!—is visionary. What does such a public ask of art and letters? It asks sensation. Hence its inordinate demand for novelty, which more surely than anything else satisfies the craving for sensation and which, accordingly, is so generally accepted at its face-value. The demand is impolitic because the supply is disproportionately small. An ounce of alcohol will give the world a new aspect, but one is supposed to be

better without it, if for no other reason because a little later two ounces are needed, and when the limits of capacity are reached the original staleness of things becomes intensified. Undoubtedly letters and art suffer at the present time from the effort to satisfy an overstimulated appetite which only extravagance can appease. The demand is also unphilosophic because novelty is of necessity transitory, and the moment it ceases to be so it is no longer novel. The epithet "different," for example, now so generally employed as the last word of laudation, we should hasten to make the most of while it lasts; some little child, like the one in Andersen's story of "The Two Cheats," is sure ere long to ask how it is synonymous with "preferable." And in losing its character novelty inevitably, of course, loses its charm. Nothing is more grotesque than last year's fashions.

If our public would once admit that the element of novelty in anything has nothing whatever to do with the value of the object, it might reflect usefully on the mind that considers the object, with the result of coming to perceive, on the one hand, that all that can be asked of the object is to possess intrinsic value, and, on the other, that it is very much its own business to justify the value of its novel sensations. This may easily be below standard, like the pugnacity of the generous soul who had heard of the crucifixion only the day before. Carlyle, reading the Scriptures while presiding at prayers in the home of an absent friend, and, on encountering the line, "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" exclaiming, to the consternation of the household, "Bless my soul, I did n't know that was in 'Job'!" exhibits a surprise of different quality from that of Emerson's small boy who, laboriously learning the alphabet and having the letter pointed out to him, exclaimed, "The devil! Is that 'Z'!" It has a richer background—a background Carlyle himself needed when, announcing that he did n't consider Titian of

great importance, he earned Thackeray's retort that the fact was of small importance with regard to Titian, but of much with regard to Thomas Carlyle.

So on those occasions, admittedly rare, when candor compels crudity to confess to culture, "I never thought of that," or "What surprises me about Shakspeare is his modernness," what culture feels is the lack of standards implied in the lack of background disclosed. "How do you manage to invent those hats?" inquired a friend of the comedian Hyacinthe. "I don't invent them," replied the actor; "I keep them." One need not be learned in its hats to value the light a knowledge of the past throws on the present. All the same, a little general learning has come to be a useful thing in a world where from its infrequency it has ceased to be dangerous and where the thirsty drink deep, but taste not the Pierian spring.

A sound philosophy, however, is no more than general culture the desideratum of an emotional age, and it is not difficult to trace our depreciation of the former to a popular recoil from disciplined thought, in itself emotional, and of the latter to the purely emotional extension which our democratic tradition has of late so remarkably acquired. One of the results has been the widespread feeling that intellectual standards are undemocratic, as excluding the greenhorn and the ignoramus from sympathies extended to the sinner and the criminal—who have assuredly a different title to them, belonging at least to a different order of unfortunates.

A public of which a large element feels in this way is bound to make few demands of knowledge in its artists and authors—even in its writers of fiction. Accordingly, one must admit that in the field of fiction, bewilderingly populous at the present time, our later writers, excelling in whatever way they may, nevertheless differ most noticeably from their European contemporaries in possessing less of the knowledge which is power here as elsewhere. They are cer-

tainly not less clever, any more than their public is less clever than the European public. But every one is clever nowadays. We are perhaps suffering from a surfeit of cleverness, since, being *merely* clever, it is impossible to be clever enough. Our cleverness is apt to stop short of imagination and rest contentedly in invention, forgetful of Shelley's reminder that the Muses were the daughters of Memory. Columbus himself invented nothing, but the children of his discovery have imperfectly shared the ruling passion to which they owe their existence. New discoveries in life are hardly to be expected of those who take its portrayal so lightly as to neglect its existing maps and charts. And this is why our current fiction seems so experimental, so speculative, so amateur in its portrayal of life, why it seems so immature, in one word, compared grade for grade with that of Europe. The contrast is as sensible in a page as in a volume in any confrontation of the two.

I know of no English short-story writer of her rank who gives me the positive delight that Miss Edna Ferber does—or did. But why should we play *all* the time? Why should we bracket O. Henry's immensely clever "expanded anecdotes," as Mrs. Gerould calls them, with the incisive cameos carved out of the very substance of life taken seriously, however limitedly, of a consummate artist like Maupassant? Such fixed stars of our fiction as Henry James and Mr. Howells are perfectly comparable with their European coevals; but I am speaking of the present day, not of the day before yesterday, the horoscope of which, so rapid are our changes, is already superseded. And how are we to have a standard of culture, of solidity, of intellectual seriousness, in fine, as exacting as that to which a Swiss or Scandinavian novelist is held,—a standard to which such rather solitary writers as Mrs. Wharton in prose and Mrs. Dargan in poetry, having the requisite talent and equipment, instinctively conform,—if our public is so given over to the ela-

tion of emotion as to frown impatiently on any intellectual standard of severity, or, owing to its dread of conventionality, on any common standard whatever?

An enthusiastic writer, herself a poet, speaks ecstatically of "the unprecedented magnificence of this modern era, the unprecedented emotion of this changing world," as if the two were interdependent, which I dare say they are; but also as if mercurial emotion were a better thing than constancy, which is more doubtful, or as if unprecedented emotion were a good thing in itself, whereas it is probably bad for the health. Orderly evolution, which is at least spared the retesting of its exclusions, is unsatisfactory to the impatient, desirous of changing magnificence. It involves such long periods that we can hardly speak of its abruptest phases as unprecedented, unless they occur as "sports," which are indeed immune from the virus of precedent. However, it is quite right to talk of this changing world, and since it is so changing, difficult to talk of it long—except in the language of emotion. Otherwise than emotionally one is impelled to consider its shiftings as related to the standards of what is stable, which is just what it objects to. Hence the difficulty its apostles and its critics have in getting together about it.

To assign to art and letters the work of transforming esthetically the representative public of an era like this is to set them a task of a difficulty that would deject Don Quixote and dismay Mrs. Partington. There remains the alternative of increasing the "remnant." Of the undemocratic doctrine of the "remnant" in the social and political field I myself have never felt either the aptness or the attraction. The interests of people in general are not those of the remnant, and history shows how, unchecked, the remnant administers them. Except in a few fundamentals, they are less matters of principle than matters of adjustment. And the attractiveness of the doctrine must be measured by the character of

the remnant itself, in our case certainly hardly worth the sacrifice of the rest of the nation to achieve. But the remnant in art and letters is another affair altogether. It cannot be too largely increased at whatever sacrifices; and the only way in which it can be increased is by the spread of its standards. Otherwise art and letters will be deprived of the public which is their stimulus and their support and be reduced to that which subjects them to the satisfaction of standardless caprice.

A heterogeneous public at one chiefly in its passion for novelty may easily have the vitality it vaunts, but there is one quality which ineluctably it must forego; namely, taste. I hasten to acknowledge that it reconciles itself with readiness to this deprivation and depreciates taste with the sincerity inseparable from the instinct for self-preservation. Certainly there are ideals of more importance, and if the sacrifice of taste were needed for their success, it would be possible to deplore its loss too deeply. We may be sure, however, that the alternative is fundamentally fanciful. The remark once made of an American dilettante of distinction that he had convictions in matters of taste and tastes in matters of conviction implies, it is true, an exceptional rather than a normal attitude. But though it is quite needless to confound the two categories, it is still quite possible to extend considerably the conventional confines of taste without serious encroachment on the domain of convictions. Nothing is in better taste than piety, for example. And since also nothing is more fundamental, any one in search of an explanation of our present wide-spread antipathy to taste as outworn and unvital might do worse than scrutinize the various psychological changes that have accompanied the much-talked-of decline of religion, one result of which has apparently been to divide the traditional worship of the world between two distinct and inter-hostile groups of secular schismatics—

one adoring the golden calf and the other incensing the under dog.

Taste is indeed essentially a matter of tradition. No one originates his own. Of the many instances in which mankind is wiser than any man it is one of the chief. It implies conformity to standards already crystallized from formulæ already worked out. And it has the great advantage of being cultivable. There is nothing recondite about it. It is a quality particularly proper to the public as distinct from the artist. Indeed, its possession by the public provides the artist with precisely the constraint he most needs and is most apt to forget, especially in the day of so-called "free art." It cannot be acquired, of course, without coöperation, and it involves the effort needed to acquire, and is not fostered by the emotion that is an end in itself. At the present time, accordingly, its pursuit is attended with the discomfort inherent in the invidious. It is pathetically ironical to pass one's life, as doubtless is still done now and then, in regretting that one knows so little, and at the same time arouse disgust for knowing so much. The remnant, if extended, will have to be of martyr stuff, but it need fear no compunctions if it is tempted into occasional reprisal, consoled by Rivarol's reflection, "No one knows how much pain any man of taste has had to suffer before he gives any."

What most opposes the advancement of this salutary element of exacting taste in our public, however, is the vigor of the spirit of nonconformity, which by definition has no standards, and which is no longer the affair of temperament it used to be, but is a conscious ideal. As such, of course, in an emotional era, pursued with passion, it is also pursued into details of high differentiation—manners, tastes, preferences, fastidious predilections. To the new theology, the new sincerity, the new poetry and painting, the new everything, in fact, will ultimately, no doubt, be added the new refinement, the new

decorum. Meantime our nonconformists are concentrated upon vilipending the old. This is a field in which the new egotism may assert itself, with the minimum of effort involved in mere talk—talk that asserts an independence of conventions marked by positive fanaticism.

Gibbon notes with his accustomed perspicacity the affinity of independence for fanaticism in remarking the hostility of fanaticism to superstition, the bugbear of the present time. "The independent spirit of fanaticism," he says in his chapter on Mahomet, "looks down with contempt on the ministers and slaves of superstition," and the remark explains the current Islamic invasion of the reticences of life. Given her undeniably fanatical independence, for example, it is easy to see why the contemporary young girl of the thoughtful variety is so shocked by the constitution of society as it is, as to vary her impassioned sympathy for the street-walker by grinding her teeth at the thought of the Sunday school. But is it not a rather literal logic that leads her to involve the purely decorative elements with the structure of the civilization that has produced her? Why, for instance, should she be "thrilled" by reading, why should she herself write, that not inconsiderable part of the detail of the latest fiction that is else too colorless to have any other motive than the purely protestant one of heartening the robust by revolting the refined? Why should this fiction itself be at such pains to display what even the public ward of the maternity hospital screens, and insist on those intimate ineptitudes that are paraded in letters only because they are curtailed in life?

Dress illustrates the same phenomenon of impatience with standards of decorum. Here we can see how fashions differ from standards, and how exacting is the tyranny which replaces the slavery of convention with the despotism of whim. The aspect of "this changing world" presented by its habiliments is

indeed such as to arouse "unprecedented emotion." Already, to be sure, there are signs of even more change, but since it is manifestly to be progressive instead of purely haphazard, we know whither we are drifting, and that our need of purely emotional appreciation will remain stable. The current affinity of the bottom of the skirt for that of the *décolletage* is destined, no doubt, to a richer realization, owing to what we are now calling an "intensive" conviction of the truth that "the body is more than raiment." And as we are to be above all things natural, and as, except for artists, the female form is the loveliest thing in nature, we not only have the prospect of still further emotional felicity in the immediate future, but may look forward with the gentle altruism of resignation to the increase of mankind's stock of happiness in a remoter hereafter—in the spirit of the French seer who, on the eve of the Revolution, exclaimed: "*Les jeunes gens sont bien heureux; ils verront de belles choses.*" We know how Mme. Tallien justified him.

Undress, too, as well as dress, holds out an alluring prospect, at least in fiction, in which the imagination is already very considerably "stimulated" by what the eye is condemned to forego in fact. No community has, of course, as yet adopted the Virgilian motto half-heartedly suggested by Hawthorne for Brook Farm, "Sow naked, plow naked," but fiction may be said to front that way. Mr. Galsworthy is only the most distinguished of those who enable their readers to emulate Actæon at their ease, and we are constantly assisting at the bath of beauty in company with lady novelists to whom the experience must naturally seem less sensational, but who are especially sensitive to the desirability of being "in the swim," if not reckless of becoming what Shelley calls "naked to laughter" in the process.

However, it is not, after all, the more obvious traits of our public as a whole

that give the cause of art and letters at the present time an especial claim on our attention. Considered in the mass, a mercurial public may conspicuously fail in its duty to this cause, but being mercurial, it is susceptible of transformation. The character of the persons composing it is the more fundamental consideration. This character is particularly marked by a general characteristic calculated to create even in the optimist some concern, and fairly enough described as mediocrity invigorated by the current aimless, but abounding, vitality, which gives mediocrity a force it has never heretofore conceived of itself as possessing. Ours is the day of the majority, but there is nothing invidious in ascribing mediocrity to the majority in the intellectual sphere. One may acknowledge it with the same wry frankness with which Thackeray discoursed of snobs. As Henley, who certainly did not suffer from morbid self-disparagement, once wrote me, "We are all too damnably second-rate." What is new is the extraordinary self-respect that mediocrity has suddenly acquired. The new humanity should add a chapter about it, to bring its gospel up to date. Democracy is to my sense the finest thing in the secular world, but in a cosmic universe there is a place for everything, and it should keep its place. The modern person is, to begin with, under some misconception as to his own nature, which he has somehow come to conceive of as that of a highly organized personality. Reflection would assure him, however, that mere individuality is a matter of the will, personality of the character. One can be propagated by mere fission; the other cannot even be inherited. One synthesizes individual traits, the other divides without distinguishing one unit from another—sheep, for example. In fact, the extreme attenuation of personality is especially conspicuous in many persons whose claims to its possession in all its fullness are aggressively asserted. Yet it is in virtue of his assumed personality, always

an exceptional possession, that the person who is not exceptional at all asserts his title to a special sanction for his activities in either production or appreciation.

Naturally independence is his central ideal, which incidentally accounts for the disintegration of the public he composes. It is his duty to live his own life, to do his own thinking, unaware of the handicap he involuntarily assumes and unmindful of Huxley's warning, "It is when a man can do as he pleases that his troubles begin." Accordingly we fairly whirl in centrifugal discussion which contemplates agreement as little as it achieves it. The proverbial egotism of the young, to whom no doubt the world's progress is chiefly due, is perhaps a source of strength to them in their work of amelioration and advance. Modesty is doubt, says Balzac, and egotism gives them the requisite confidence in a world largely given over to the *grosso modo* in its struggles upward. But the most sympathetic observer of their attitude and activities at the present time must note a fundamental change in this advantageous quality—a transformation of force into ferocity, modified by fatuousness, making it peculiarly difficult for age to bear in mind that principle of pleasing which renders it necessary, as Scherer observes, to learn many things that one knows from those who are ignorant of them. Another detail of the seriousness with which the modern person contemplates his individuality is witnessed by the latest phase of what is known as "modern art." "Every expressor is related solely to himself," announces one of the exhibitors in the *catalogue déraisonné* of a recent modern show. As to which the observer may reflect with Mr. Santayana that "solipsism in another is absurd." The artist cannot be permitted to function for himself alone. If he has not, in popular parlance, "got it over," how do we know that he has got it out? He has perhaps had his catharsis, but in secret. Besides, we want ours. Ours,

indeed, was the one Aristotle had in mind. And we are not likely to get it if, asking for

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair,
Soft, dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy
breast,

our expressor gives us instead

Lead feet, bold blueblack eyes, and violet
hair,
Hard, knotty hands, green neck, and chalky
breast,

however closely these may be related to himself.

So far as benevolence is concerned, however, it must be acknowledged that self-esteem was never more abundantly justified. Probably there never was a time in which there was so much warrant for a wide-spread secular feeling comparable to that which the young man of great possessions would have enjoyed had he taken the counsel he sought. To deny the need of new standards for new phenomena would indeed exemplify a smugness exaggeratedly Victorian,—to employ the stigma so lavishly affixed to their own nest by the *Stymphalidæ* of the day. And the most conspicuous advance that can be chronicled is the penetration by the democratic spirit of society in general so as appreciably to have increased the sympathy between classes and stations in life. Nothing could have been more needed in view of the comparatively recent establishment among ourselves of virtually permanent inequalities, which make purely contractual ethics, first formulated by the first murderer, seem inadequate save to pharisaism, power, and its parasites. But as regards the individual, the psychology of service is still unsettled. The ideal has largely supplanted that of mere duty, hitherto proverbially "the law of human life." "Service" is too compact of energy and emotion itself to submit to the discipline now felt to be so devitalizing, but heretofore a prime factor in the development of standardized character. Its conscious-

ness has awarded it indulgences that have pushed all notion of penance into the background. *Du sollst entbehren* expresses an idea rarely heard of now save as necessarily involved in the pursuit of some practical utility. The popular literature of philanthropy is fiercely polemic. As a recent poet sings:

It is a joy to curse a wrong.

Indignation is the most self-indulgent of the passions—at least of those which may also be virtues. It requires no tension. The gentlest souls sag into its luxurious embrace by mere relaxation. Nothing, in fact, is more characteristic of the complicated psychology of service pursued with enthusiasm, than a certain savagery, subtly intensified by the self-righteousness that lies in wait for any altruism that is absorbing. And we may say that the philanthropic movement itself has become popularized as it could hardly have been otherwise by the affinity of a certain side of it for a particularly alluring form of original sin. Naturally our fiction reflects it as it does the other egotistic phenomena of our individualist independence. Accordingly, owing to its preoccupation with the superficialities of self-expression, and of efferent energies so exclusively, we have had in recent years very little of it dealing with the inner life.

Are art and letters to be sentimentalized out of their established standards by the comprehensive and militant democratic movement of our time? is the question in which our whole discussion ends. Still more succinctly, are they to be produced by and for the crude or the cultivated? The field is, after all, a circumscribed one in the world of mankind's activities, and its proper cultivation has reached a pitch of intensiveness that demands more knowledge and more training than mere inkling and energy have at their command. Like the water of life in the Apocalypse, art is now prescribed to be taken freely and

by all comers. Multitudes have certainly come, such numbers indeed as to put the principle of natural selection quite out of commission and make one look back wistfully to the old disciplined novitiate as a preparation for at least the priesthood of the cult. But conceding the artist's possession of his craft, the pitch of cleverness our writers have achieved, the weakness of the practitioner in general in the field of art and letters at the present time is that, not as an artist or as a writer, but as a man he does not know enough. The fact may be noted without invidiousness, since it only places him in the same category in which Arnold set Byron and Wordsworth, the two figures in English literature that after Shakspeare and Milton he deemed the most majestic. But it is not necessary to argue from august examples the value of knowledge to the criticism of life on a stately scale in order to appreciate the importance to any specific work of intelligence of its intellectual connotation. In point of fact, the first thing we wish to know, to feel, to see in a work of art is just this, What and how much does the mind of the artist contain? What is its other furniture besides merely the special aptitude and equipment required for the production of this particular thing, of which this particular thing is but the sample? It is not the foot that interests us, but Hercules. We are brought around finally, I think, to make the same demand of culture in the case of the artist which I began by suggesting in the case of his public.

At all events, it is to have in mind some other cause than that of art and letters, to conceive these as an absolutely unclosed domain, as the common of civilization, so to say, whose weedy aspects and worn places and rubbish-heaps are as legitimate details as its cultivated area. Ought not access to this territory to be made more difficult, as difficult as possible? At least let us have a gate—the strait gate whereby he who has some kind of credentials

may enter in, and so far as possible win public opinion to approve the closing up of those other ways accessible to the thief and the robber. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Not the authority of autocracy, certainly. Nor even that of criticism, whose function, as I have said, is the exposition of those principles that are the test of standards, so much as the standards themselves, which arise insensibly in the mind of the cultivated public and spread in constantly widening circles. Mankind, once more, is wiser than any man, and its correlative in the case of art and letters is the public which you, ladies and gentlemen, represent, and the coöperation of which is quite as important as that of their representatives on the platform. For it is always to be remembered that the cause

of letters, the cause of art, is not that of its practitioners—hardly that of its practice—but of its constituting standards, just as the cause of mankind is not that of the men who compose it, which it is the weakness of purely material philanthropy to forget. The idea is not a vague one. It is one which is at the present time being illustrated with that precision which in the world of ideas is a French characteristic. We have before our eyes the demonstration of its definiteness by an entire people animated by the clear consciousness that what counts for them in this brief interlude of time between two eternities is not the comfort or even the lives of any or all Frenchmen, but the perpetual renewal of the consecrated oil that feeds the torch of France.

HISTORY, QUICK OR DEAD?

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

A critic, reviewing my biography of Cavour, said in substance: The author plunges us back into the very life of the period he describes. He makes us feel the passions of the actors, great and small, who played in the drama of the Risorgimento. We are infected by their prejudices; we take sides; we almost forget ourselves, and become temporarily a part of the titanic conflict. This is not history.

Such a frank assertion forces us to ask, What is history?

The streets of Naples are paved with slabs of lava quarried at the foot of Vesuvius. If you wished to write an account of an eruption of the volcano, would you visit the Chiaja, note-book in hand, measure and weigh the lava paving-stones, and analyze them with a microscope? Or would you assemble all the reports of witnesses of the eruption, climb Vesuvius itself, trace the streams of lava, look into the crater, observe the changes caused by explosions and by the caving in of walls, and so saturate yourself with the records and the setting of the event that it became real and living and visible to you? Only on these terms can you make it real and living and visible to your readers.

But my critic declares that history must be dead, and there can be no question that much of the history written up to the present time has been dead, and has stayed dead.

But may there not possibly be need and perhaps an opening for a minimum of live history? May we not, by accepting too narrow a definition, shut out one branch of history which not only has a right to exist, but does exist, and under favorable conditions may bear the finest fruit on the tree? The penalty of exclusiveness is deprivation. We ought to recognize that the writing of history embraces work of many kinds,

some higher, some lower, all honorable, all necessary. But this recognition must not blind us to the fact that there is a distinction between the lower and the higher. The architect who designs a cathedral is deservedly held in far different esteem from the masons who lay the physical foundations or the hodmen who carry the mortar to bind stone on stone. In America documentarians have somehow been accepted as the chief, if not the only, historians.

Speaking broadly, historical workers may be divided into two great classes: First, the men whose interest lies chiefly in facts; and, next, the men who, having ascertained the facts, cannot rest until they have attempted to interpret them. These two aims, *information* and *interpretation*, should not be regarded as mutually hostile, but as mutually complementary.

The worship of Fact, which must not be confounded with Truth, does not lead us far. To know that Columbus discovered America on October 12, 1492, or that the Declaration of Independence was made on July 4, 1776, or that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo on June 18, 1815, is interesting; but unless these statements are reinforced by much matter of a different kind, they are hardly more important for us than it would be to know the number of leaves on a tree. And this is true, though the facts be indefinitely multiplied.

I have read, for instance, an account of the American Revolution in which the uncontroverted facts followed one another in as impeccably correct a sequence as the telegraph poles which carry the wires over the 850 miles of the Desert of Gobi. The paramount interest in this case, however, is not the number of poles, nor the expanse of desert, but the contents of the telegrams flashed along the wires. That may symbolize the

difference between the historian of information and the historian of interpretation. Not for a moment, of course, does any one deny the usefulness of the former; but we shall not be able to penetrate far into man's historic past by the method of counting telegraph poles or of measuring the distance between them. The message borne by the telegram, the meaning of the sequent or scattered events in any historic movement, be it of long duration or merely a fleeting episode, that alone can have significance for us.

Viewed thus, history is a resurrection. The dead actors in remote dramas cease to be dead; the plot, the meaning emerge, as when an electric current is turned on and lights up the pieces set in many patterns. In one sense history resembles an autopsy, for it usually deals with cadavers; but whereas the physician makes his post-mortem to see what the patient died of, the historian examines, or should examine, to discover how his subjects lived. Life, evermore life, is the paramount theme for those who live—life, in which death is the inevitable incident, often tragic, sometimes pathetic, but never so significant as life. The maladies of nations and of institutions, and even the diseases of which they died, form much of the material of history; but you cannot isolate them from the larger living organism in which they appeared. Gibbon traced through thirteen hundred years the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; and yet each symptom of imperial decay which he described coincided with signs of the growth of new forces, new states, new ideals; so that you may read his monumental and matchless work either as a funeral oration over the grandeur which was Rome or as a chronicle of the springing into life of the world which replaced Rome.

Without a sense for transformation we shall not come far either as students or as critics of history. Gibbon possessed that sense in a superlative degree, although he emphasized the negative

transformation of dissolution instead of its positive counterpart, growth. There will be no more Gibbons, because the accumulation of material would crush any daring persons who should attempt to survey history by the millennium, as he did; but no one deserves to be called a historian who lacks this sense.

In the world of nature outside us vast processes are continuously going on: an endless dance of atoms; a passing out of one thing into another and from that to a third; a hide-and-seek of phenomena; night chasing day; the fruit succeeding to the flower; the stalk, yellow with full-eared corn one week, stubble the next; fruition only another name for beginning, for a new seed-time; and so on forever with this cosmic metamorphosis, in which the sun also and the stars take their turn, on a scale beyond our human comprehension. And in this protean masquerade, forces do not act singly; but several may work through the same body simultaneously, each toward a different end.

Until you perceive that mankind, like inanimate matter, is the medium through which a similar array of intellectual and moral forces shuttle perpetually, you will get nothing from history except the foam and bubbles that float on its surface. It is because these forces, which often repel or seem to neutralize one another, pursuing their way at different rates of speed, and apparently capable of unnumbered transformations, never stop, that life, manifold and complex life, is the substance of human history; and the representation which the historian makes of any fragment or series of this boundless evolution must possess first of all life, the stuff out of which the original flows.

We need have no fear, therefore, that a history can ever be too lifelike. Compared with the actual that he wishes to portray, the utmost the historian can compass is like an eight-by-ten-inch painting of Niagara to the Falls themselves. He must use the devices which art supplies in order to represent his

subject on such a scale and in such a manner that it will make on the mind of his readers an impression equivalent to that made by the original. The art which the historian must employ is literature—the art of conveying by words in the best way human facts, ideas, and emotions. Whoever uses speech, written or oral, must obey the laws of speech; he cannot claim exemption on the ground that he is a “scientific historian,” amenable only to the laws of science. For every man of science, if he treat his special subject by writing, and not by technical symbols and diagrams, is bound by literary laws. It makes no difference whether you put out to sea in a dory or in an ocean liner, the laws of flotation will inexorably govern you. Protesting that you are a landsman and not a mariner, a devotee of science and not of literature, will not save you from capsizing. That the large concerns of science may be treated with literary excellence without losing their scientific quality the works of Buffon, Faraday, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall show.

The war which once raged over the question whether history is a science seems to have reached a truce—the truce of indifference, in which each side is attending to its business as if peace were restored. Like the ancient literary feud of the Classicists and the Romanticists, this also tends to reduce itself to a matter of terms. If you mean that history is a science like chemistry or optics or algebra, you mistake. The algebraic formulæ were as true 5000 B.C. as they will be A.D. 5000. You can predict that the molecules of hydrogen and oxygen, when combined in the same ratio, will always form water; but you can predict nothing about the action of human ingredients. On the afternoon of April 14, 1865, nobody foresaw that within twelve hours Abraham Lincoln would die by assassination; nor could the effect of his death be foretold. None of us knows what will happen next week, much less next month or next year. This

ignorance is not science; it renders science impossible.

So we must abandon the delusion that history can be a science; for science deals with elements which are constant and verifiable, while history deals with the human motives and will of the atoms—that is, the individual persons—which compose society. These can never be completely measured, nor do they combine with or react on one another in precisely the same way. Even if it were possible to get a formula for a person in his normal state, we should still be unable to guess what he would do if he suddenly went crazy. Molecules of oxygen never go crazy; the chemist knows how they will behave under any given conditions. This liability to insanity is only one of a thousand facts which prove that human beings cannot be “explained” by the laws which govern material atoms.

But though history can never be an exact science, the historical student will follow the scientific method in his investigations. He will search for his materials as patiently, analyze them as carefully, and draw his conclusions from them as sincerely, as the chemist does with his materials. He has no instruments of fixed capacity to work with. His insight, his judgment, his fund of information, must serve him instead of microscope or burette, blowpipe or acid test.

We must not forget that the partizans of history as a science are inspired by the noblest motive—the sense of justice. Except duty, no other attribute is so august as justice, no other demarks so clearly the difference between man and animal. The beasts of the field share with us, according to their kind, love and hate, courage and fear; they are sly and mean, they are cruel; but, so far as appears, they are unmoved by any desire for justice for themselves; nor do they question the justness of the universe. Even among men this desire developed late, and the cheeriest lover of his kind would hardly claim that it has

yet dominated the dealings either of individual men or of nations with one another.

Under one aspect justice is at the heart of every modern religion. From Job to Milton, and so on down to to-day, thinkers and moralists—and how many perplexed nameless souls besides!—have busied themselves trying to justify the ways of God to men? The entrance of morality into human affairs brought with it the recognition of justice. When lightning sets fire to a house or earthquake destroys thousands of human beings, when a tiger leaps upon and slays a huntsman or a pernicious microbe spreads an epidemic over a whole city, the man of science, unless he be unscientifically eager to prove a pet theory, will record the happening without bias. It is unmoral,—even the legal fiction of regarding unpreventable natural calamities as “acts of God” does not give a moral complexion to them,—and he remains dispassionate. But suppose that an incendiary started the fire, or that an anarchist set off the bomb which killed a crowd, or that a highwayman garroted a passer-by, or that a miscreant poisoned the milk supply, the case would be altered completely. The act would be human; we should examine it under its moral aspects; and justice, seeking to appraise it, would go behind the legal fact to determine, if possible, the motive.

So we are brought back to my earlier remark that motives constitute the ultimate stuff of history. The scientific historian sets up the judge as his model because he reverences fairness, impartiality; but perhaps he fails to see that the judge himself is already biased, being bound to investigate each case and to interpret it according to the existing code. In this respect the man of science does not differ from the judge. Is not the chemist also bound rigidly by laws? Does he not try by every device to lessen the possibility of error which may lie in his personal equation? And yet what are his laws, or the judge's, or

those of moralists and of priests but conclusions reached and demonstrated by their forerunners and accepted by their fellows?

The “personal equation”! Is it not just that, if it be of the proper kind, which makes the great discoveries? How many million apples had dropped meaningless to the ground before the one which fell within sight of Newton? And what except Newton's personal equation made that the most significant apple in history? And what makes an opinion handed down by John Marshall a law which will bind men as long as they acknowledge its force—what but his personal equation?

If the personal equation play such a part in matters as positive as the physical sciences or the law, how much more must it influence the work of those who deal directly with human nature, that elusive, erratic, volatile, protean substance which is, notwithstanding, the most enduring of all? When we come to the arts,—to music, poetry, painting,—the personal equation is the artist. And how often is this true in medicine, where the master of diagnosis perceives, as if by divination, the cause of a disease which his colleagues, though equally learned as he in medical laws and practices, had been blind to?

By this road, too, the road of science, we arrive at *Interpretation* as the highest office of the historian. And how could it be otherwise, since history most nearly concerns the motives and deeds of men? What the scientific historian means is that historians should aim at the fairness and impartiality of a judge, and should employ the scientific methods of investigation which promote the highest accuracy. To this we all say amen. This ideal was not invented by Ranke or any other modern; it has inspired every true historian since Herodotus. Do you suppose that Thucydides was not immensely concerned to know and state the truth?

Happily, we are not always so bad as the doctrines we profess. Some “scien-

tific" historians who shudder at the thought of being "interesting" are read because, despite themselves, they have literary aptitude; some "literary" historians are welcomed even in the ranks of the Philistines. The greatest surprise of all awaits the American who is taught to go to the Germans for models of scientific objectivity. He goes, and finds them anything but objective; he finds Treitschke, a glorified partizan pamphleteer; Sybel, a subsidized eulogist of the Hohenzollern dynasty; and even Ranke and Mommsen taking little pains to disguise their prejudices. All of which means that the instrument, being human, will more or less affect the work it produces. Were it otherwise, it might be possible to degrade man to the level of a machine, as soulless and as correct as a cash-register.

Contemporary verdicts and statements are proverbially incomplete, if not incorrect or downright false. Therefore, argue the advocates of dead history, history must be written, after the evidence is all in, as a lifeless chronicle which is as irrevocable as the entries in the Book of Judgment. To this the believer in quick history replies: "All that the accumulation of evidence has done has been to put us—years, or, it may be centuries after an event—into the position of an omniscient contemporary observer. We know both sides, all sides, better than the actors themselves could know them. Our increased knowledge enables us to see a living picture of the event, to appraise the motives of the men and women, to see how the episode fits into the larger sequence of history." Until a historian looks upon his testimony as alive, he cannot present it truly; for life is the fundamental truth underlying human facts. To suppose that by regarding his material as dead the historian will be more likely to tell the truth is a delusion. The quality of truthfulness is in the man, not in the material.

After all, if a man write honestly, his personal bias will never deceive his

readers. Only those who falsify or omit or garble the evidence do harm, and they are wretches indeed, perjurers, not historians. I do not believe that anybody was ever misled by Macaulay's Whigism or by Gibbon's skepticism or by Carlyle's hero-worship or by Treitschke's magnification of Prussian absolutism.

And why should we not wish to hear the opinions of masterful historians in regard to important historical events? In literature we set the highest value on what Sainte-Beuve thinks of a book or of an author. The masters of literature stand each for some unborrowed point of view. Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Meredith—we would not have them alike; each sees life originally, and tries to describe it honestly, and so adds to our knowledge of it. In its more recent manifestation, fiction seems to be so closely engaged in a competition with the kodak that it matters little who writes it; for the personality of the man who holds the camera counts for little. But some of us still prefer a painting to a photograph, not only because a painting has color, but because it has the personality of the painter behind it. We know that Rembrandt or Turner put on his canvas something that the photographic plate could not see.

I say this not to urge that the historian should make a purely subjective figment of his material, but to remind you that the personal equation may—nay, must—determine the value of the completed book. Whatever be our theories, which our practices may improve on, no man fit to be called a historian ever finished his work without feeling the inadequacy of his own powers, or of any conceivable human means, to reproduce even the little fragment of history which he has chosen. And no historian can work far or deep without being aware that he is reporting from the heart of human life matters too sacred to be twisted in the narration to suit his private fancy. He is aware of the manifestation of mighty forces—of forces

mightier than those which drive the Mississippi from Minnesota to the Gulf or that swing the oceans to and fro in their tidal pendulation. He senses, though he cannot see, Presences which lead the actors of the everlasting human drama on and off the stage; Spirits which teach them their parts and prompt them when they falter; Furies which pursue, punish, and avenge; Fates which accomplish their tasks as dispassionately as heat or cold.

In the calendar of nature four seasons fill the measure of each year; each merges in the next; and though there may be slight annual variations, no year passes without completing its circuit of spring, summer, autumn, winter. In human evolution there is no such sequence. If there be seasons, they are of such vast duration that we have not yet observed them. There is no recurrent return to the starting-point. Each race passes through the order appointed for all living creatures: first, birth, then growth, prime, decrepitude, and death; but no race, in expiring, bequeaths its hoard to another. Generally there is the slow obliteration through blending; and where a race grows strong by conquest, its strength is often sapped by the process of merger with the weaker conquered. The Roman Empire was in no sense the heir of Athens, nor Catholic Spain of the Saracens, nor England of the Northmen, who as Normans from France conquered the Saxon kingdom. Doubtless the new combinations are conditioned by the remains of the old elements, but there is no lineal descent. In races which at different epochs occupy the same region there is rather such a law of succession as we sometimes find among our forests: when the primeval pines go, oaks shoot up; and after the oaks, beeches and birches follow.

What determines the handing on of the torch from race to race? We men

are such incorrigible optimists that we assume that every transmission means advance; but this is not true. Often a race lower in everything except brute force subdues a higher. There is a deeper principle at work. Sometimes the baffled historian concludes that our human life, and the consecutive record of it in history, can be explained only by physical reactions. A drought in central Asia causes the raid of Tartar hordes into Europe, with all that follows; the Venetian Republic languishes and dies because the discovery of a new ocean route diverts the commerce of the world away from her.

But even as he acknowledges these facts, which seem to reduce man to the level of an automaton, the sport of purely material agents, the historian remembers the saints and heroes before whose spiritual potency matter is as yielding as glass is to sunshine.

This is the high mission of the historian. He starts out to narrate a section of history, aiming only at describing what he sees, without plea or prejudice. Narration is his chief concern, but through it he will reveal—unconsciously, it may be—the forces which impel the flow of events, the deeps from which human acts well up, and into which they return and dissolve. He must have no specialty except truth; and yet, though he must write neither as poet nor dramatist, philosopher nor man of science, he will need at times the skill of each of them; they will all find in his history, as in life itself, the substance of their specialty. For he is always aware of the Presences, invisible and immaterial, ceaselessly passing, shaping, completing, and renewing; not merely weavers at the loom of Destiny, but Destiny itself; and he seeks in human motives to discover the transcendent motive, the living will, which causes and sustains the world.

THE FUTURE FIGHT

BY RICHARD BURTON

I stand at gaze upon an autumn knoll,
Whose interwoven harmonies of green
And gold and russet red make music deep,
Somber, yet beautiful, and full of thought;
No tripping melody of spring, but rich,
Grave tones orchestral played by dreamful gods
Upon the season's resonant instruments
Of earth and air.

A mood of memory

Broods all along the hills and o'er the fields
And down the river reaches; and where now
The forests steal the sunset pageantries
A universal harvesting is spread,
With augury of winter's stored-up fruit.
October's oracle sounds in mine ear:

"My name is peace and plenty. Look afar,
And list, and take the lesson to your heart."

And I, obeying, let my vision roam
Beyond this scene of goodly garnering,
Over the lands, across the sundering seas,
And up and down the hell-tracks dug by hate
And horror; see the carrion pools of slain,
The anguished wriggle of the dying; hear
The shrieks, the oaths, the ravings; mark how sure
The beast in man, unleashed, springs up to kill.
And circling far beyond this central pit
Of frenzy and of lust there comes a moan
Vast, vague, and terrible, filling the air,
From violated shrines of hearth and home
Where women wait and stretch out asking arms—
Mothers whose wails once brought those bodies forth,
Who prayed above their breathing, little babes,
So frail, so tender, come to such as this,
The mothers whose gray doom for birth and death
It is to suffer and to lose the loved.

But, soaring up above all other cries
Of battle, in my dazed ear there throbs
Deep-mouthed, reiterant, a sullen word,
The boom and boom of cannon, detonant,
That is war's antichrist and deadliest cry:
No, No, it seems to say, again the *No*,
With intervals of silence sent to mock
All hope of ceasing. Now it stabs the air,
Forever *No* and *No*, a muttering

Of devils kenneled in their smoke and smell.
 The drab horizon pulses with that pain;
 The great denial of man's will to turn
 Away from hate to labor and to love;
 The hideous negation of the guns.

As if released from out a torturing trance
 In some black night, lo! I awake to see
 The sweet, full sunlight flood about my feet.
 October slumbers, smiles, and richly dreams
 Her dream of wisdom, while sky amethysts
 And opals blend to make the vault above
 A miracle, the soul's own halcyon hour
 Of reverie, a time to guess God's plan
 For earth, and glimpse the meaning of the years.

"Surely," I said, the while the vision fades
 Of hate and horror, and the autumn fields
 Glow more benignant to mine eased eyes—
 "Surely, Earth fought her way to scenes of tilth
 And bounty and the fullness of the ear?
 The spring's sharp labor pains bring in the ripe
 Fruition and the reaping of the sown?
 Surely, the grim, long struggle up from dust
 To meet divinity means only this,
 Warfare eternal, strong subduing weak,
 And weak a sacrifice unto the strong:
 Might has been right from sod to throne of God?"

No answer from October; distantly
 That sullen *No* still sounds. The air is cleft
 With red reverberations masked in reek
 That gives the lie to every dream of peace
 And laughs at Love.

Again I face the month
 So mellow in her fruitage. "Say to me,
 O glamour of the hills, is it not so?
 Shall not the Right be precious down the years
 That linger at Time's portal? Shall not we
 In after days still strive to make it reign,
 Opposing wrong with arms, our fathers' way,
 And sanctified by blood their fathers shed?
 For naught is precious but the Right; it shines,
 And shall forever shine, God's luminous gem;
 And man must alway band himself against
 The leaguered hordes of devildom. Of old
 So stormed the angels epically, and drove
 Dark Lucifer from out their boundaries,
 And so saved heaven, and made him lord of hell."

A silence; then, behold! a wonder-thing!
 For sudden looms against the purple leagues

Of harvest hill and mountain magicry
 A figure, white-robed, eloquent of face,
 With gracious majesty of mien, whose eyes
 Seemed all aye and sad beyond compare,
 And in a voice more sweet than any bird's
 That haunts the summer, spoke:

"O foolish ones
 The shows of earth bedazzle, who so blind
 As they who will not see? The law of life
 Begins in age-long struggle—woe the years
 Innumerable, the never-noted tears—
 Before there blossoms from the slime of hate
 And immemorial shocks of enmity
 (Blind, blind the impulse, and the mystery strange)
 A wee, white flower that grows and waxes great
 Until, where once red passion-growths were rife
 And yellow flauntings of earth's sin, uprears
 A stately lily, like a light from God,
 To lead life onward, upward to the Good
 That knows no law but this: Love lifted up
 Aloft, and to be seen of all the lands;
 The law of lust become the law of love
 By high, supernal fiat; and the law
 Of killing, that which shames the victor's way,
 Become that law diviner named good will,
 Of which the soul is peace."

The tones thrilled through
 The throb of autumn, but the Presence melted
 Into the purple mists that crowned the hills
 As with a coronal of grapes.

I cried,
 Left lonely, and my doubts in-rushing swift:
 "I cannot see it!" All my soul was in
 That cry of agony. "I cannot see
 How man shall ever cease from troubling man.
 Wrath, lust of power, and pride, and love of gain
 (Words, words, that only stand for selfhood), these
 Will sway him, and his weapons be unsheathed
 To challenge all who seek to stem his will.
 Grant that he love: his foe who comes with hate
 Must in that mood be met and beaten down
 Into the better mood which in the end
 Rounds into amity and soothfast hands.
 Ah, how can endless eons alter this?"

So said I, and my soul yearned through the words.

Again the flute-like voice (how strange a flute
 Can pierce the orchestra's assembled cries
 As if it were alone—that gentle voice!)
 Enriched the air; the messenger returned.

“Faith is the evidence of things not seen,
 And Love, beloved, ye of little faith,
 The greatest is of these: great to endure,
 To conquer, and to bring the benison
 Of perfect concord. Then earth’s coarse huzzas
 Shall in the twinkling of an eye resolve
 Into divine hosannas, and the lamb
 Couch with the lion. This, the dream, *can* be
 If only mortals, rousing from their swoon,
 Love-wonder in their eyes, dare stoutly believe.
 Such strength is from on high; no battlements
 Or engines of destruction or defense
 But they shall crumble at one pleading strain
 Piped by the Shepherd whose poor sheep ye are
 This long time gone astray.”

Silence. And still
 The golden pulse of Indian summer-time,
 Grape-purpled, winy-breathed, and drowsed in dream,
 Throbbd sentiently along the vistas veiled
 To where, unseen, incredible, yet true,
 A world-war ravaged men.

My restless mind,
 Awed by the semblance of this Spokesman sweet,
 Lulled by such silver speech, must question on.
 “Is it not true,” I said (the Shape seemed gone,
 And once again I stood and gazed alone
 On flushed October in that memoried mood
 When Nature meets the spirit like a friend
 For balm of kindly counsel)—“surely, life,
 The highest, holiest, must be wrestled for,
 Ever the wished-for goal be won by pain,
 The step ahead be taken inch by inch
 In the brow’s sweat; and how be won at all,
 Unless in conquering, the conqueror
 Stand on his slain?”

And shall not man wax weak,
 And in a supine ease grow fat, unthewed,
 If ne’er in crush of conflict be he roused
 To martial doing and to deeds that blazon
 The record brave? To lay down arms is well,
 To take them up is well, when clear the call
 To master evil, save our faith, or be
 A friend in day of peril to a friend.
 To fight is but to live; perpetual peace
 Spells death.”

Then through the autumn mists again
 The form, the figure white, reshapes, the voice,
 A strain of music, moves the vibrant air:
 “Yea, man with man, shut in by years and spheres,
 Must struggle; life, the while ye earthlings are,
 Issue in conflict that is sent to bring
 Out of the atom-dance a wondrous pact,

Ancient antagonists made meek at last
Through ever-surer seeing.

So will come
The mist-hid summers of that fuller day
To be, if only ye have faith. The fight
Is but begun. No more ensanguined fields
And hecatombs of dead and stricken homes;
No more the sequent lack of bread, the maimed
And miserable leavings of the strife,
Nor shifted barriers to bicker o'er,
Sure cause for further parley: nay, instead,
No man shall seek to rend his fellow-man,
But each shall kill the evils in himself,
Combat undying, asking all his strength
And courage, never o'er till heaven and earth
Are as one home for all the tribes of men
Beneath the roof-tree of the universe,
Where Gipsy-like they wander now.

For aye
The fight to make insensate nature yours;
Harness the elements, uncover caverns
That hide the precious stones, make clouds and winds
The subject of your pleasure, and enchain
The mountains, and bring verdure to the deserts,
Making them smile.

And starry souls shall strive,
Forgetting cold and hunger and despair,
To reach the far earth-ends and leave a flag
On perilous peaks, and outposts ne'er attained
By earlier emprise. This battle-front
Shall never waver, nor one drop of blood
Shall soil its footsteps; all its paths are peace.

Forever also shall the fight be fought
To bring good tidings unto heathen hearts,
Heal wounds, and comfort them in darkness. God,
Great Captain of these hosts, His soldiery calls
To such endeavor; nor may any wight
Escape from shame if he be written down
Deserter.

Ever does the roll-call ring
In mighty cities, too, that harbor sin,
And so shall harbor till we take the van,
Fighters with God, to make the crooked straight,
Pour sunlight's cleansing into darkling dens
And sodden shambles, and in triumph set,
Where once was only brawl and devious deed,
And each man's hand was raised against his brother,
The undefeated flags of fellowship!

Yea, these good contests ne'er shall pass from earth;
They are the goads to prick earth toward heaven,
Whose very saints contend to please the King
In loving service. Heaven shows earth the way."

The voice, in ceasing, was like muted song.
But yet again I spoke the earthly view:

“How often man becomes more beautiful
By sacrifice, through hero deeds and love
Of kin and country; spirits valorous,
How they do hearten us, and gleam, and sing
The steps of laggards into marching time!
A man, a people, find their better selves
Only when called to conquer.”

Answer came:

“There is in evil things a strain of good,
And e’en war’s murders sometime sow a seed
To feed a soul anhungered; and the crop
Is not all wasted on the blood-bought fields.
But hero deeds and dauntless deaths, and strength
That is the strength of ten since it is pure,
May find full use, may blossom and grow fair
Without one blow against a brother; keep
The fighting fervor, let the blood-rage die.
Transform brute violence, that tears the flesh,
Into a heavenly anger, ardor of
The soul whose enemy is evil done.
Not men the foe, but all that ugly is
In men; and hence how foolish-fond the will
To kill the body, let the spirit live,
And grow to greater power because we mar
And maim and straight destroy the spirit’s shell,
Up-piling blows; whereas each act of grace—
The cup of water held to alien lips,
The blow forborne, the trickery forgiven,
The kindness in the stead of cruelty—
Flies up the blue, clear of the carnage smoke,
To join the others that go sailing there
Like air-ships manned of angels. For One said:
‘And if ye do it to the least of these,
Ye do it unto me.’ Treasure the words.”

Sweet meanings flowed along the river of
This discourse, as a flower might float upon
The buoyant current of some spring-urged stream;
Yet still my reason answered:

“Men are men
So long as time is time, and we must meet
The fashion of this world as those who dwell
Within the world. In other stars, who knows?
This earth-star teaches us to walk our ways
In earth’s sad wisdom.”

Once again the voice:

“Yea, men are men, and men are beasts, and men
Are angels in the making; dimly glimpsed
In Marcus, him the golden emperor,

With words like honey dropping; or in him,
 A-Kempis, soul abroad; or Plato, who
 Dreamt him a state for which men yearn to-day;
 And, plainlier seen, and lovelier to our hope,
 In Christ, who said, 'They know not what they do!'"

For the last time my brain-born question rose:
 "How may we in this present state perform
 These high behests and counsels? For, alack!
 Stern is the call, and instant is the stress,
 And Love now lies a-bleeding."

As the voice
 Floated in flute-like cadence, lo! it seemed
 Diminished and the speaker far away,
 Dimmer and dimmer heard:

"Ye believe in love:

Ask any pair of lovers. Ye are bound
 In ties of blood where household gods protect
 The homes whose name is legion; and full oft
 The bond of native land makes fealty
 Not less than claims of kin; it sometimes haps
 The hostile folk across hate's barriers
 Suddenly smile, strike hands, and are at one,
 Though momentarily. Oh, will ye see at last?
 The magic of this love from out the sky
 Shall blend all lesser loves—the ties of kin
 And country, and of lands which side by side
 Seek the same freedom, worship the same shrines;
 Till, rounding out its destiny, it find
 But brother man wherever mortal breathes,
 Made one by loving-kindness, blind no more;
 The children of that love that spins the stars
 In harmony down august lanes of air.
 Such changes are in nature, so in men,
 E'en as the pomp and pageant of the fall
 Gives way to winter, winter ushers in
 The April raptures of the crescent year.
 How can that dead womb blossom forth with life?"

And as the voice became a silence, where
 The Shape had passed, a breath of fragranciness
 Stirred in the trees and hovered o'er the grain.

Then hail, O power beyond our pitiful
 Earth-ken! Most potent of the gifts of God,
 The love that is the heart of every song,
 And opes the lily to release her scent;
 This love that works through life, and bids the stars
 Quiver, yet keep their orbits; the same love
 That makes man die for men; this holy thing,
 This love, must be the future's battle-cry
 In some far land, in some unguessed-of place

Where kindness is the one felicity.
 O country dim, but dear, truer than time
 Or any present seeming, recompense
 For seeing darkly and for waiting long!
 O sweet, hid land, bring in the hoped-for day,
 And give us patience in this night of pain!
 And if it be His will, be ours that land,
 Saved by the seas from greed, with room for men
 Of gentleness to grow in, and with hope
 Of comrade joy to halo our great chance!
 Help us to nurse the vision far and fair:
 New dream of battle, bloodless, beautiful;
 No lazy paradise of sinews slacked,
 But a confederated brotherhood
 • Of work and worship and of sun-topped heights,
 Because life thrills with purpose, even death
 (That old, dark name we give the spirit's leap
 Beyond the dark) turns radiant; rosy-lipped,
 The while we brace us to go forward! Hark!
 The morning trumpets cleave the clearing mists!
 Not drum-taps, but reveille is our mood,
 The conquering mood that leaves the ultimate
 To Him, the Great Commander; and we march
 As soldiers in the ranks, soul-satisfied
 But to obey, and trust beyond the guns
 Are robin songs and rainbow promises;
 Deep graven in each heart this word of fire:
 "Love conquers all. Press on; God asks our aid."

Day glimmers, wanes; more dusky broods the hour;
 Now steals the twilight up the heaven; no sound
 Of guns across the seas: but murmurously
 Rises athwart the gloaming witcheries
 The intersong of night. A vast content
 Is on the land; and, look! above the line
 Of warder hills a new-born splendor shines
 To turn the dun warm gold—low-hung and large,
 The mellow magic of October's moon!

A FEW ETERNAL VERITIES OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN

BY WILL H. LOW

To justify the title of my paper, I was seeking my authority. I consulted Vasari's "Lives of the Painters" to verify the date of Cimabue's birth. I had found it, the pretty phrase which recites how, "by the will of God, in the year 1240, Giovanni Cimabue, of the noble family of that name, was born in the city of Florence, to give the first light to the art of painting." I turned from the book to find that I was not alone, and the next moment I recognized my visitor as Vasari. I knew him at a glance from his portrait in the Uffizi, which, you may remember, hangs in the collection of self-portraits by the world's most famous artists, upon the third row, about three pictures from the window on the left.

That it was Vasari in person, and not his astral body, became at once evident, as he stood between me and the light, and, thus seen, was quite opaque. In our subsequent and at times heated conversation he appeared to attribute something of this thickness to me; but, if I understood him, it was mental rather than physical attributes to which he referred. He began abruptly:

"Are you a painter, a modern painter?"

"Yes," I answered, and then, noting his qualification, I added, "Although I am a member of the Academy of Design, and there are those—"

"No matter; there are always some who dispute," he interrupted. "By your age I see that you have lived through a considerable period of so-called modern art, and you may be able to explain some things which puzzle me, especially in your new country."

"I am tolerably familiar with what we have tried to do here," I graciously assented, "and having since my early youth made many voyages to Europe—"

"Don't speak to me of Europe," he broke in. "I am newly come from there, and they are mad, battling on a scale which reduces the little strifes I knew in my time to the proportions of a polite duello. They are paying no particular attention to the arts of design in Europe to-day, and we will not speak of the war. Of course you are neutral, whereas I am pro-Ally—"

Here it was my turn to interrupt, and leaning forward, I lapsed into the vernacular, saying:

"Shake."¹

After a hand-shake that was no wise clammy, Vasari resumed:

"There are those of course to whom art means life, and they are thinking, and thinking seriously. There seems to be a hope of their return to the gods whom they have forsaken; so that I may be wrong in calling Europe mad, for, from my point of view, they were far more mad before the war in all that relates to art."

"You refer to the Autumn Salon," I interjected, desiring to show that my own knowledge of art was more than parochial.

"Yes, to that and the kindred manifestations that masqueraded in the guise of art, which France tolerated, which Germany praised, and even bought, and which almost penetrated the barbed-wire barrier that surrounds English art."

"As for its toleration in France, it was never more than that," I protested. "Was it not, on the contrary, a proof of liberality for those who control art in France to give ear to the clamor of the Independents, the Futurists, the Cubists, the Illusionists, and the Intentionists,

¹ Of course this paper was read before the Academy and the Institute at a date preceding the declaration of war, when some of our compatriots were endeavoring to remain neutral—even in thought.—W. H. L.

and to open wide the doors of their Palace of Fine Arts, in order that they might win their spurs, if they could, upon the field where the greater battles of militant art had been fought for more than a century? As for the Germans, was it not a gentler trait than many they have shown recently confidingly to accept this manifestation as the art of the future, it being so visibly unlike the art of the past or the present? And, believe me, the attack upon the intrenched art of Great Britain was but the slightest of skirmishes."

"And here," inquired Vasari, "was there not an ultra-modern show which I saw in an armory?"

"Yes, indeed, with some admirable work by Weir, Hassam, and others. '*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?*' And a charming picture by Theodore Robinson, together with an ultra-modern work by Puvis de Chavannes, which I first saw in 1873 in the galleries of Durand-Ruel in Paris, since when it had acquired almost the patina of an old master. And there were others. Doubtless you saw the '*Nude Descending a Staircase?*'"

"No," said Vasari; "I did not see it."

"Why, how did you miss it?" I exclaimed in surprise; "it was the most-talked-of work in the show."

"I heard the talk," responded Vasari, "saw the title in the catalogue, and found the canvas bearing the number printed there; but I did not see the '*Nude Descending a Staircase.*'"

"Well, now you mention it, I've never found any one that did," I agreed. "But we need not quarrel over movements like these. They undoubtedly serve a purpose in '*stirring up the gold-fish,*' and from them occasionally emerges a real artist. The '*Salon des Refusés*' of 1863, after all, gave Manet, Monet, and Whistler to the world, and though it is disappointing that the ten or twelve successive years of the Autumn Salon have not done as much, the reason is undoubtedly that all our official exhibitions to-day are so liberal in spirit that the

new-comer who shows the slightest sign of talent is welcomed rather more warmly than are men of established and merited reputation."

"Then," replied Vasari, with scorn in his tone, "I see that you are one of those trifling optimists who hold that '*all is best in this best of worlds.*'"

"Not in the least. Aphorism for aphorism, I give you '*eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.*' There always remain the '*eternal verities.*'"

"Fine words," quoth Vasari. "Do you know what are these '*eternal verities*' of which you prate?"

"As well as you," I replied. "Indeed, we shall find the answer in your own written words." Evidently mollified, my questioner agreed.

"Undoubtedly there is much of worth in what I have written; but the world is five hundred years older since then, and your modern art—"

"Modern art," I replied quickly, "is a question of epoch. I defy any artist, no matter how hard he may try, to cast his work in the mold of another period than that in which he lives, to escape entirely contemporary and, consequently, modern influences."

"That is in a measure true," asserted Vasari; "for since you have studied my writings, you will recall that in the thirteenth century certain Greek painters, having been called to Florence to paint a chapel in Santa Maria Novella, worked '*not in the excellent manner of the ancient Greeks, but in the rude modern style of their own day.*' Wherefore, though Cimabue imitated his Greek instructors, he very much improved the art, relieving it greatly from their uncouth manner.' And his methods were those of to-day, for on the same page you will find, '*After this he painted a small picture of St. Francis, in panel on a gold ground, drawing it from nature, a new thing in these times.*'"

"The more it changes, the more it remains the same thing," I muttered in fluent French. "But let us begin at the beginning. What is art?"

At this Vasari's face clouded, and, relapsing into his native tongue, he poured out a sonorous array of vowels, quite untranslatable and probably unfit for publication. Mastering himself, he resumed: "By our Lady, but you are rash. Do you not know that blood has been shed in Florence many, many times upon that question? If Benvenuto were here—"

"Of course," I quickly responded. "I've even seen the Century Club agitated upon the subject. Nevertheless, every artist has a workable theory as to what constitutes a work of art, derived from his personal intuition, and confirmed, to the degree of his ability, by his practice. Many have cast these definitions into maxims, of which Zola's remains one of the shortest and best: 'Nature seen through a temperament.' But that hardly accounts for more than the external aspect of nature. I should prefer to extend it so far as to say that the artist's task is to render the outward and visible aspect of the world about him, and to endow it with whatever inner and spiritual grace his spirit may receive and, transmitting, convey to others."

"The first part of your definition might pass," assented Vasari, ungraciously, "but the rest of it is rank nonsense."

"But surely," I urged, "the noble men whose lives you have written were not mere copyists; surely they mixed their colors with the essence of their spirituality."

"They mixed their colors to make them flow," answered my doughty opponent, "the earlier ones with egg and vinegar, and after the secret of the Flemings was brought to Italy, with oil. The men of whom I wrote were above all craftsmen. From their childhood they had but one thought—to learn their trade. I have seen since those days, in countries where princes and governments have thought to foster the arts, strange pretensions arise, putting the artist as a man apart from other men, permitting to him a strange code

of manners, and oftentimes of morals as well. Here in this country, I am told, there is comparatively little affectation of that sort, owing to the fact that so few are interested in art or artists, save the practitioners themselves, and that, consequently, they remain comparatively decent citizens. This is well, for no one less than the artist should adopt this attitude of aloofness; for such tribute as he brings to the treasure of the world is the work of his hands, cunningly wrought, demanding, if you will, a skill beyond that of other craftsmen, but, by this quality, taking its place among the products of skilled labor. We saw clearly that the mystery of the arts of design fell within the category of the crafts, and so enrolled our artists in a gild, with the grades of apprentice, accepted workman, and master, precisely as in the other arts. The greatest of our artists rose from this. Children, they moistened the clay, they ground the colors; later, as their aptitude grew, they were employed on details of the masters' work; advancing even as their skill increased to more and more important tasks until such proficiency was attained that, from my time to yours, men of the trade and inquiring critics have disputed as to where the apprentice left off and the master completed the work. Were a detail needed, the apprentice was sent to nature, and, the drawing made, the master incorporated it into his design; or, contrariwise, the master gave the apprentice the study to weave into the work in hand. Thus, between reference to nature and the continued influence of the master's work, there gradually grew a third element derived from the personality of the apprentice. Very faint at first was the evidence of individual expression, even when, by independent work, the docile apprentice sought advancement to the grade of accepted workman. There has been over-much talk since concerning the danger of stifling the originality of the young artist by too great subservience in his student days; but those who continue to

prattle in the dialect of the nursery throughout their adult years are the weaklings who have naught to say of their own. The grammar which the young Raphael was taught in the school of Perugino made his first speech strangely like that of his master; but his tongue once loosed, he spoke with a voice of his own. So each of these men learned his trade and, as the succession of masters grew, each one adding some little or great secret wrested from the store of nature to increase the knowledge of the arts of design, so art progressed; and every new aspirant saw clearly spread before him the astonishingly simple task which nature prescribes to each and every sincere artist."

"Astonishingly simple!" I exploded. "Of all the complex, puzzling, baffling tasks prescribed to man! How to paint, what to paint, what when done is a work of art? Don't you know that no two men are agreed upon this?"

Vasari smiled reminiscently.

"We had our disputes in Florence also. You must have noticed that, numerous as are the lives of artists I have transcribed, they are but few as compared with the many who practised in my time. These last, the lesser men, were frequently disturbed by such questions, and in their practice showed the lack of conviction, the shifting, time-serving direction which imperfect vocation fastens upon such as these. Yes, we had much dispute, for there were also those who, lacking technical knowledge and misapprehending the artist's aim, wrote on art; as well as those who, loudly proclaiming that they knew nothing of art, knew what they liked."

"What, already?" I queried.

"Yes, already and in great numbers. But it mattered little. The serene and sincere artist looked on nature and found her infinite. Each day he tried to add some particle, some new veracity, to his accumulated store, the while observing the conventions of his art, the precious tradition which bound him to his predecessors, but bound him with so

loose a chain that within its tether his forward progression was in no wise hampered."

"True," I assented; "but the world was young then, and painting, lost in Greece, devitalized in Byzantium, was reborn with the vigor of youth. This to-day we can feel almost as keenly as the joyous artists who gave it form. They had much to learn that is the commonplace of the artist to-day; but though Botticelli's 'Venus' stands on her feet in a way that a tyro in our art school would disdain to draw, yet the fair body of the gracious lady rises over the conventionalized sea, relieved against a pale sky, her presence endowed with a *gracile* charm as moving in this year of grace as when, five centuries ago, *la bella Simonetta* disrobed before her painter. But the world was young then, and to-day the painter's task is far more complicated."

"Did Millet find it complicated? Did not Puvis de Chavannes paint with all the serenity and conviction that the earlier masters possessed? And Corot, *père* Corot, fairly whistled like a thrush through his art life, the embodiment of joyous art production. Around all these men was waged a war of words for or against them, even the few who stood by them creating strange legends as to the purpose and meaning of their work, while their simple intent was to paint what they saw as well and as truly as they knew how."

By this time I was somewhat in the position of the devil's advocate, arguing against the canonization of saints in whom I devotedly believed; but, to make clear certain points, I returned to the attack.

"Apparently you claim that the artist has only to seek nature, copy her with skill, and a work of art results. But how about choice, how about the subconsciousness of the artist, his memory of other work? How about his possible desire to reduce the actual fact before him into something less incidental and more typical than his model? Be-

yond doubt your great men had these thoughts, common to all artists endowed with the slightest imagination."

"Common to them all," rejoined Vasari, "and all contributory to the great variety of their work. Leonardo, for instance—"

"Yes, Leonardo," I interrupted. "Surely there was one who painted 'the light that never was, on sea or land,' a mystic dominating the scientist, the unwearyed searcher through the vast arcana of speculative theory. Consider all that he dreamed, all that he wrote."

"His writings are indeed voluminous," quoth Vasari, "but of them all I most esteem a single paragraph in a letter which he wrote to the Duke of Milan in 1482. Addressing a warlike lord, he dwells most upon his achievements as a military engineer, with a pride alone justifiable in a man like Da Vinci. But to the artist the real Leonardo speaks at the conclusion of the letter, where he says: 'Furthermore, I can execute works in sculpture, marble, bronze, or terracotta. In painting also I can do what may be done as well as any other, be he who he may.'"

"In painting, then, you insist that his chief merit is due to his close adherence to nature?"

"Most certainly. I was but a strippling when he died and never spoke with the master; but I fancy that if I had questioned him concerning his methods, he would have answered as did one of the most esteemed of living French painters, M. Bonnat, to a like question. 'At my first sitting for a portrait,' said M. Bonnat, 'I make it as much like what I see before me as possible; at the second sitting I try to make it more like; at the third I add what more of truth I am able to do; and so on to the conclusion.'"

"The results are very different with Bonnat and Leonardo," I objected.

"They always have been and always will be," responded Vasari, impatiently. "As you call yourself an artist, you must know that no two men, looking on na-

ture, see her alike or render her infinite visage the same."

"Even in a mere portrait," I repeated obstinately, "Leonardo did more than merely copy what he saw before him. The 'Mona Lisa,' for instance. Think how the world has dreamed before that picture! Have you read the pages of Théophile Gautier or Walter Pater, to name but two of the scores who have seen the history of an epoch, the quintessence of a certain type of femininity, in that 'simple woman's face'?"

"Fine literature," fairly snorted Vasari in reply. "Again overmuch interpretation concerning great works of art. Remember your English artist Turner, who said of Ruskin that there was an Oxford graduate who saw far more in his work than he had ever put there, or another great living painter who smarts under the accusation of being an acute psychologist. Being told that he had torn the veil from a certain woman's face, he answered simply: 'Rot! If she had had a veil, I should have painted it.' If all that you speak of is in 'Mona Lisa's' face, it was the special vision of the artist, subconscious, if you will, that put it there. What he was trying to do in simple fashion was to do justice to the model before him. Before men's brains grew sick with much splitting of hairs, we looked not for fourteen o'clock at noon; and if you would know what Leonardo's contemporaries thought of the 'Mona Lisa,' turn again to my book and read what is written there."

Obedying him, I opened the book and read:

Whoever shall desire to see how far art can imitate nature, may do so to perfection in this head, wherein every peculiarity that could be depicted by the utmost subtlety of the pencil has been most faithfully reproduced. The eyes have the lustrous brightness and moisture which is seen in life, and around them are those pale, red, and slightly livid circles, also proper to nature, with the lashes which can only be copied, as these are, with the greatest difficulty; the eyebrows, also, are represented with the closest exactitude, where fuller and where more thinly set, with the separate hairs delineated as they issue from

the skin, every turn being followed, and all the pores exhibited in a manner that could not be more natural than it is; the nose, with its beautiful and delicately roseate nostrils, might be easily believed to be alive; the mouth, admirable in its outline, has the lips uniting the rose-tints of their color with that of the face in the utmost perfection, and the carnation of the cheek does not appear to be painted, but truly of flesh and blood: he who looks earnestly at the pit of the throat cannot but believe that he sees the beating of the pulses, and it may truly be said that this work is painted in a manner well calculated to make the boldest master tremble, and astonishes all who behold it, however well accustomed to the marvels of art.

With sadness at the thought of the time-embrowned, though beautiful, ruin that we alone can know as the "Mona Lisa," I turned to Vasari.

"Again we are more agreed than would appear. I believe that Leonardo sat at the feet of physical perfection, and through his insight copied that which his eyes beheld. There remain, however, numbers of beautiful works which from their nature must have first found conception in the mind, in what we call the imagination of the artist. In their execution nature has served as the instrument of their fulfilment; but, in order that they might attain the character desired by their creator, the element of exact transcription, the quality desirable in a portrait, has been studiously avoided."

"No one leaps save from a firm foundation," replied Vasari, sententiously. "The conception, the composed pictures which spring full fledged in the mind of the artist, may all be traced back to some fact of nature, sometimes far removed from the resulting image, but a tangible impression, nevertheless. The special aptitude of the artist, trained as it is by practice, stores these impressions, and, cunningly concealed in the cells of his brain, there they remain imprisoned until such time as he may need them, when, presto! they appear at his half-conscious bidding. Think you that when Raphael, on being asked whence

came the model for one of his works, replied that it was painted 'from a certain lady who resided in his brain'—think you that he spoke of an *empty* brain?"

"It is true," I answered, "that Blake maintained that he actually saw the figures of his visions, and drew, as any artist does from nature, 'the morning stars as they sang together.' Nor will I soon forget the earnestness and conviction with which Puvis de Chavannes assured me that he sat before the empty space in the Sorbonne which his great decoration now adorns until he saw his picture on the wall. 'And you would be surprised,' he said, with fine simplicity, 'if you could see how exactly the complete work corresponds with the vision that came to me before I touched brush to canvas.'"

"Two confirmations," boasted Vasari, "the one from a 'genius to madness near allied,' the other from one who was the embodiment of the sanity and clarity of the highest French intellect. Not that I expect you to agree with me fully even now, for the essence of all art discussion is that it is as eternal as is art itself. And the hour is late, and I must return to the happy painting-ground of the artists beyond. But this much we may conclude. With a decent knowledge of his craft, an untiring effort to improve his technical methods, a single-hearted devotion to and reliance upon nature seen through his own peculiar vision, and a hearty respect for the lessons of his great predecessors, the path of the artist lies before him to-day as clear as it was to the forefathers seven hundred years ago. The aim has never changed. Even the tools remain the same. A lump of clay, a few primary colors sufficed for Michelangelo and Titian in their trade, as they sufficed for Augustus Saint-Gaudens so little time ago, for William Merritt Chase the day before yesterday."

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE¹

BY KENYON COX

In the death, on October 25, 1916, of William Merritt Chase, the American Academy of Arts and Letters lost a member who had been one of the foremost figures in American art for nearly forty years and a painter of international reputation for at least a quarter of a century. From the moment of his return to this country, in 1878, from his studies in Munich he became a leader of what was then the younger school, and during all succeeding changes he never lost his dominating position. As a teacher he probably exercised a wider influence on American painting than any other artist has ever done.

He painted a great variety of subjects, from the nude figure, through portrait, genre, and landscape, to still life; and in a variety of manners, now precise and minute and again broad and even summary, dark and bituminous in tone in his early work, later often cool and bright, more generally in an intermediate tone neither somber nor overbrilliant. But with all the appearance and the presence of versatility, there is yet a singular unity in all his work, and a perfectly definite point of view, which never changes.

He was entirely of his time, that latter third of the nineteenth century, which was essentially naturalistic in its aims, and he never attempted to paint anything more than can be seen with the bodily eye. After his first few costume pieces, he scarcely went so far as to arrange the things he would paint, but preferred to take what came as it came, knowing that wherever he might be, there could be no lack of good, paintable material all about him, and devoting his

acute vision and his skilled hand to the registering of his discoveries of the world in which he lived.

Yet, naturalist as he was in his choice of materials, he entirely escaped that besetting danger of naturalism, the scientific temper. He was never among the strenuous investigators of form or light or color; he was essentially the painter, using so much of the attainments of his time as he could readily compel to his own end of facile production, but with no notion of sacrificing his art that his successors might benefit by the invention of new tools or the acquisition of greater knowledge. Possessed of great energy and bodily vigor, of a cool, if keen, vision and of extraordinary technical ability, unbiased by theories and untroubled by emotion, never attempting more than he could do easily, however difficult the doing of it might be to others, he poured forth with a genial fecundity a long series of works, ever new, yet ever the same, demonstrations of his lively interest in the differing aspects of nature and of his even livelier joy in the exercise of his own powers. His message to the world was no other than that simple yet profound one which Stevenson expressed in his "Child's Garden of Verses":

The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Few of us can have been happier than Chase himself, whose life was devoted to the continuously successful accomplishment of tasks in which he delighted.

Profoundly convinced of the truth that the business of a painter is to paint,—inclined, perhaps, to the more doubtful

¹ Read before the Academy, March 8, 1917.

belief that the sole business of a painter is to paint,—the same qualities that made William M. Chase seem revolutionary and protestant in his youth, when painting was lingeringly academic, literary, and sentimental, made him a conservative in his age, when painting was trying to purge itself of its representative element and to transform itself into an art of pure expression. At both extremes his influence was a wholesome one. It was well for us in America, in his early time, to be taught that it is not enough to have feelings, ideas, and knowledge, that one must also learn one's trade. It is well for all the world to-day to be reminded that the art of painting exists,

that it is by its nature an imitative art, and that just observation and beautiful workmanship must always have their place in it and will always retain their value.

As man, as artist, and as teacher he had lived his life, had done what he had to do and said what he had to say. We who knew him will miss the invigorating contact with his intensely vital personality, but a longer life would scarcely have added greatly to the sum of what he was. His place in American art is fixed, and as long and as widely as that art may interest mankind, so long and so widely will his name be remembered.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER¹

BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

In John White Alexander a frail body lodged a tireless, eager spirit—tireless and unquenched by illness to the very end, eager not only in search for beauty, but in service to his fellows. Among artists, some are recorders, some arrangers, some are creators, and some are dreamers of dreams.

Now and then comes a man who may belong to any one of these groups, but who adds to his artistic gift and his technical acquirement a capacity for communication of enthusiasm to others and an instinctive desire to stimulate, to push at the wheels wherever he sees that they turn slowly. Such a man soon becomes a leader. Toward leadership John Alexander gravitated instinctively, and in it he established himself solidly, using the experience of one official position to affirm that of another, touching the circle of the arts at many points in its circumference, and strengthening himself by every fresh touch. If a man is strong enough physically to withstand the demands of such arduous effort, he gains enormously in the power to synthesize that effort and to build up from one department to another.

Alexander was not strong enough, and he paid the physical penalty; but while his life lasted he never relaxed that effort, and he made it fruitful, feeding it always with persistent enthusiasm.

For an instance in this synthesizing of effort, he worked first as a member of the Metropolitan Museum's board at increasing and safeguarding that museum's treasures; next as a member of the School Art League he worked at the provision of intelligent appreciation of those treasures—appreciation planted in the minds of the children of the city to grow till it should reward the museum's effort with understanding adult and trained.

He talked to the children who flocked to see the painting and sculpture and the art objects of all kinds. And when the children went away, he followed them to their East Side clubs and schools and talked to them again, encouraging them to try experiments of their own in painting and modeling, and he stimulated them with prizes that adjudged and sometimes instituted. He loved this work among the children, and he told me, with a twinkle, and more than once, of how these very young people managed to fortify the doubtful experiment of a journey into art by the undoubted pleasure of at least beginning that journey on roller-skates. "Dozens of them," said he, "skate to their lecture." If he was busy with the children's welfare, the interests of his comrades of all ages busied him still more. He was a painter through and through; nevertheless, the sister arts of music and the drama claimed and obtained his time in one of his favorite fields of effort, the MacDowell Club.

To the plastic presentation of the drama, its costuming, lighting, and colors, he gave enthusiastic attention, aided almost always by Mrs. Alexander. It was an easy progression for him from his canvases to the moving-pictures of a pageant or a play, and his swift inventiveness enabled him to get through a prodigious amount of work in a short time, in such productions, for instance, as Miss Maude Adams's "Jeanne d'Arc" at the Harvard Stadium, or in the many series of tableaux which he arranged for charity. "If you have a frame and some gauze," said he to me, "you have no idea how much you can do in a moment with a few colored rags." I had an idea, for I had seen him juggle with them and had admired the effects which he produced so easily, for he seemed to take pains easily, and with a geniality which

¹ Read before the Academy, March 8, 1917.

relieved his beneficiary from a sense of too great obligation. This graceful suavity was a potent factor in his helpfulness; but he was so smiling and kindly that I fear one did not always realize how much his ready service sometimes tired him.

During the last year of his life I saw him many times a week, and we often came home together from the Academy council or from other committee meetings.

Although, as I have said, his spirit was not tired, his body was. Again and again he rose from a sick-bed to preside upon a platform. His delicate features, which recalled some cavalier's portrait by Vandyke, were at times during his last year almost transparent-looking. And yet he was so resilient, he so responded to the stimulus of work to do, he had recovered so many times from severe attacks, that his death, when it came, was not only a great shock, but was a surprise.

Critics, writers of books, will talk to us at length of his art; there is time today for only the briefest impression of it. One would say that a refinement rising to distinction was its most obvious quality. Pattern and lighting were what seemed to interest him most of all. Long, sweeping, curving lines he sought for or rather seemed to find without searching, and they gave a decorative character to all his portraits.

In his color restraint was a notable quality, a notable preservative, a notable insurance against either crudity or lushness, against vulgarity of any kind. Now and again he composed large and elaborated groups, as in his panels for the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, which make up one of the most considerable extensive series of decorations ever painted. But he loved simplicity, and thought simply in his painting, and he seemed to like best and be happiest in his treatment of single figures. It was peculiarly in these that his sense of pattern and of line, of long, sweeping curves, never failed him.

He was very personal in lighting, which was simple and large, yet at the same time was often extremely picturesque in its arrangement. Its effect was not a little enhanced by his predisposition toward masses of reflected light, which he used with great skill.

Restraint reaching to sobriety marked most of his color. He liked to use a warm gray in wide planes, and then to strike into it one or two dominant spots of rich or brilliant colors. Just before his death he built a very large studio in the Catskills, and I believe that the trees and hills of his beloved Onteora got into the color of his pictures and helped toward that predilection for a whole gamut of greens which one may easily note on the walls of his exhibitions—gray greens, blue greens, olive greens, yellow greens, greens of the color of thick glass. His pigment was brushed easily and flowingly. Sometimes he painted a whole portrait with what artists would call a "fat brush," but usually the color was thin, with occasional loaded passages, the canvas being sometimes hardly more than stained.

The sureness of his recording was remarkable, and its swiftness was phenomenal. This of course was an extraordinary insurance against any kind of heaviness in his color, since over-painting is one of the worst enemies to freshness of surface. His swiftness of recording must be emphasized again. I should hardly dare to say in how short a time he executed one or two portraits that hung upon the walls of his drawing-room, and which he called unfinished, though they were very satisfying, certainly, to me.

Much as I should like to linger over his painting, I cannot keep away from the subject of his eagerness to help other artists to find a gallery adequate to the housing of their painting. The search for a home for the National Academy of Design was the central preoccupation of the last years of his life. It was interesting, indeed, when he spoke upon any platform and any subject, to see how

many angles of approach he could find to that *one* subject which was nearest his heart, the new gallery, which should some day house a dozen different societies of artists.

I have said that some artists are recorders, some creators, and some are dreamers of dreams. Recorder and creator he certainly was. While he was still a child he was for a while a little messenger-boy, and he never ceased to be a

messenger, bringing stimulus of words and example, writing his name with Ben Adhem's as a lover of his fellow-men. And a dreamer he was of dreams—of a dream which we fully believe will come true, when New York will have a great gallery all its own, and which we may link in our thought with the memory of that brilliant artist and devoted president of the National Academy of Design, John White Alexander.

GEORGE BROWNE POST¹

BY THOMAS HASTINGS

George Browne Post, the son of Joel B. and Abbey M. Post, was born in New York City, December 15, 1837. His career was most intimately associated for almost sixty years with the architectural development of this metropolis. In order to provide for the rapid increase of population during this time, there was an unparalleled growth in building. An endless variety of new problems had to be solved in order to meet the vast diversity and multiplicity of demands. Not only was the city reaching out along new avenues and over new areas of what were once fertile pasture-lands, but, alas! for want of legislative restraint, and not for want of space, one city was actually being builded over another, several times in height, reaching into the clouds, like so many Towers of Babel, scattered about in a confusion of styles. During this period Mr. Post was perhaps the most active and successful architect in finding a solution which would best meet the constructive difficulties of the modern tall building, involving the engineer's method of skeleton framework construction, accompanied by the development and general use of the passenger-elevator.

When designing the old Produce Exchange, one of our notable buildings, he employed for the first time, in the inner court of this building, iron columns and beams to support several stories of floors and walls. This was one of the first contributions to the evolution of the modern steel-frame building.

There were no traditions in the history of the art which would seem to suggest the solution of this problem, and there was a real demand for originality to meet such a hopeless situation. It is difficult to realize to what an extent Mr. Post paved the way for others to follow. In the art of architecture more than in

any other creative pursuit, perhaps, the general public oftentimes finds it difficult to discern the true author of what may be a very original conception. Lost in the many modifications and slight variations, the same idea is so often reproduced by others that it becomes commonplace. A conspicuous example might be cited in Michelangelo's dome of St. Peter's, one of the most original designs ever conceived by the genius of man. Its originality can be appreciated only when one realizes that other domes, such as the Val-de-Grâce, Les Invalides, Soufflot's Panthéon, or Wren's St. Paul's, were all built at a later date, and that no dome of this character, with the pendentive and the drum, preceded this most original masterpiece of architecture.

Mr. Post was really doing pioneer work at a time when the educational advantages and the condition of American architecture were not to be compared with those of the present day. In his early life he served his country in the Civil War as aide on the staff of General Burnside, who commanded the Army of the Potomac in 1862, at the first battle of Fredericksburg. He was at one time colonel of the Twenty-third Regiment of the National Guard of New York.

Mr. Post was first educated as an engineer, being graduated from the scientific school of New York University in the class of 1858. What we now recognize as engineering, with the innovation of steel and railroad construction, is comparatively a modern science, which rapidly became differentiated from the art of architecture. At that time there was little design in construction. As Mr. Post saw rather the qualitative than the quantitative side of construction, he was attracted to architecture, and he

¹ Read before the Academy, March 29, 1917.

studied for three years with Richard Morris Hunt. Perhaps his first conspicuous work was the old Chickering Hall, on lower Fifth Avenue, now destroyed. He was one of the principal architects who conceived and constructed the Columbian Exposition of Chicago. I might almost say, without further mention, that we need only to look about us to see his many works. As a man he was fearless and strong, with a true sense of proportion and justice. He had unusual executive and administrative ability, and notwithstanding his great

enthusiasm and impulsive temperament, there were always a quiet restraint and dignity which made him one of the most representative men of his profession. He was frequently called upon by both federal and municipal governments to render public service, both because of his generous willingness to give his valuable time and because of his distinguished personality, which made its impression upon men. The long and eventful life of our friend and fellow-Academician was ended November 28, 1914.

BRONSON HOWARD

BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Bronson Howard died in August of 1908 in his sixty-sixth year. He was at that time, and had been for thirty years, the foremost dramatist of America. He was a vice-president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which he helped to organize, and he was a member of this Academy.

He was the son of a prominent merchant of Detroit, and the great-grandson of an English ensign who fought under General Wolfe at the capture of Quebec and who in later manhood died in the sight of General Washington, whom he followed at Monmouth. Behind that Revolutionary soldier the family traced itself directly to the Howards of Norfolk, premier dukes of England.

At the usual age Bronson Howard prepared for admission to Yale University, but, owing to a serious trouble with his eyes, did not enter. As a later writer has said of himself, he was forced to choose between journalism and an education. He turned his attention to humorous writing for the Detroit "Free Press."

In 1865 he came to New York City to work as a reporter on the "Tribune" under the direction of Horace Greeley. Mr. Howard was then twenty-three years old. He worked for the "Tribune" and later for "The Evening Post." On these two papers, before he left them to embark altogether upon play-writing as his profession, he labored seven years, the historic time of service that Jacob agreed upon with Laban.

Between the years 1870 and 1899 he was the author of seventeen plays, the greater part of which were successful. In a profession that has no curriculum but sympathetic living and understanding, and no diploma but the smiles and tears of his fellow-men, he won a first distinction.

Very soon after he began to write for the stage his accurate observation, his fine apprehension of motive, his delicate measurement of effect, his truthful transcription and vivid presentation of life, placed him in a class by himself among American playwrights. In an epoch of hurried and commercial and very conventional production his careful, lifelike, and unhackneyed offerings were in the main artistic masterpieces, valuable not only for the refreshing qualities that they served to the public of that time, but as examples of considered workmanship, and as models to men already in his profession and to those preparing to join it. This is especially true of the work of his matured and ripened years. His painstaking amounted almost to genius, and its effect upon a play was a finish less enamel than it was bloom. The body of the play was solid, too. It gave an impression of life. The happenings seemed not only true, but intimate and inevitable. The people were like ourselves; like us not only in their better and heroic moments, when we hoped they were our very kindred, but like us in their shortcomings, their failings, and their meannesses, when we knew they were.

The blue pencil of the city editor had taught Bronson Howard the unpardonableness of being dull. He had learned our general incapacity for sustained attention, our thirst for variety, our delight in surprise, our readiness to laugh, and our blindness to the ambush of the pathetic. He knew that skilful counterpoint was the way to keep us rocking and susceptible, and he could sit at his table and dramatize not only the people of his play, but those dim gatherings beyond the barrier of the footlights that should lean and listen, gasp and inhale and laugh, frown and be tender,

¹ Read before the Academy, March 29, 1917.

weep and clap hands, like reflected moods invoked in a magic, but shadowed, mirror.

The older theater-goers will remember with respect and affection his great successes, "The Banker's Daughter" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Shenandoah" and "The Henrietta"; and while his reputation will probably rest upon these four fine plays, his other work was of wide range and high merit.

Mr. Brander Matthews, the writer most qualified by acquaintance with the man and his epoch and with the theater to write of them all, has called our attention to the fact that Bronson Howard's career as a dramatist covered the transition period of the modern drama, when it was changing from the platform stage to the picture-frame stage; that period that was dismissing "the rhetorical emphasis, confidential soliloquies to the audience, and frequent change of scene in the course of an act." And almost as though he were being guided by the wisdom of *Polonius* on fashions, he was

... not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

He moved with his time, and so discreetly that men working under the tacit acceptance of his leadership suffered neither martyrdom nor neglect.

His associates were the leading managers and the foremost actors of the time. His material circumstances changed from the embarrassing lack of an overcoat during his reportorial adventure in New York to a life of comfort and the means to make an endowment to the American Dramatists' Club, with substantial bequests in other directions.

The Dramatists' Club was an outgrowth of the unusual modesty that was a Bronson Howard characteristic. He had had some success in England, and our insular brethren there insisted on regarding him not only as an American playwright of prominence, but as the only one existing. With the avowed purpose to answer and inform and correct this attitude, he got together in 1890

fifty men in America who had professionally produced their plays. A society was formed that still exists, and includes in its membership the principal dramatists of the United States. Mr. Howard was its first president, and held that office until his death. He left to the society his dramatic library, one of the largest in the country, and also left a fund to maintain and to increase it. He so arranged his affairs that upon the death of Mrs. Howard a sustaining endowment came to the society itself, together with the valuable rights to his plays.

But if Bronson Howard had never written a play or delivered a lecture upon that art, or established and endowed a society of dramatists, he would still be a notable figure in the history of the drama in America, as it was owing to his initiative and persistence, his advocacy and persuasion, that dramatic compositions finally obtained proper protection under the United States copyright law, and in the various States similar protection under the common law for plays that had not been copyrighted. This achievement was the work of many years, embracing repeated trips to Washington, many appearances and contests before committees, and volumes of correspondence with authors, journalists, attorneys, and legislators. This monument to the man is the finer from the fact that for many years before its accomplishment he personally had virtually retired from the field.

To commemorate only this professional side of his life, however, would be to neglect the larger and the finer part of the man. Play-writing seemed rather the avocation of a full and broad and deep and vibrant soul, the *chief* expression of which was life itself. His understanding was so complete, his sympathy so general, his patience so detached and yet so fraternal, his justice of such even balance, his humor so lubricant and healing, that any business he might have chosen would have seemed an equal abdication of his larger rights. He looked

like a successful general who had quit the arts of war to practise medicine. He smiled like a righteous judge who hesitated to convict because he understood the promising humanity of the offense. He listened like a father who had been a playmate, and all who knew him remember, and many have commented in some fashion upon, his singularly blue eyes, and the steadiness of their gaze, encouraging, not disconcerting, and which seemed not to pierce, but to infiltrate. He was an adequate and noticeable factor of any assembly, the most delightful associate in the ideal companionship of two, and perfectly sufficient to himself in the longest hours of self-chosen solitude.

I remember visiting him for two or three short consultations during a winter in the middle nineties, when it was his daily custom to leave New York in the morning, with his lunch in a paper, and spend the day in a little, eight-by-ten-foot wooden cabin built in the corner of the back yard of a cottage he

had owned at New Rochelle. The furniture of this cabin was two wooden chairs, a deal table, a little cannon stove, a coal-hod, and a brierwood pipe. He found there the isolation and the quiet that his work required, and traveled in a virtually empty train both ways, as the commuting tide was opposite to his direction at his hour. This was at the period of his greatest artistic and financial success. His home in New York at that time was a comfortable, but unpretentious, apartment in a quarter not fashionable. Both the apartment and the cabin could be closed and left at the shortest notice, and their owner was free to follow where his whim invited. He knew that real happiness did not attach to things, and Fortune in her most enticing moods could deceive him no more than she had frightened him with her frowns. We must record him a man equipped with the emotional power of an artist, the generosity of a cavalier, and the temperance of a gentleman.

JOHN BIGELOW¹

. BY WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE

The man of letters in public life practises a fine art second to no other. It is useless to analyze the causes which lead members of the Academy to choose their colleagues, for the finer senses are elusive in their action. But in the case of John Bigelow there was no mystery. He was not only a distinguished writer: he was also a famous publicist, statesman, and diplomat, with a genius alike for leadership and coöperation. In every impulse and instinct he was a colleague: when others faltered about the place of our organization in American life he was secure in his judgment, placing time, energy, and money at the service of this Academy. His convictions as to the work it had to do and his unshaken faith that in time its place would be established in American life were a source of inspiration to us all.

This was due to the fullest knowledge of men and their institutions in all lands, and to his comparative study of life in America with that elsewhere. He was born at Malden on the Hudson River in 1817 and died at ninety-four. For him there was neither youth nor old age, but a beautiful childhood and adolescence until he was graduated at eighteen from Union College, when he seems to have entered instantly on a maturity which lasted without withering for over seventy-five years. And such years!—the years during which his own and every other civilized land was totally reconstructed. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and built up a handsome practice. But his heart was not absorbed in his profession, because he was a born publicist and pamphleteer. His fixed purpose was to earn a competence so that he might as early as possible become a public servant. This he accomplished by the time he was fifty; but long before that he began to write, and was a welcome con-

tributor to no fewer than seven newspapers and periodicals. Of one, "The Plebeian," he became the literary editor.

It was about 1838 that the magnet of this metropolis drew him from Hudson, the local capital, to New York. At once he became a member of an association, known as "The Column," composed of brilliant young lawyers, taking themselves most seriously, which was in itself an embryo Academy. Their purpose was to broaden their culture and magnify their influence by the force of organization. Sooner or later they all became members of the Century Association, and the two venerable survivors, Parke Godwin and John Bigelow, while the latter was president of that famous guild, placed their emblem, a handsome column surmounted by the lamp of learning, in the keeping of the Association. Their notable careers were measurably due to their reactions upon each other, and this was one of the facts which influenced John Bigelow in his devotion to the National Institute with its Senate, the Academy.

Having found his powers and solidified his convictions, he entered the field of national politics as an ardent Free-Soil Democrat. So skilful and convincing was his polemic in favor of Van Buren that William Cullen Bryant secured him as a partner in the ownership and as a co-editor of "The Evening Post." The struggle to prevent the extension of slavery into the Territories was regarded by that paper as most important, and to this the new editor particularly devoted himself. In journalism he had the "heavy fist" of stern conviction; but simultaneously, until he sold his shares to Parke Godwin in 1861 and withdrew, he was busy with literary work. He traveled in Jamaica, Hayti, and Europe, writing almost continuously

¹ Read before the Academy, April 18, 1917.

social and political studies of the lands he visited, all of which were printed. Some were collected into book form. For long years he continued his contributions to the press, and to the end of his life he was as famous a pamphleteer as any man employing the English language.

It was in 1845 that his public service began. For three years he was an inspector of New York prisons, and it was by his measures that Sing Sing penitentiary became the model prison it once was. This was the moment when Tilden was beginning his political career as assemblyman. Three years older than Bigelow, he was not yet a Free-Soiler. But the two young statesmen of similar faith formed about this time an acquaintance, which, considerably later, ripened into a friendship extremely important in molding the character of both. Tilden was a distant and reticent man, with a comparatively small circle of friends, even of acquaintances; but he knew how to bind a select few both to his person and his interests. Almost the last act of John Bigelow was to reject with scorn the proffer of Congress for a Tilden bust to be placed in the Capitol at Washington. He thought his friend worthy of a monumental statue. It was he who remedied the results of Tilden's defective will, which was likely, as an invalid document, to thwart every desire of the would-be testator. By his influence the City of New York secured the great Tilden Foundation for a public library; and, as far as word or deed could accomplish it, the memory of Tilden was impressed on posterity as a man of feeling, of power, and of rectitude. Such loyalty was characteristic of John Bigelow; it was that quality in him which gave us the Bryant monument in Bryant Park.

His public life was destined to shine with great luster. In 1861 he was sent as consul to Paris, when the admirable Dayton was head of the legation. The barriers between consular and diplomatic service were not then so high as to-day, and in 1864, when Dayton died,

Bigelow was put in charge of the office. So admirable had been his foreign career that he was speedily made envoy and minister, a position he held until 1867. These seven years in Paris at least parallel, if they do not surpass, in service rendered any similar period in the career of an American diplomat. By an important volume written in French and published in 1864 he set the situation of his country clearly before the Frenchmen of the Empire, then as always dumbly hostile to America. The Napoleonic government had connived with secret agents to permit the escape from French harbors of four armed and iron-clad cruisers. Bigelow not merely discovered and collected the necessary evidence, but so presented it to the French Government as to prevent the escape of a single ship. When we recall what happened in the case of the *Alabama* and the *Georgia*, built in England, we may estimate what his work as a diplomat meant during and after the war. His, too, were the negotiations, backed by a stalwart administration in Washington, which compelled Napoleon III to abandon the dream of his uncle that a great Latin empire should embrace the Gulf of Mexico. It was in Paris, too, that he obtained and published to the world the original and complete manuscript of Franklin's "Autobiography," so shamefully mutilated by a grandson under the guise of editing.

The influences of European life on John Bigelow were culturally very profound; he returned to its various countries again and again after his public service was completed. It would be difficult to recall a great name of his epoch with whose possessor he was unacquainted; with most of the highly eminent he was at times in personal touch; with Gladstone he waged a bitter controversy in America's behalf. There is a type of American, largely represented over the seas, who beholds and admires Europe only to weaken his loyalty and make him apologize for his origin. Of such was not Bigelow. He was a severe

critic of his country, as he was of himself, but the intrinsic truth and power of the American system was a part of his gospel, a faith from which he never wavered; his highest aim was to illuminate it by comparative study. At the time of his death it was recalled that he had lived under every President of the country except Washington, and was even a contemporary of Napoleon. His mental range was as extensive as his life and experience of living; but everything focused in a land which was his as it belonged to few others: his family had been on the soil since 1642.

His passion for liberty made him a strong individualist. He was in economics the most extreme free-trader of his day. Socially he was exquisitely considerate of others, but his time was the capital of which his creator had made him the steward, and his style of life was delightfully original. At a festival in the house of his birth a loyal son once put in use the pulpit and pews from the old Malden Presbyterian Church, of which his grandsire had been an elder and upon which his famous father had sat as a child; but spiritually John Bigelow was a rebel against the historic faith of his sires. While in the island of St. Thomas when he was about forty years of age a Swedish gentleman had drawn his attention to the work of Emanuel Swedenborg, as an interpreter of the Bible, the literary supremacy of which volume then as ever fascinated Bigelow, though some of the contents were to him, literally construed, a hard saying. He was attracted by the doctrine of the Stockholm philosopher as to "correspondences" between nature and spirit, and was until his sixtieth year or longer a devoted and critical student of that type of theosophy. Later his ardor was somewhat diminished, and he told to me, as doubtless to others, when he was far advanced in the eighties, that he could not consider himself a regular member of the sect with which he had long identified himself. Yet he had found and stored deep in his mind the

"arcana cœlestia," and never lost the serene optimism or the implicit trust of a childlike faith. As few others, he was a spiritually minded man.

Besides his fugitive writings, there are nineteen titles to John Bigelow's credit in the history of American letters. Most of these represent substantial books, in the biographies of Tilden, Bryant, and Franklin, as well as in his own recollections, two and three volumes. In all those thousands of pages there is not a careless word or thought. He was a conscientious writer, with a clear, vivid, trenchant style, and he expounded the truth without fear as it was given to him. To such as he was the world gives its confidence and imposes on them great trusts. He was, of course, connected with the leading historical societies, those of the nation and his native State among the number; he sat on the managing boards of the Public Library and the Metropolitan Museum; he was a member of the Municipal Art Commission, and president of the Century Association. Such were his known activities, but there was the commanded reticence between his two hands in the matter of private beneficence; not even his nearest and dearest were in that secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear Him.

A philosopher in thought, a citizen in action, a paragon in domestic life, he reaped in full measure where he had sown. Thinkers, statesmen, and a circle of worth-while friends respected and loved him. His person was always attractive and to the end he wisely cultivated the style of dress in which he was most at ease, that of his fifties and sixties. As ever-advancing age bestowed its abundant bounties upon him, he became the first citizen of New York, in a measure, of the nation, and was on all occasions unfailingly recognized as such by those present. His features were boldly cut, generous but firm in line and dimension. His eyes were brilliant even in his latest years, and with his strong frame, his pleasant address, and self-respecting dignity there was something

leonine in his personality. His humor was a never-failing buckler against an adversary's darts or his own petulance, an affliction carefully concealed if he had it. His wit was spontaneous, genial, and of his soul's very essence. For rising men and writers struggling with the adverse conditions of the hour he had a wealth of sympathy. His advice and suggestions were never perfunctory, and his sagacity generally indicated the tactics of practical common sense suited to each one of the many who consulted him. He was an asset of the greatest importance to this Academy, and his memory will abide in its history and traditions.

PRESENTATION TO MR. JOHN BURROUGHS OF THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE INSTITUTE

At the opening of the third session, November 17, Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, President of the Institute, announced that at the annual meeting of the Institute held at the University Club, November 16, the Gold Medal for Essays or Belles-Lettres had been awarded

to Mr. John Burroughs. Mr. Blashfield then presented the medal to Mr. Burroughs, who said:

"This is a surprise to me. I will not even attempt to make any response. You do me a very great honor. I thank you all."

THE INSTITUTE MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Institute is awarded to any citizen of the United States, whether a member of the Institute or not, for distinguished services to arts and letters in the creation of original work.

The conditions are that the medal shall be awarded for the entire work of the recipient, without limit of time during which it shall have been done; that it shall be awarded to a living person or to one who shall not have been dead more than one year at the time of the award; and that it shall not be awarded more than once to any one person.

The medal was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, member of the Institute, in 1909.

The first award—for sculpture—was

to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The medal was presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens at the meeting held in memory of her husband, November 20, 1909.

The second medal—for history—was awarded to James Ford Rhodes, 1910.

The third medal—for poetry—was awarded to James Whitcomb Riley, 1911.

The fourth medal—for architecture—was awarded to William Rutherford Mead, 1912.

The fifth medal—for drama—was awarded to Augustus Thomas, 1913.

The sixth medal—for fiction—was awarded to William Dean Howells in 1915.

The seventh medal—for essays or belles-lettres—was awarded to John Burroughs in 1916.

THE ACADEMY MEDAL

The Gold Medal of the Academy is conferred in recognition of special distinction in literature, art, or music, and for the entire work of the recipient, who may be of either sex, and must be a native or naturalized citizen of the United States, and not a member of the Academy. It was first awarded to Dr.

Charles William Eliot, at the annual meeting in Boston, November 18, 1915, and the presentation was made in behalf of the Academy by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in New York, January 27, 1916. The medal was designed and modeled by James Earle Fraser, member of the Institute.

ADDRESS OF MONSIEUR BERGSON

By invitation of the Directors of the Academy, Monsieur Henri Bergson, of the Académie Française, addressed the Academy on the 8th of March, 1917, on the subject of "The French Academy in its Relation to France at the Present Time." In introducing Professor Bergson Chancellor William M. Sloane said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, colleagues of the Institute and the Academy, we esteem it a privilege to make this session one of homage to M. Bergson, to the French Academy, of which he is a distinguished member, and to his great country, exhibiting as she does such a degree of moral, intellectual, and physical courage under terrible trial as may well serve us and posterity as a conspicuous example in virtue. Our guest has reached the highest eminence as an exponent of the intuitive philosophy and as a man of letters. At an age when fame generally rewards the deserving with serenity of life he has sprung to obey the call of his country, and is

gladly heard when he expounds her faith and develops her purpose. America needs no propaganda to keep her heart warm toward France. We feel profoundly and can never forget the reciprocity of affection and service between us. But to learn from M. Bergson's lips the place taken by the first and oldest among Academies in efficient support of the people who have cherished it for centuries is an experience absolutely unique. It can be nothing less than an inspiration for our own society, whose directors have already assured their fellow-member, the President of the United States, of their personal and collective support, and have received from him a grateful reply."

Professor Bergson spoke first in English and afterward in French to a large and enthusiastic audience. In the course of his address he referred to the American Academy as "the very dear and cherished younger sister of the French Academy."

GREETINGS TO THE ACADEMY FROM THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE AND THE ACADEMIE DES BEAUX-ARTS

Following are letters from the two great Academies of France, addressed to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, felicitating it on the granting of its charter by Congress, extending to it cordial greetings, and requesting it to be the medium of conveying to Americans the appreciation of the sympathy and the service which they gave to France during the present conflict in Europe before the declaration of war by the United States.

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[*The Académie Française to the Members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters*]

INSTITUT DE FRANCE

ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE

MESSIEURS,

Votre secrétaire perpétuel, M. R. U. Johnson, nous ayant informés que, par un acte du 17 avril de cette année, votre compagnie est devenue institution nationale, l'Académie française s'empresse de vous envoyer ses félicitations.

Elle n'a pas oublié l'accueil qu'a reçu

de vous M. Eugène Brieux, qui la représenta il y a deux ans aux fêtes où vous nous aviez invités. Notre confrère nous a dit combien il fut touché de vos sentiments amicaux à l'égard de l'Académie française, ému de votre vive et profonde sympathie pour la France.

Notre pays est très sensible aux marques d'estime et d'affection qui nous viennent de la grande République américaine. De communs nobles souvenirs, plus que séculaires, vivent dans la mémoire de nos deux peuples.

Au temps de la Révolution améri-

caine et de la Révolution française, nous avons conçu, vous et nous, un idéal de justice, de liberté, de dignité: justice, liberté, dignité pour la personne humaine individuelle et pour ces personnes collectives, nées de la nature et de l'histoire, qu'on appelle les nations.

A cet idéal, nous sommes demeurés fidèles, vous et nous, au cours de nos histoires.

Une preuve de ce permanent accord nous a été donnée ces jours-ci. Un manifeste signé par cinq cents citoyens notables des Etats-Unis a proclamé en termes clairs et vibrants qu'avec nos alliés nous combattons pour "la civilisation" et pour la défense et le maintien des "lois morales de l'humanité." A l'heure où nos soldats luttent avec tant d'héroïsme pour une si grande cause, nous avons été heureux de nous entendre dire par vos compatriotes que "leurs sympathies et leurs espérances sont avec nous," et qu'ils sont "sûrs d'exprimer les convictions de l'immense majorité des Américains."

Messieurs et chers confrères, l'Académie française, qui bientôt célébrera son troisième centenaire, souhaite longue et glorieuse vie à l'Académie naissante qui porte le beau nom d'Académie américaine des arts et des lettres.

Le Directeur de l'Académie Française,
E. LAVISSE.
Le Chancelier, M. DONNAY.
Le Secrétaire perpétuel, E. LAMY.

[RESPONSE]

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GENTLEMEN: August 22, 1916.

It is an official privilege to thank you for your letter congratulating this Academy upon its nationalization by Act of Congress, and offering from the French Academy a recognition more precious than any other that could be given us.

We wish to read in your welcome an

expression of friendship from the generous nation which you represent in the highest things, and we assure you that we have been deeply touched by your advertence to those historic ties which have allied our peoples from the time of our own struggle for independence. As Americans we gratefully remember the vital assistance which France rendered us in that darkest hour, and as artists and men of letters we feel gladly bound with all the world in our sense of the magnanimous hospitality which she has shown to the arts and letters everywhere.

We trust that we have a peculiar right to claim kindred with you in those ideals of liberty and humanity which form the noblest incentive to æsthetic as well as civic endeavor; and we beg you to believe that our hearts respond warmly to yours in the feelings which animate your Republic in its devotion to the enlightenment and amelioration of mankind.

We remember the visit of your distinguished colleague Mr. Brioux with a full sense of the unique favor done us by your Academy in permitting us to welcome that great dramatic humanist beyond the limits prescribed to the public appearance of French Academicians; and we shall not cease to prize above any other the honor of your welcome to historic association with yourselves, which we would so willingly believe includes our Academy within these limits. As a first effect of this welcome, may we be among the earliest to proffer you the felicitations upon the approach of your Three Hundredth Anniversary, in which all civilization will unite.

Yours very truly,

W. D. HOWELLS, *President.*
WILLIAM M. SLOANE, *Chancellor.*
ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON,
Permanent Secretary.

Messieurs

E. LAVISSE, *Directeur,*
M. DONNAY, *Chancelier,*
E. LAMY, *Secrétaire perpétuel,*
de l'Académie Française.

II

[*The Académie des Beaux-Arts to the Secretary of the American Academy of Arts and Letters*]

INSTITUT DE FRANCE
ACADÉMIE DES BEAUX-ARTS

Paris, le 8 juillet, 1916.

TRÈS HONORÉ ET CHER COLLÈGUE,

L'Académie des Beaux-Arts de l'Institut de France a été heureuse d'apprendre qu'une Académie nationale des Arts et des Lettres venait d'être officiellement reconnue par le gouvernement américain.

Elle en salue cette consécration avec une joie fraternelle et l'accueille de ses vœux les plus chers. Elle en augure le glorieux avenir avec une affectueuse et confiante certitude.

Nous connaissons et admirons vos peintres, vos sculpteurs et vos architectes; nous nous enorgueillissons d'en compter parmi nos confrères. Nous aimons vos artistes presque comme des camarades, si nombreux sont ceux qui ont partagé la vie de nos ateliers, contribué à l'éclat de nos salons, et si fidèles ils sont demeurés, après avoir étudié à côté de nous, au souvenir de leurs professeurs et à l'amitié de leurs condisciples. Et quelles émouvantes preuves ne nous ont-ils pas données de leur attachement par l'action et la parole, au cours de ces deux terribles années, secourant, soulageant, consolant nos réfugiés et nos blessés, partageant nos révoltes et nos fiertés, nos angoisses et nos espoirs, affirmant leur foi et confirmant la nôtre dans la bonté et la beauté de notre cause!

Pour leur porter à tous l'expression de notre gratitude, nous nous adressons à vous le représentant de la Compagnie où siègent les maîtres de l'art.

Et puisque Elle réunit aussi ceux de la Littérature, qu'en elle toutes les forces et toutes les illustrations de l'intelligence américaine se doivent grouper, comme sur l'azur de votre étendard les étoiles de tous les Etats de l'Union, nous la

prions d'être, par votre entremise, l'interprète de nos sentiments auprès des universités, auprès des Cinq Cents, élite de toutes les classes sociales et de toutes les professions, auprès de tous ceux enfin qui nous ont, dans notre dur combat, donné le concours de leur industrie et de leur richesse, la sympathie de leur cœur, et par-dessus tout, le témoignage mûrement réfléchi de leur conscience.

Unie à votre Académie par une égale passion pour ces biens suprêmes que les Grecs jugeaient inséparables, vérité, justice et beauté, dans un culte commun pour toutes les nobles choses que les Latins résumaient dans le mot d'Humanité, notre Académie lui tend cordialement la main et l'assure de ses sentiments confraternels.

Veuillez, très honoré et cher collègue, lui en transmettre l'expression, et agréez vous-même l'assurance de notre haute considération.

Le Président, CH. WALTNER.

Le Vice-Président, TH. DUBOIS.

Le Secrétaire perpétuel, CH. M. WIDOR.

[RESPONSE]

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS
AND LETTERS

70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

DEAR AND HONORED COLLEAGUES:

The friendly letter of welcome and felicitation which the Académie des Beaux-Arts has addressed to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, on the occasion of the granting of the National Charter, has been transmitted to all of its members, and has given a satisfaction which it is difficult to express. The touching messages of appreciation to others of our countrymen which you have honored us by entrusting to our care we have delivered through official organizations and the press.

The special bonds that exist between your great institution and American artists bear witness to the high plane on which your country has always regarded

the arts. It has never been necessary among you to plead the cause of the beautiful, and your love and cultivation of it have not been merely for yourselves but for all the world. At your flame the artists of every nationality have caught inspiration. Your laws have fortified the rights and dignity of Literature and Art. Your schools, renowned for standards and discipline, have made every American pupil a foster-child of France. It is no wonder, therefore, that you have transmitted to our artists the same affection, the same sense of justice, and the same chivalrous loyalty to your ideals that you have nourished in your own. We assure you that you do not exaggerate the depth, the strength, or the extent of this sympathetic feeling.

Justice is indeed a kind of Beauty, and it is the spirit of the artist, expressing itself in the field of moral judgments, that has made France the apostle of altruism to the world.

We beg of you to accept our deep appreciation of the fellowship to which

your distinguished body has so cordially admitted us. In our effort to promote in this country an inspiring comradeship of men of letters and of the arts, a comradeship that shall be of constant and permanent service, we shall be cheered and strengthened by remembrance of your sympathy and by the vision of what you have shown may be accomplished by such coöperation as yours.

Pray accept, valued and honored colleagues, for the Académie and for yourselves, our thanks, our highest respect, and our most sympathetic consideration.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,
President.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE,
Chancellor.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON,
Permanent Secretary.

Messieurs

CH. WALTNER, *Président,*

TH. DUBOIS, *Vice-Président,*

CH. M. WIDOR, *Secrétaire perpétuel,*
de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts,
Paris.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, incorporated under an Act of the Congress of the United States, approved April 17, 1916, the sum of
.....
dollars, to be applied to the uses of said corporation.

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